SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXVI DECEMBER, 1919 NO. 6

EXPECTATIONS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. J. MOWAT

NOT many years ago a couple were living in the south of England whose name was Wotchett—Ralph and Eileen Wotchett; a name, derived, Ralph asserted, from a Saxon Thegn called Otchar mentioned in Domesday, or at all events—when search of the book had proved vain—on the edge of that substantial record.

He—possibly the thirtieth descendant of the Thegn—was close on six feet in height and thin, with thirsty eyes, and a smile which had fixed itself in his cheeks, so on the verge of appearing was it. His hair waved, and was of a dusty shade, bordering on gray. His wife, of the same age and nearly the same height as himself, was of sanguine coloring and a Cornish family, which had held land in such a manner that it had nearly melted in their grasp. All that had come to Eileen was a reversion, on the mortgageable value of which she and Ralph had been living for some time. Ralph Wotchett also had expectations. By profession he was an architect, but perhaps because of his expectations he had always had bad luck. The involutions of the reasons why his clients died, became insolvent, abandoned their projects, or otherwise failed to come up to the scratch were followed by him alone in the full of their maze-like windings. The house they were living in, indeed, was one of those he had designed for a client, but the "fat chough" had refused to go into it for some unaccountable reason; he and Eileen were only perching there, however, on the edge of settling down in some more permanent residence when they came into their expectations.

Considering the vicissitudes and disappointments of their life together, it was remarkable how certain they remained that they would at last cross the bar and reach the harbor of comfortable circumstance. They had, one may suppose, expectations in their blood. The germ had infected their systems, so that though not selfish or greedy people, and well knowing how to rough it, they dreamed so of what they had not, that they continually got rid of what they had in order to obtain more of it. If, for example, Ralph received an order, he felt so strongly that this was the chance of his life if properly grasped, that he would almost as a matter of course increase and complicate the project till it became unworkable, or in his zeal omit some vital calculation such as a rise in the price of bricks; nor would any one be more surprised than he at this, or more certain that all connected with the matter had been "fat choughs" except—himself. On such occasions Eileen would get angry, but if any one suggested that Ralph had overreached himself, she would get still angrier. She was very loyal, and fortunately of a somewhat fly-away nature; and before long she always joined him in his feeling that the whole transaction had been just the usual "skin-game" on the part of Providence to keep them out of their expectations. It was the same in domestic life. If Ralph had to eat a breakfast, which would be almost every morning, he had so many and such im-

Copyrighted in 1919 in United States, Canada, and Great Britain, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Printed in New York. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They had often discussed what she would leave them.—Page 645.

aginative ways of getting from it a better breakfast than was in it, that he often remained on the edge of it, as it were. He had special methods of cooking, so as to extract from everything a more than ordinary flavor, and these took all the time that he would have to eat the results in. Coffee he would make with a whole egg, shell and all, stirred in; it had to be left on the hob for an incomparable time, and he would start to catch his train with his first cup in his hand, and Eileen would run after him and take it away with one of her feathery laughs. They were in fact rather like a kitten which knows it has a tail, and will fly round and round all day with the expectation of catching that desirable appendage. Sometimes, indeed, by sheer perseverance, of which he had a great deal in a roundabout way, Ralph would achieve something, but, when this happened, something else, not foreseen by him, had always happened first, which rendered that accomplishment nugatory and left it expensive on his hands. Nevertheless they retained their faith that some day they would get ahead of Providence and come into their own.

In view of not yet having come into their expectations they had waited to have children; but two had rather unexpectedly been born. The babes had succumbed, however, one to preparation for betterment too ingenious to be fulfilled, the other to fulfilment itself—a special kind of food had been treated so ingeniously that it had undoubtedly engendered poison. And they remained childless.

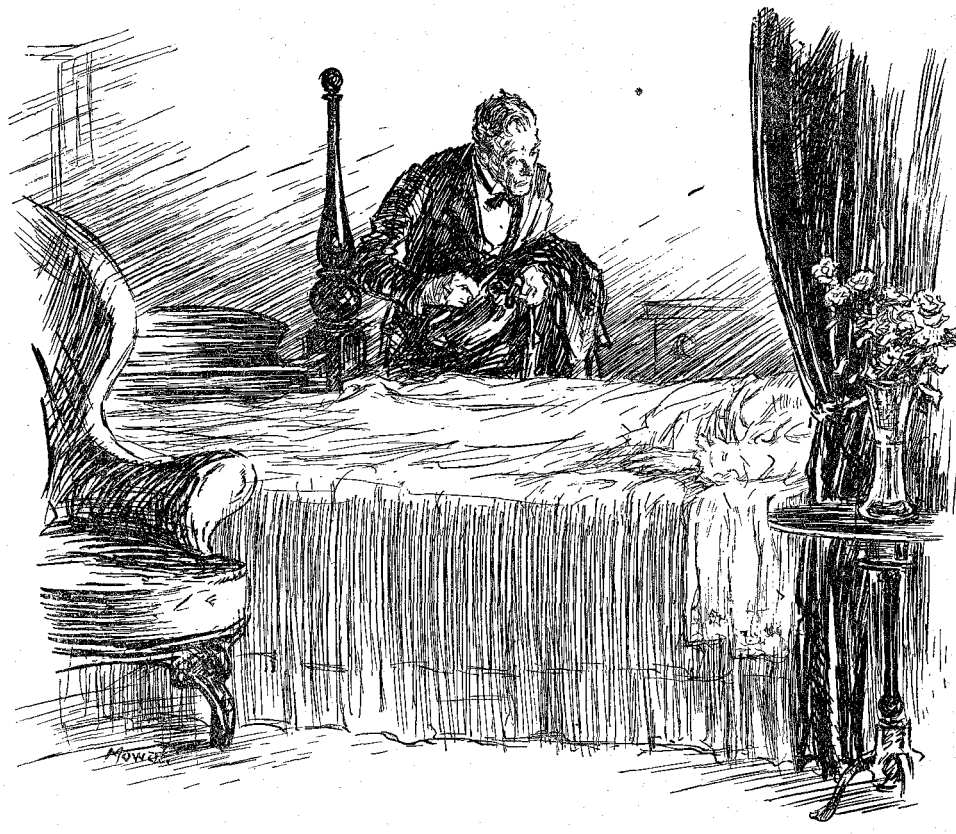
They were about fifty when Ralph received one morning a solicitor's letter announcing the death of his godmother, Aunt Lispeth. When he read out the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

news they looked at their plates a full minute without speaking. Their expectations had matured. Aunt Lispeth who had latterly lived at Ipswich in a house which he had just not built for her, was an old maid. They had often discussed what she would leave them—though in no mean or grasping spirit, for they did not grudge the "poor old girl" her few remaining years, however they might feel that she was long past enjoying herself. The chance would come to them some time, and when it did of course must be made the best of. Then Eileen said:

"You must go down at once, Ralph!"

Donning black, Ralph set off hurriedly, and just missed his train; he caught one, however, in the afternoon, and arrived that evening in Ipswich. It was October, drizzling and dark; the last cab moved out as he tried to enter it, for he had been detained by his ticket which he had put for extra readiness in his glove, and forgotten—as if the ticket-collector couldn't have seen it there, the "fat chough!" He walked up to his aunt's house, and was admitted to a mansion where a dinner-party was going on. It was impossible to persuade the servant that this was his aunt's, so he was obliged to retire to an hotel and wire to Eileen to send him the right address—the "fat choughs" in the street did not seem to know it. He got her answer the following midday, and going to the proper number, found the darkened house. The two servants who admitted him described the manner of their mistress's death and showed him up into her room. Aunt Lispeth had been



The poor old girl! How thin, how white!—Page 646.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

laid out daintily. Ralph contemplated her with the smile which never moved from his cheeks, and with a sort of awe in his thirsty eyes. The poor old girl! How thin, how white! It had been time she went! A little stiffened twist in her neck where her lean head had fallen to one side at the last, had not been set quite straight; and there seemed the ghost of an expression on her face, almost cynical; by looking closer he saw that it came from a gap in the white lashes of one eye, giving it an air of not being quite closed, as though she were trying to wink at him. He went out rather hastily, and ascertaining that the funeral was fixed for noon next day, paid a visit to the solicitor.

There he was told that the lawyer himself was sole executor, and he—Ralph—residuary legatee. He could not help a feeling of exultation, for he was at that time particularly hard pressed. He restrained it, however, and went to his hotel to write to Eileen. He received a telegram in answer next morning at ten o'clock: "For goodness' sake leave all details to lawyer, Eileen," which he thought very peculiar. He lunched with the lawyer, and they opened his aunt's will. It was quite short and simple, made certain specific bequests of lace and jewelry, left a hundred pounds to her executor, the lawyer, and the rest of her property to her nephew Ralph Wotchett. The lawyer proposed to advertise for debts in the usual way, and Ralph with considerable control confined himself to urging all speed in the application for probate, and disposal of the estate. He caught a late train back to Eileen. She received his account distrustfully; she was sure he had put his finger in the pie, and if he had it would all go wrong. Well, if he hadn't, he soon would! It was really as if something had given way in her now that their expectations were on the point of being realized.

They had often discussed his aunt's income, but they went into it again that night, to see whether it could not by fresh investment be increased. It was derived from Norwich and Birmingham Corporation Stocks, and Ralph proved that by going into industrial concerns the four hundred a year could quite safely be made into six. Eileen agreed that this would be a good thing to do, but nothing definite was decided. Now that they had come into money they did not feel so inclined to move, though both felt that they might increase their scale of living, which had lately been at a distressingly low ebb. They spoke too about the advisability of a small car. Ralph knew of one—a second-hand Ford—to be had for a song. They ought not—he thought—to miss the chance. He would take occasion to meet the owner casually and throw out a feeler. It would not do to let the fellow know that there was any money coming to them, or he would put the price up for a certainty. In fact it would be better to secure the car before the news got about. He secured it a few days later for eighty pounds including repairs; which would take about three weeks. A letter from the lawyer next day informed them that he was attending to matters with all speed; and the next five weeks passed in slowly realizing that at last they had turned the corner of their lives, and were in smooth water. They ordered among other things the materials for a fowl-house long desired, which Ralph helped to put up; and a considerable number of fowls, for feeding which he had a design which would enable them to lay a great many more eggs in the future. He also caused an old stable to be converted into a garage. He still went to London two or three times a week, to attend to business which was not as a rule there. On his way from St. Pancras to Red Lion Square, where his office was, he had long been attracted by an emerald pendant with pearl clasp in a jeweler's shop window. He went in now to ask its price. Fifty-eight pounds—emeralds were a rising market. The expression rankled in him, and going to Hatton Garden to inquire into its truth, he found the statement confirmed. "The chief advantage of having money," he thought, "is to be able to buy at the right moment." He had not given Eileen anything for a long time, and this was an occasion which could hardly be passed over. He bought the pendant on his way back to St. Pancras, the draft in payment absorbing practically all his balance. Eileen was delighted with it. They spent

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He lunched with the lawyer, and they opened his aunt's will.—Page 646.

that evening in the nearest approach to a festival that they had known for several years. It was, as it were, the crown of the long waiting. All those little acerbities which creep into the manner of two married people who are always trying to round the corner fell away, and they sat together in one large chair, talking and laughing over the countless tricks which Providence—"the fat chough"—had played them. They carried their lightheartedness to bed.

They were awakened next morning by the sound of a car. The Ford was being delivered with a request for payment. Ralph did not pay; it would be "all right" he said. He stabled the car, and wrote to the lawyer that he would be glad to have news, and an advance of one hundred pounds. On his return from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

town in the evening two days later he found Eileen in the dining-room with her hair wild and an opened letter before her. She looked up with the word: "Here!" and Ralph took the letter.

"LODGERS & WAYBURN, SOLICITORS,
IPSWICH

DEAR MR. WOTCHETT:

In answer to yours of the fifteenth, I have obtained probate, paid all debts, and distributed the various legacies. The sale of furniture took place last Monday. I now have pleasure in enclosing you a complete and I think final account, by which you will see that there is a sum in hand of £43 due to you as residuary legatee. I am afraid this will seem a disappointing result, but as you were doubtless aware (though I was not when I had the pleasure of seeing you), the greater part of your aunt's property passed under a

He bought the pendant on his way back to St. Pancras. Page 646.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Deed of Settlement, and it seems she had been dipping heavily into the capital of the remainder for some years past.

Believe me
Faithfully yours,
EDWARD LODGERS."

For a minute the only sounds were the snapping of Ralph's jaws and Eileen's rapid breathing. Then she said:

"You never said a word about a settlement. I suppose you got it muddled as usual!"

Ralph did not answer, too deep in his anger with the old woman who had left that "fat chough" a hundred pounds to provide him—Ralph—with forty-three.

"You always believe what you want to believe!" cried Eileen. "I never saw such a man."

Ralph went to Ipswich on the morrow. After going into everything with the lawyer, he succeeded in varying the account by fifteen shillings, considerably more than which was absorbed by the fee for this interview, his fare, and hotel bill. The conduct of his aunt, in having caused him to get it into his head that there was no Settlement, and in living on her capital, gave him pain quite beyond the power of expression; and more than once he recalled with a shudder that slightly quizzical look on her dead face. He returned to Eileen the following day, with his brain racing round and round. Getting up next morning, he said:

"I believe I can get a hundred for that car; I'll go up and see about it."

"Take this," said Eileen, handing him the emerald pendant. Ralph took it with a grunt.

"Lucky," he muttered, "emeralds are a rising market. I bought it on purpose."

He came back that night more cheerful. He had sold the car for sixty-five pounds, and the pendant for forty-two pounds—a good price, for emeralds were on the fall. With the check for forty-three pounds, which represented his expectations, he proved that they would only be fourteen pounds out on the whole business when the fowls and fowl-house had been paid for; and they would have the fowls—the price of eggs was going up. Eileen agreed that it was the moment to develop poultry-keeping. They might expect good returns. And holding up her face she said:

"Give me a kiss, dear Ralph!"

Ralph gave it, with his thirsty eyes fixed on something round the corner of her head, and the smile, which never moved, on his cheeks.

"There's always your reversion," he said, "I suppose we shall come into it some day."

VEILED MOONLIGHT

By Charlotte Wilson

THERE is no passion in the world to-night:
No waking bird's small liquid jet of song,
No dank wood wind with faint enchantments strong,
No amorous moon to pour down throbbing light
On the desirous meadows; sickly bright
She threads her way the listless clouds among;
And none can say the world was ever young,
And none can prove the dream of youth was right!
O thou, my lost Illusion! O thou Doubt,
With subtle eyes and pale, destroying hands!
Thou walkest with me, hedging me about
With old philosophies from sad old lands—
And all my passionate days are spent, poured out,
Like rich wine spilt upon the desert sands.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HIS TIME

SHOWN IN HIS OWN LETTERS

BY JOSEPH BUCKLIN BISHOP

Author of "The Panama Gateway," etc.

"GREAT-HEART"

[FOURTH PAPER]

Plain speech with plain folk,
And plain words for false things,
Plain faith in plain dealing
'Twixt neighbors or kings
He used and he followed,
However it sped . . .
Oh, our world is none more honest
Now Great-Heart is dead.

—*From "Great-Heart," a poem dedicated to the memory of Theodore Roosevelt, by Rudyard Kipling.*

IN a letter that he wrote in 1908 Roosevelt said: "Great-Heart is my favorite character in allegory, just as Pilgrim's Progress is to my mind one of the greatest books that was ever written; and I think that Abraham Lincoln is the ideal Great-Heart of public life." On these chosen models Theodore Roosevelt shaped his life. How closely he followed them, his letters are the best and final testimony. Those which are included in the present article have been selected, almost at random, from the huge mass of his correspondence, not because they are in essential qualities different from the others, but because they reveal with especial clearness his intimate thoughts and motives, and show him to have been what Sir George Otto Trevelyan has aptly called "a very great elementary character." That he won the title of Great-Heart, the affection of a whole nation which was bestowed upon him, is ample evidence. That he has an equal claim to another of Bunyan's titles, Valiant-for-Truth, his letters, notably those reproduced herewith, furnish convincing proof.

Over all his letters one feels the play of a sane and healthy mind. It is the plain, virile, common-sense view that he takes on all questions. Nothing morbid or mawkish, or sordid or sentimental, ever enters into it.

That he was in constant contemplation of Lincoln and was a devoted follower in his footsteps, innumerable passages in his letters leave no doubt. An especially beautiful tribute occurs in a letter that he wrote, on December 14, 1904, to Doctor Henry S. Pritchett, then president of the American Institute of Technology:

"I think of Lincoln, shambling, homely, with his strong, sad, deeply furrowed face, all the time. I see him in the different rooms and in the halls. For some reason or other he is to me infinitely the most real of the dead Presidents. So far as one who is not a great man can model himself on one who was, I try to follow out the general lines of policy which Lincoln laid down. I do not like to say this in public, for I suppose it would seem as if I were presuming, but I know you will understand the spirit in which I am saying it. I wish to Heaven I had his invariable equanimity. I try my best not to give expression to irritation, but sometimes I do get deeply irritated."

Writing to Sir George Otto Trevelyan, on March 9, 1905, after his inauguration as President, he said:

"It has been peculiarly pleasant to me to find that my supporters are to be found in the overwhelming majority among those whom Abraham Lincoln called the plain people. As I suppose you know, Lincoln is my hero. He was a man of the people who always felt with and for the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

people, but who had not the slightest touch of the demagogue in him. It is probably difficult for his countrymen to get him exactly in the right perspective as compared with the great men of other lands. But to me he does seem to be one of the great figures, who will loom ever larger as the centuries go by. His unfaltering resolution, his quiet, unyielding courage, his infinite patience and gentleness, and the heights of disinterestedness which he attained whenever the crisis called for putting aside self, together with his far-sighted, hard-headed common sense, point him out as just the kind of chief who can do most good in a democratic republic like ours."

Shortly after election in 1904 Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes of the Supreme Court sent to Roosevelt a little book by President Eliot of Harvard entitled "The Durable Satisfactions of Life." Two sentences in it—"Not one human being in ten million is really long remembered. For the mass of mankind oblivion, like death, is sure"—especially attracted the President's attention, and on December 5 he wrote to the Justice a quite remarkable letter in which he said:

"I was rather struck at what President Eliot said about oblivion so speedily overtaking almost everyone. But after all, what does the fact amount to that here and there a man escapes oblivion longer than his fellows? Ozymandias in the desert—when a like interval has gone by, who will know more of any man of the present day than Shelley knew of him? I suppose it's only about ten thousand years since the last glacial epoch (at least, that is, I understand, the newest uncertain guess of the geologists); and this covers more than the period in which there is anything that we can even regard as civilization. Of course when we go back even half that time we get past the period when any man's memory, no matter how great the man, is more than a flickering shadow to us; yet this distance is too small to be measured when we look at the ages, even at rather short range—not astronomically but geometrically.

"It makes small odds to any of us after we are dead whether the next generation forgets us, or whether a number of generations pass before our memory, steadily growing more and more dim, at last fades into nothing. On this point it seems to me that the only important thing is to be able to feel, when our time comes to go out into the blackness, that those survivors who care for us and to whom it will be a pleasure to think well of us when we are gone shall have that pleasure.

"I should be quite unable to tell you why I think it would be pleasant to feel that one had lived manfully and honorably when the time comes after which all things are the same to every man; yet I am very sure that it is well so to feel, that it is well to have lived so that at the end it may be possible to know that on the whole one's duties had not been shirked, that there has been no flinching from foes, no lack of gentleness and loyalty to friends, and a reasonable measure of success in the effort to do the task allotted."

John Hay's death, on July 1, 1905, was a cause of keen sorrow to Roosevelt and aroused in his mind reflections similar to those just quoted. From several letters that he wrote at the time the following selections are made:

To Senator Lodge: "John Hay's death was very sudden and removes from American life a man whose position was literally unique. The country was the better because he lived, for it was a fine thing to have set before our young men the example of success contained in the career of a man who had held so many and such important public positions, while there was not in his nature the slightest touch of the demagogue, and who in addition to his great career in political life had also left a deep mark in literature. His 'Life of Lincoln' is a monument, and of its kind his 'Castilian Days' is perfect. This is all very sad for Mrs. Hay. Personally his loss is very great to me because I was very fond of him, and as you know always stopped at his house after church on Sunday to have an hour's talk with him.

"He is one of the men whom we shall miss greatly all the time, and our memories of him will be green as long as you and I live. But I have not quite your feeling about his death, so far as making us melancholy is concerned. You have often

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

said that the epitaph on Wolfe was the finest thing ever written, and I cordially agree with you. But Wolfe was still young and one could mourn his loss. John Hay, however, died within a very few years of the period when death comes to all of us as a certainty, and I should esteem any man happy who lived till 65 as John Hay has lived, who saw his children marry, his grandchildren born, who was happy in his home life, who wrote his name clearly in the record of our times, who rendered great and durable services to the Nation both as statesman and writer, who held high public positions, and died in the harness in the zenith of his fame. When it comes our turn to go out into the blackness, I only hope the circumstances will be as favorable."

To ex-Senator Beveridge: "Hay was a really great man, and the more credit is given him the more I am delighted, while the result at the last election showed how futile it was for my enemies to try and draw the distinction between what Hay did and what I did. Whether I originated the work, or whether he did and merely received my backing and approval, is of no consequence to the party, and what is said about it is of no earthly consequence to me. The same people who, not because they cared for Hay, but because they hated me, insisted that everything of which they approved in the management of the State Department was due to him will now make exactly the same claim in reference to Root and will hope thereby to damage or irritate me, whereas in reality they will not be making the slightest impression upon either my fortunes or my temper."

Concerning his own popularity, he wrote on March 1, 1906, to Sereno E. Pratt in New York:

"I have felt a slightly contemptuous amusement over the discussion that has been going on for several months about my popularity or waning popularity or absence of popularity. I am not a college freshman nor that would-be popular fox-hunting hero in 'Soapy Sponge,' and therefore I am not concerned about my popularity save in exactly so far as it is an instrument which will help me to achieve my purposes. A couple of years ago or thereabouts, a good many timid souls told me that by my action in Panama I had ruined my popularity and was no longer available as a candidate; to which I answered that while I much wished to be a candidate and hoped that I had not ruined my popularity, yet if it was necessary to ruin it in order to secure to the United States the chance to build the Panama Canal, I should not hesitate a half second, and did not understand how any man could hesitate.

"So, my dear sir, I should be quite unable to tell you whether I was or was not 'popular.' If I am, I am also entirely prepared to believe that I shall be extremely unpopular before I go out. But this is not what I am concerning myself about. I am not paying heed to public opinion; I am paying heed to the public interest; and if I can accomplish, not all that I desire, but a reasonable proportion of what I desire, by the end of my term (and in the four and a half years that have gone by I have succeeded in accomplishing such reasonable proportion), why, I am more than satisfied."

INDIFFERENCE TO GREAT WEALTH

Complete indifference to great wealth, to money simply as money, was one of Roosevelt's strongest characteristics. Writing on April 11, 1908, to his friend Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice, afterward British Ambassador at Washington, he said:

"I am simply unable to understand the value placed by so many people upon great wealth. I very thoroly understand the need of sufficient means to enable the man or woman to be comfortable; I also entirely understand the pleasure of having enough more than this to add certain luxuries, and above all, that greatest of all luxuries, the escape from the need of considering at every turn whether it is possible to spend a dollar or two extra; but when the last limit has been reached, then increase in wealth means but little, certainly as compared with all kinds of other things. In consequence, I am simply unable to make myself take the attitude of respect toward the very wealthy men which such an enormous multitude of people evidently really feel.

"The very luxurious, grossly material life of the average multimillionaire whom

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I know does not appeal to me in the least, and nothing could hire me to lead it. It is an exceedingly nice thing to have money enough to be able to take a hunting trip in Africa after big game (if you are not able to make it pay for itself in some other way). It is an exceedingly nice thing, if you are young, to have one or two good jumping horses and to be able to occasionally hunt—altho Heaven forfend that anyone for whom I care should treat riding to hounds as the serious business of life! It is an exceedingly nice thing to have a good house and to be able to purchase good books and good pictures, and especially to have that house isolated from others. But I wholly fail to see where any real enjoyment comes from a dozen automobiles, a couple of hundred horses, and a good many different houses luxuriously upholstered. From the standpoint of real pleasure I should selfishly prefer my oldtime ranch on the Little Missouri to anything in Newport."

In similar vein he wrote to Whitelaw Reid, American Ambassador in London, on May 25, 1908, in condemnation of a favorite ambition of many Americans of large wealth:

"I have grown to have a constantly increasing horror of the Americans who go abroad desiring to be presented at court or to meet sovereigns. In very young people it is excusable folly; in older people it is mere snobbishness . . . I can not be too sincerely grateful that when Mrs. Roosevelt and I were abroad before I was President, we refused to be presented. I have a hearty respect for the right kind of a king and for the right kind of aristocracy, and for the right kind of Englishman who wishes to be presented or have his wife or daughter presented; but it is the business of an American to be a republican, a democrat, to behave in a simple and straight-forward manner, and, without anything cheap or blatant about it, to be just what he is, a plain citizen of the American Republic; and he is thoroly out of place, loses his dignity in the eyes of others, and loses his own self-respect, when he tries to play a rôle for which he is not suited, and which personally I think is less exalted than his own natural rôle."

His views as to the use which should be made of ex-Presidents, and his personal ideas of what his work should be as a private citizen during the closing years of his life, with further reference to wealth, are set forth in a letter to Mr. John St. Loe Strachey, editor of the London *Spectator*, under date of November 28, 1908:

"When people have spoken to me as to what America should do with its ex-Presidents, I have always answered that there was one ex-President as to whom they need not concern themselves in the least, because I would do for myself. It would be to me personally an unpleasant thing to be pensioned and given some honorary position. I emphatically do not desire to clutch at the fringe of departing greatness. Indeed, to me there is something rather attractive, something in the way of living up to a proper democratic ideal, in having a President go out of office just as I shall go, and become absolutely and without reservation a private man, and do any honorable work which he finds to do.

"I feel very strongly that one great lesson to be taught here in America is that while the first duty of every man is to earn enough for his wife and children, that when once this has been accomplished no man should treat money as the primary consideration. He is very foolish unless he makes it the first consideration, up to the point of supporting his family; but normally, thereafter it should come secondary. Now, I feel that I can still for some years command a certain amount of attention from the American public, and during those years and before my influence totally vanishes I want to use it so far as possible to help onward certain movements for the betterment of our people."

PINK-TEA AMBASSADORS

Two letters which the President wrote set forth in engaging language his views about the duties of ambassadors and ministers at foreign courts. The first was addressed, on December 26, 1904, to George von L. Meyer, who at the time was serving as ambassador at Rome:

"I desire to send you as Ambassador to St. Petersburg. St. Petersburg is at this moment and bids fair to continue to be for at least a year, the most important

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

post in the diplomatic service, from the standpoint of work to be done, and you come in the category of public servants who desire to do public work, as distinguished from those whose desire is merely to occupy public place—a class for which I have no particular respect. I wish in St. Petersburg a man who, while able to do all the social work, able to entertain and meet the Russians and his fellow diplomats on equal terms, able to do all the necessary plush business—business which is indispensable—can do in addition, the really vital and important thing. . . . The trouble with our ambassadors in stations of real importance is that they totally fail to give us real help and real information, and seem to think that the life work of an ambassador is a kind of glorified pink tea party."

The second was to Richard Harding Davis, under date of January 3, 1905, in response to a letter from him giving his views and estimates of various American diplomats whom he had encountered in foreign lands:

"There are a large number of well-meaning ambassadors and ministers, and even consuls and secretaries, who belong to what I call the pink tea type, who merely reside in the service instead of working in the service, and these I intend to change whenever the need arises. The Minister to —— is a nice man with an even nicer wife. He has been eight years in the service. He is polite to people, gives nice little dinners, etc., etc. During all that time it has never made one atom of real difference to the country whether he was in or out. He is in the service for his own advantage, not for the good of the service, although he does all the secondarily important work well; and in all probability I shall change him and promote some man who during all that time has done really hard work in a place where there is no pink tea possibility.

"I shall not make a fetish of keeping a man in, but if a man is a *really* good man he will be kept in. A pink tea man shall stay in or go out, just as I find convenient. Of course most places at embassies and legations are pink tea slaves. A few are not, and in these we need real men, and these real men shall be rewarded."

A better illustration of the sane and healthy quality of Roosevelt's mind could not be found than is afforded in this letter that he wrote on November 11, 1907, to a clergyman who had differed with him about placing "In God We Trust" on the new coinage:

"When the question of the new coinage came up we looked into the law and found there was no warrant therein for putting 'IN GOD WE TRUST' on the coins. As the custom, altho without legal warrant, had grown up, however, I might have felt at liberty to keep the inscription had I approved of its being on the coinage. But as I did not approve of it, I did not direct that it should again be put on. Of course the matter of the law is absolutely in the hands of Congress, and any direction of Congress in the matter will be immediately obeyed. At present, as I have said, there is no warrant in law for the inscription.

"My own feeling in the matter is due to my very firm conviction that to put such a motto on coins, or to use it in any kindred manner, not only does no good but does positive harm, and is in effect irreverence which comes dangerously close to sacrilege. A beautiful and solemn sentence such as the one in question should be treated and uttered only with that fine reverence which necessarily implies a certain exaltation of spirit. Any use which tends to cheapen it, and above all, any use which tends to secure its being treated in a spirit of levity, is from every standpoint profoundly to be regretted. It is a motto which it is indeed well to have inscribed on our great national monuments, in our temples of justice, in our legislative halls, and in buildings such as those at West Point and Annapolis—in short wherever it will tend to arouse and inspire a lofty emotion in those who look thereon. But it seems to me eminently unwise to cheapen such a motto by use on coins, just as it would be to cheapen it by use on postage stamps, or in advertisements.

"As regards its use on the coinage we have actual experience by which to go. In all my life I have never heard any human being speak reverently of this motto on the coins or show any sign of its having appealed to any high emotion in him. But I have literally hundreds of times heard it used as an occasion of, and incite-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment to, the sneering ridicule which it is above all things undesirable that so beautiful and exalted a phrase should excite. For example, thruout the long contest, extending over several decades, on the free coinage question, the existence of this motto on the coins was a constant source of jest and ridicule; and this was unavoidable. Every one must remember the innumerable cartoons and articles based on phrases like 'In God we trust for the other eight cents;' 'In God we trust for the short weight;' 'In God we trust for the thirty-seven cents we do not pay;' and so forth, and so forth. Surely I am well within bounds when I say that a use of the phrase which invites constant levity of this type is most undesirable. If Congress alters the law and directs me to replace on the coins the sentence in question the direction will be immediately put into effect; but I very earnestly trust that the religious sentiment of the country, the spirit of reverence in the country, will prevent any such action being taken."

THE GORKY INCIDENT

Maxim Gorky, Russian author, poet, and revolutionist, paid a visit to the United States in the spring of 1906. Soon after his arrival it was discovered that the woman with whom he was living at the time and who accompanied him was not his wife and that he had a wife and children in Russia. There was a wide-spread outcry against him after this revelation was made. In the midst of it Gorky appeared in Washington and a proposal was made to the President that he consent to receive a call from him. The refusal was prompt and sharp. In a letter to the bearer of the proposal, April 23, 1906, the President gave his reasons in a letter that carries its own comment:

"The Gorky class of realistic writer of poems and short stories is a class of beings for whom I have no very great regard *per se;* but I would not have the slightest objection to receiving him, and indeed would be rather glad to receive him, if he was merely a member of it. But in addition he represents the very type of fool academic revolutionist which tends to bring to confusion and failure the great needed measures of social, political and industrial reform. I have scant sympathy for that maudlin sentimentality which encourages these creatures abroad, when at home, as Gorky instantly showed by his action when he came here, they would be the special sympathisers with, for instance, the peculiarly foul assassins who are now rallying to the support of the men indicted for the murder of the ex-Governor of Idaho. In addition to this, Gorky in his domestic relations seems to represent with nice exactness the general continental European revolutionary attitude, which in governmental matters is a revolt against order as well as against tyranny, and in domestic matters is a revolt against the ordinary decencies and moralities even more than against conventional hypocrisies and cruelties."

He was appealed to repeatedly by senators and members of Congress to promote some officer in the army or navy over the heads of other officers, or to intercede in behalf of some officer who was in disgrace for some cause or other, the appeal being based usually on personal grounds. To a powerful senator who made a request of this sort he wrote on March 2, 1906:

"I am very sorry to say that I cannot see Mrs. —— concerning the court-martial case of her brother. I have been obliged in cases of this kind to make a definite rule that I will not see the delinquent's mother, sister, daughter, or other kinsfolk. They are the very people who under no circumstances should ever be seen. They are of course entirely unable to express any opinion of the slightest value as to the guilt, innocence, or general worthiness of the accused; and an appeal for the accused on the ground of sympathy for his kinsfolk is one which it is simply impossible to entertain if justice is to be done or the service not to be ruined. So that to see them means nothing whatever but an entirely useless harrowing of feelings. I have been carefully over this case, going through the brief of the counsel for the accused, going through the extracts of the testimony and the brief of the Judge Advocate General. The utmost leniency that I could show would be to allow him to resign. He is obviously entirely incompetent to remain any longer in the service. I need not say, my dear

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Senator, how I regret my inability to do what you request; but it would not be fair to do for one man who had influential friends anything I would not do for the man who had not a friend in the world. I try to handle the Army and the Navy on the basis of doing absolute justice and showing no favoritism for any reason, a course which I know has your hearty approval."

The genesis of his quite famous address on the "Man with the Muckrake," which he delivered on April 14, 1906, at the laying of the corner-stone of the Office Building of the House of Representatives, is revealed in a letter that he wrote to an eminent jurist a few weeks previous. He had used the phrase in a speech which he made at a banquet to Speaker Cannon, given by the Gridiron Club in Washington on March 14. In that speech he had denounced the writers in magazines and newspapers who made mendacious and slanderous attacks upon men in public life and upon men engaged in public work, and who at the same time defended labor leaders who were guilty, directly or indirectly, of murderous assaults upon officials who opposed their schemes. To the jurist, who had written in commendation of his speech, Roosevelt wrote, on March 20, 1906:

"As you know, my dear Judge, I will go to the limit in enforcing the law against the wealthiest man or the wealthiest corporation if I think he or it has done wrong; but my whole soul revolts at a campaign of foul slander waged against men, down at bottom and primarily, because they have succeeded in business; and above all, at the sinister tendency to condone crimes of brutality, including murder, if those committing them can obtain the support of some powerful labor organization. I shall try and see if I can not write out that speech, recasting and elaborating it so as to make it more definite, as soon as I get the chance."

To another correspondent, Ray Stannard Baker, he wrote on April 9, referring to the same address:

"One reason I want to make that address is because people so persistently misunderstood what I said that I want to have it reported in full. For instance, you understand it. I want to let in light and air, but I do not want to let in sewer gas. If a room is fetid and the windows are bolted I am perfectly contented to knock out the windows, but I would not knock a hole into the drain pipe. In other words, I feel that the man who in a yellow newspaper or in a yellow magazine makes a ferocious attack on good men or even attacks bad men with exaggeration or for things they have not done, is a potent enemy of those of us who are really striving in good faith to expose bad men and drive them from power. I disapprove of the whitewash brush quite as much as of mud slinging, and it seems to me that the disapproval of one in no shape or way implies approval of the other. This I shall try to make clear."

A letter that Roosevelt wrote to Andrew Carnegie on August 5, 1906, is of interest as showing his views of the Hague tribunal:

"In any such matter as the Hague Conference business the violent extremists who favor the matter are to be dreaded almost or quite as much as the Bourbon reactionaries who are against us. This is as true of the cause of International peace as it is of the cause of economic equity between labor and capital at home. I do not know whether in the French Revolution I have most contempt and abhorrence for the Murat, Hébert, Robespierre, and Danton type of revolutionists, or for the aristocratic, bureaucratic, and despotic rulers of the old regime; for the former did no good in the Revolution, but at the best simply nullified the good that others did and produced a reaction which re-enthroned despotism; while they made the name of liberty a word of shuddering horror for the time being.

"I hope to see real progress made at the next Hague Conference. It it is possible in some way to bring about a stop, complete or partial, to the race in adding to armaments, I shall be glad; but I do not yet see my way clear as regards the details of such a plan. We must always remember that it would be a fatal thing for the great free peoples to reduce themselves to impotence and leave the despotisms and barbarians armed. It would be safe to do so if there were some system of international police; but there is now no such system."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A glimpse of some of the annoyances to which a President on vacation is subjected is furnished in a letter from Oyster Bay to Senator Lodge on August 6, 1906:

"I have been having a real rest this summer, and incidentally have grown to realize that I have reached that time of life when too violent physical exercise does not rest a man when he has had an exhausting mental career. We have been having a delightful summer. The secret service men are a very small but very necessary thorn in the flesh. Of course they would not be the least use in preventing any assault on my life. I do not believe there is any danger of such an assault, and if there were it would be simple nonsense to try to prevent it, for as Lincoln said, though it would be safer for a President to live in a cage, it would interfere with his business."

A letter which he wrote to the Kaiser, on December 26, 1908, is of curious interest in view of Roosevelt's vain effort to get permission to raise a division for the war against the Kaiser in 1917:

"It is very unlikely that I shall ever hold office again. But if—what I most earnestly hope may never occur—there should be a big war in which the United States was engaged, while I am still in bodily vigor, I should endeavor to get permission to raise a division of mounted rifles—cavalry, in our use of the word; that is, nine regiments such as the one I commanded in the war with Spain. I hope the chance may never come, however."

The same idea of taking part in a war should one occur was expressed in a letter to Mr. John St. Loe Strachey on November 28, 1908:

"If war should occur while I am still physically fit, I should certainly try to raise a brigade, and if possible a division, of cavalry, mounted riflemen, such as those in my regiment ten years ago."

FRIENDSHIP WITH "DOOLEY"

Between the President and Finley Peter Dunne (Mr. Dooley) a cordial and thoroughly congenial friendship existed, undisturbed by the latter's many humorous accounts of notable events in Roosevelt's career. Mr. Dooley published an article describing the election of November, 1904, as an "Anglo-Saxon triumph," which aroused the President to a lively protest in which he said:

"Now, oh laughing philosopher (because you are not only the one who laughs, but also a genuine philosopher and because your philosophy has a real effect upon this country), I want to enter a strong protest against your very amusing and very wrong-headed article on the 'Anglo-Saxon triumph.' In this article, as in everything else you have written about me, you are as nice as possible as to me personally, and the fun about the feeling abroad, including England, is perfectly legitimate. If you have ever happened to see what I have written on the matter of the Anglo-Saxon business you may have noticed that I have always insisted that we are not Anglo-Saxon at all —even admitting for the sake of argument, which I do not, that there are any Anglo-Saxons—but a new and mixed race —a race drawing its blood from many different sources.

"My own view is, that if a man is good enough for me to profit by his services before election, he is good enough for me to do what I can for him after election; and I do not give a damn whether his name happens to be Casey, or Schwartzmeister, or Van Rensselaer, or Peabody. I think my whole public life has been an emphatic protest against the Peabodys and Van Rensselaers arrogating to themselves any superiorities over the Caseys and Schwartzmeisters. But in return I will not, where I have anything to say about it, tolerate for one moment any assumption of superiority by the Caseys and Schwartzmeisters over the Peabodys and Van Rensselaers. I did not notice any difference between them as they fought in my regiment; and I had lots of representatives of all of them in it. If you will look at the nomenclature of the Yale, Harvard and Princeton teams this year, or any other year, and then at the feats performed by the men bearing the names, you will come to the conclusion, friend Dooley, that Peabody and Van Rensselaer and Saltonstall and Witherspoon are pretty tough citizens to handle in a mixup and that they will be found

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quite as often at the top of the heap as at the bottom."

The most amusing article that Dooley ever wrote about Roosevelt was entitled "Alone in Cubia," in which he gave a burlesque account of Roosevelt's exploits in the Spanish War. That the President was able to enjoy this and take no offense was shown in a letter to Dunne which he wrote on June 18, 1906:

"Three cheers, Mr. Dooley! Do come on and let me see you soon. I am by no means as much alone as in Cubia, because I have an ample surrounding of Senators and Congressmen, not to speak of railroad men, Standard Oil men, beef packers, and venders of patent medicines the depth of whose feelings for me cannot be expressed in words!"

In similar vein of appreciation and affection he wrote again on January 9, 1907:

"Let me repeat that Dooley, especially when he writes about Teddy Rosenfelt, has no more interested and amused reader than said Rosenfelt himself. I have known that a few people have recently thought quite otherwise, as they have also told you that they thought; but this is not a feeling that I have shared in the least. On the contrary, I feel that what you have written about me, with exceptions too trivial to mention, has been written in just the nicest possible style—that what Dooley says shows 'the good-natured affection that the boys in the army felt for old Grant and the people in Illinois for Lincoln.' I hate to compare myself with two great men, even when I am only quoting you, and I do it of course merely to show how thoroly I understand and appreciate our friend Mr. Dooley's attitude."

Roosevelt had entered college with the fixed determination of becoming a scientific naturalist, and his love for that field of knowledge never left him. One of his most intimate and enjoyable friendships was with John Burroughs, always addressed by him as "Dear Oom John," and his correspondence abounds in letters to him. These are of interest as showing a distinct and separate side of his character and knowledge. A few of them are given herewith, which reveal his keen delight in bird and animal life:

Oyster Bay, June 22, 1907.

Dear Oom John:

I hope you know what a pleasure it was to have you and Childs out here the other day, and I am so glad that the purple finch, the black-throated green warbler and the red-winged blackbird all behaved like gentlemen and turned up as I had said they would.

Oyster Bay, July 11, 1907.

Dear Oom John:

Yesterday we cut that fine clover, which I horrified you by walking about in while looking for that redwing blackbird's nest. After we cut it I was interested to see two orchard orioles (the ones you saw in the garden) come and industriously hunt over the cut clover for insects.

Three days ago I shot a yellow-throated or Dominican warbler here—the first I had ever seen. I was able to identify it with absolute certainty, but as the record might be deemed of importance, I reluctantly shot the bird, a male, and gave the mutilated skin to the American Museum of Natural History people so that they might be sure of the identification. The breeding season was past, and no damage came to the species from shooting the specimen; but I must say that I care less and less for the mere "collecting" as I grow older.

Oyster Bay, July 19, 1907.

Dear Oom John:

In cutting that clover field we were working very hurriedly to avoid a rain. There were four of us at work, and I simply never thought of the nests till afterwards, when we were loading the hay from the cocks into the hay wagon. I am as positive as I can be, however, from the behavior of the female redwings, that there was certainly one, and I think two, of the nests within fifty yards of that corner of the old barn.

Have you Chapman's book on the warblers? If so, you will find the description and picture of the Dominican or yellow-throated warbler. Altho the picture does not portray the bird as it ought to, with the long bill of the black-and-white warbler instead of the ordinary Dendroica. If you will tell me what book of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

birds you have by you, which contains an account of the warblers, I will write you back the page on which you will find the description.

It is funny how incidents sometimes crowd together. Really I have begun to feel a little like a nature fakir myself during the last fortnight; for I have seen two or three things which I very much wish you could have seen with me. The other night I took out the boys in row boats for a camping-out expedition. We camped on the beach under a low bluff near the grove where a few years ago, on a similar expedition, we saw a red fox. This time two young foxes, evidently three years' cubs, came around the camp fire half a dozen times during the night, coming up within ten yards of the fire to pick up scraps and seeming to be very little bothered by our presence. Yesterday on the tennis ground I found a mole shrew. He was near the side lines first. I picked him up in my handkerchief, as he bit my hand, and after we had all looked at him I let him go, but in a few minutes he came back and deliberately crossed the tennis grounds by the net. As he ran over the level floor of the court his motion reminded all of us of the motion of those mechanical mice that run around on wheels when wound up.

A chipmunk that lives near the tennis court continually crosses it while the game is in progress. He has done it two or three times this year, and either he or his predecessor has had the same habit for several years. I am really puzzled to know why he should go across this perfectly bare surface, with the players jumping about on it, when he is not frightened and has no reason that I can see for going. Apparently he grows accustomed to the players and moves about among them as he would move about, for instance, among a herd of cattle. I suppose that Mr. Blank would describe him as joining in the game!

I was immensely amused at Blank's outburst concerning your visit here. It was his evident belief that I had picketed out the blackthroated green warbler on the top of that locust tree in anticipation of your presence.

During his Presidency Roosevelt purchased a small tract of land in western Virginia, with a small, cabin-like house, to which he and Mrs. Roosevelt were accustomed to go for brief visits from time to time. He named the place "Pine Knot," and on one occasion he had as guest John Burroughs. Writing to Frank M. Chapman, of the New York Museum of Natural History, on May 10, 1908, he described what occurred during the visit:

"John Burroughs and I had a very pleasant time during our three days at Pine Knot. I was much pleased to be able to show him all the birds I had said I would, including the Bewick's wren, the blue grosbeak, the gnatcatcher, the summer redbird, etc. The one bird about which we were doubtful was the Henslow's bunting. I think he found the place almost too primitive, for a family of flying squirrels had made their abode inside the house. This tended to keep *him* awake at nights, whereas *we* have become rather attached to them. In one plowed field I found a nighthawk sitting. If I had chosen to knock it down with my hat I could have done so, but I wanted not to hurt it; and as I endeavored softly to seize it, it got away just as my fingers touched it. It did not go far, but sat lengthwise along the limb of a small tree and let me come within two feet of it before flying. When I see you again I am going to point out one or two minor matters in connection with the song of the Bewick's wren and the looks of the blue grosbeak, where we were a little puzzled by your accounts. I suppose that there is a good deal of individual variation among the birds themselves as well as among the observers.

"I now feel as tho I wonder how I ever got on without your 'Birds of the Eastern United States' and your book on warblers."

Interesting illustration of the way in which the reading of an article or a book invariably stimulated original thought and reflection in his own mind is found in the following letters:

To Mrs. H. C. Lodge, January 11, 1907:

"I return Gissing's book on Dickens and also 'The Greek View of Life.' Isn't

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it curious how much resemblance there is between the Japanese spirit and the Greek spirit of the Periclean age? The Japanese, unlike the Greeks, were able to transform their spirit of intense but particularistic patriotism into a broad national patriotism, and so they have been formidable as a nationality in a way in which it was wholly impossible for the Greeks ever to be. It is curious that one of the worst of the Greek attitudes, that toward women, should be produced in the Japan of to-day."

To W. C. Brownell, January 29, 1907:

"Every now and then one suddenly comes across a sentence which exactly phrases a thought which there has long seemed to be need of formulating, but as to which the words to express it have been lacking. In your article on Lowell, which of course I liked all thru (except that I would put parts of 'The Biglow Papers' higher with reference to the 'Commemoration Ode' than you do), I particularly like your phrase 'the American democratic ideal is Brahminism in manners and tastes, not in sympathies and ideas.'

"Abraham Lincoln's democracy was so essential and virile that it would not have lost in any way if he had had the manners and tastes of Lowell. One can like to see the White House restored by McKim, and our gold coinage modeled by Saint-Gaudens, without the least abatement of the feeling of being one of Abraham Lincoln's plain people and of keenest sympathy with, admiration for and desire to represent, them."

To Brander Matthews, July 20, 1907:

"What delightful reading Lang always is! Your letter, with his essay on the American President of the future, was sandwiched in this morning between internal politics and our relations with Japan; and I appreciated the diversion. Who but Lang could write with such genuine humor, and be so amusing, and yet leave no sting behind?

"By the way, I wish Lang would tell me if there really is an 'Aryan' race; Aryan speech, yes; Aryan race—well, I am *very* doubtful."

While he was engaged in bringing about peace between Japan and Russia in the summer of 1905, he created considerable controversy throughout the country by going down in a submarine, a species of voyage which at the time was regarded as perilous. Vigorous protests were made against the proceeding, when his intention was announced in advance, including one from Mr. Dooley which closed with the memorable sentence: "If you must go, Mr. President, take Fairbanks with you!" He made the trip, nevertheless, and was submerged for about seventy minutes, which he occupied in making a thorough examination of the vessel. Writing to his friend Count von Sternberg, the German Ambassador, he expressed views about the future of the submarine which, addressed to a German, afford curious reading after the uses to which the submarine was put by Germany in the European War:

"I myself am both amused and interested as to what you say about the interest excited about my trip in the *Plunger*. I went down in it chiefly because I did not like to have the officers and enlisted men think I wanted them to try things I was reluctant to try myself. I believe a good deal can be done with these submarines, although there is always the danger of people getting carried away with the idea and thinking that they can be of more use than they possibly could be."

No President, and no public man anywhere, was ever more photographed than Roosevelt, and it is interesting to see from a letter written on November 18, 1904, to R. W. Gilder, editor of the *Century* magazine, what his feelings on the subject really were:

"I do not want to begin to have new photographs taken. If I do it in one case, I must do it in others. In the first place, it is an intolerable nuisance; and in the next place it creates a false impression. People do not realize that I do not like to sit for photographs and that it is only a good-natured acquiescence on my part when I do. Now there is not the slightest need of a new photograph. Dozens of excellent ones have been taken.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Take any one of these. It will do just exactly as well."

LORD MORLEY ON ROOSEVELT

Two days after the election in 1904, John Morley, now Lord Morley, the distinguished English essayist and author, paid a visit of several days to President Roosevelt in the White House. When Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone" appeared a few months earlier, the President had written to him a letter of warm appreciation of the work, and a cordial correspondence had ensued. When the date of the visit had been fixed, the President did me the very great and agreeable honor of inviting me as a fellow guest. Subsequently I put in writing an account of some of the incidents of this most interesting and memorable visit which I submitted to the President and obtained from him permission to include in my record of his life. I may, therefore, without impropriety, reproduce portions of it here, especially since they are of value in throwing light upon his personality in much the same way that his letters do.

Mr. Morley and I arrived together on the afternoon of Thursday, November 10, and found the President in the highest health and spirits, fairly overflowing with joy because of his great triumph.

From the first the President greatly interested Mr. Morley. The two men had much in common intellectually. Both had been wide readers and writers of history, and close students of men and affairs. Each had written a life of Cromwell. The President's talk, frank, vigorous, and marvellous in its range over human history, ancient, modern, and contemporaneous, as it always was when he had a sympathetic and understanding listener, was a revelation to Mr. Morley, who said to me later that he had never heard anything like it. He spoke of it frequently when we were alone together, saying repeatedly: "He is a most extraordinary man!"

On the morning of the second day of our visit, when the President left us to go to his office, Mr. Morley asked me to show him the rooms on the first floor of the White House. I took him through the Red Room, the Green Room, and the Blue Room into the large East Room. As we stood in the centre of it and I had given a brief history of it, he turned to me and, putting his hand on my shoulder, said: "My dear fellow, do you know the two most extraordinary things I have seen in your country? Niagara Falls and the President of the United States—both great wonders of nature!" Later in the day I repeated this remark to the President, and also to Secretary Hay and Secretary Taft, all of whom, the President no less than his two associates, enjoying it greatly. Secretary Hay recorded it in his diary in incomplete form, and it is so published in Mr. W. R. Thayer's life of him.

Each day, after the President had left us to attend to his duties, Mr. Morley and I went to the library in the White House, where, in frank and intimate conversation, Mr. Morley asked me to explain such of the allusions to American political methods made by the President as he had not fully understood. There were many such allusions. I recall one in particular. In describing the elements in politics that had from time to time antagonized him, the President said: "By all odds the most contemptible creature we have encountered in our politics is the Goo Goo." Mr. Morley, in obvious perplexity, exclaimed: "The Goo Goo? Really, Mr. President, I don't understand you." He was much amused on learning that the species referred to was human and living and not extinct like the Dodo.

I turned the conversation on one occasion to French history and politics, on which I knew Mr. Morley to be a high authority, and we spoke at some length of Napoleon. In the course of our talk Mr. Morley said: "This man whose guests we are has many of Napoleon's qualities—indomitable courage, tireless perseverance, great capacity for leadership—and one thing that Napoleon never had—high moral purpose! And think what it would have meant for the world if he had had that!" I quote from memory and am not sure of the exact phraseology, but the sense is as I have expressed it. Taken with the first remark about Roosevelt, this second one is essential to give accurately the estimate which Mr. Morley made of Roosevelt's character.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The physical vigor of the President impressed Mr. Morley no less than his intellectual activity, being himself a frail man in rather delicate health. At dinner one evening the President had a number of prominent labor leaders to meet Mr. Morley, who was desirous of obtaining information as to labor problems and conditions in the United States. There was much animated conversation both during the dinner and afterward. When the guests were departing the President followed them into the hall, talking and gesticulating in his usual emphatic manner. Mr. Morley touched me on the arm, pointed to him, and said: "Look at him! And he has been doing that all day long!" As he said this he sank into a chair as if completely exhausted by the mere sight of such tireless energy.

One subject upon which Mr. Morley talked much with the President was the announcement which the latter had made on the night of election declaring his intention not to take a nomination for another term. He expressed himself as quite unable to comprehend it, saying that the act seemed to him as inexplicable as it would have been if Mr. Gladstone, at the height of his career, had declared after a triumph at the polls that he would never consent to go before the people of Great Britain again as candidate for Prime Minister.

The subject was in Mr. Morley's mind when, soon after his White House visit, he said in a speech which he made at the annual banquet of the Chamber of Commerce, in New York, on November 15, 1904:

"It would be most unbecoming of me to say a word as to the personality of your new President. I will say this in passing, that it is very gratifying to me to find that a man may write a book about Oliver Cromwell and yet be thought a very good man to whom to trust the destinies of a nation, because, for no better reason, I have written about Oliver Cromwell also. One of his memorable performances was, as you all know, his self-denying ordinance—a thing for which Oliver Cromwell himself was solely responsible—to withdraw himself from active military and public life at a certain moment. There appears to be something like a self-denying ordinance announced for the public the day after election. Whether that was an imitation of Cromwell or not I do not inquire, but this I do say, without, I hope, being impertinent, that in your new President you have got a man. All sorts of events within the four years may break out upon the world—events in the oldest parts of Europe—there are lives in the old parts of Europe upon which results may hang; you have in the Pacific enormous risks, possibilities, open questions, and all I can say is that it will be a great thing for diplomatists to know that in dealing with the government that will come into power and office here on the 4th of March next year, they are dealing with a man who has behind him, unless I am mistaken, the American people."

After he returned to England Mr. Morley summed up his estimate of the President in a neat epigram. Writing to Roosevelt on September 15, 1905, Senator Lodge said:

"Lady Harcourt (widow of Sir Vernon Harcourt) told me that Morley came to see her when he returned from the United States. She asked him to tell her about you. He said: 'He is not an American, you know. He is America.'"

To this Roosevelt replied on the same date:

"That was a very nice thing of Morley to say, so long as it is confined to one or two of my intimate friends who won't misunderstand it! Just at the moment people are speaking altogether too well of me, which is enough to make any man feel uncomfortable, for if he has any sense he knows that the reaction is perfectly certain to come under such circumstances, and that then people will revenge themselves for feeling humiliated for having said too much on one side by saying too much on the other."

[The fifth instalment of Theodore Roosevelt's Own Letters will appear in the January number.]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Empress Dowager returned.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS TOO SOON

By Harriet Welles
Author of "Anchors Aweigh"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. F. HOWARD

A SECRETARY of Legation, at Peking, showing a visiting tourist friend over the now un-Forbidden City, stopped in the garden by the gate and motioned toward a long bed of white iris. "When I was here on my first tour of duty, twenty years ago, I once saw a troop of Manchu cavalry riding home from a tilt with some northern tribesmen; they brought loot and captives. Each soldier carried a long spear or a furled white pennant which looked, for all the world, like those pointed buds of the white iris," said the Secretary of Legation.

Kwei-li came to the imperial harem from the wide Manchurian plains where she, the daughter of a great Tartar chieftain, was captured during a brief, frenzied clash between her father's tribesmen and the imperial troops. Perhaps because the dreamy mistiness of the smoky tents lingered in her quiet eyes, and the shining softness of the clear, northern sunshine gleamed on her heavy hair, or because a certain imperious dignity characterized her movements, she did not fall a prey to her captors but came, like any superlative article of barter, to the market of the highest bidders. There, noting her beauty and birth, a favor-seeking courtier, looking for bribes, bethought him of the oldest of all wiles, and Kwei-li, all unheeding, went to the imperial harem.

During the days of strife and clamor she had known fierceness and anger; after

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her capture she learned bewilderment and discomfort and resentment; fear, during her whole life, she never knew, and always, during the first weeks following her capture, the hope of escape or of recapture by her own people flickered mirage-like, just ahead. After that—a return to the wide sweet winds of her beloved plains smelling of snow or low shrubs.

But in the guarded confines of the palaces she learned the final bitterness of captivity and ate the bread of idleness—always within sight of the ponderous, encompassing walls. Tearless misery, too, Kwei-li learned in those beautiful buildings whose curving eaves are the architectural evolution from the old, curving, Manchu tent-ridges.

Sick in mind and body she struggled dumbly through the long winter; in the spring her daughter was born to live a few short hours and mightily puzzle the attendants, for the baby had, seemingly, inherited the mother's vivid health. Only Kwei-li knew that, in the dimly lighted room, while the servants dozed, she had gently smothered the sleeping child. "You shall never know . . . walls," breathed Kwei-li through chattering teeth, and never again looked at the tiny form or wept when they carried it away.

Very slowly, as her strength returned, and her proud aloofness barred the tentative advances of the other women, her solitariness became an acknowledged privilege; she was allowed a wide range to wander around the lake and along the flower-lined marble walls.

How often, I wonder, did Kwei-li's sick spirit look, with infinite longing, toward the sparkling water and measure the distance between her and the loitering servants? How often mentally compare the twisted pines, the labored achievement of intricately carved well-coping and benches and walls with the untouched loveliness of her wind-swept plains?

In the harem, where the Emperor had ceased to come, the talk, always persistent among the idle, chattering women preening themselves, butterfly-like, in their colorful brocades, grew to a babel from which Kwei-li thankfully escaped, heedless of the poignant interest of the passing days.

For the Emperor, reaching his majority, had succeeded to the dragon throne, ousting his aunt, the Empress Dowager, who, for many years, had appeased an almost insatiable craving for power by the absolute despotism of her unflinching rule. Now, she bowed to the necessity of laying down her life's work in favor of the successor she had herself chosen.

But hardly had the Emperor taken over the reins of government than the results of his years of study became apparent. He brought to his work an overwhelming sympathy for the toiling millions over whom he was to rule, and an alert mind nourished by reading in all the books of the modern reformers and reactionaries. Brotherhood of a brave and beautiful kind the Emperor planned, and in that plan no personal ambition had ever taken root or flourished. With the simplicity of an unselfishness which greatly hoped, he set about his task and launched upon the unprepared and astounded courtiers his orders for reforms and improvements.

Jove-like he hurled the quickly successive edicts into the leisurely groups of officials up and down his country; imperiously the decrees came ordering universities; demanding free schools of all kinds from science to modern agriculture; eliminating the essay and graft of the old government examinations; urging the building of railroads; asking for commercial bureaus to encourage foreign trade; abolishing the slow courier posts and installing a fast imperial customs post together with telephones and telegraphs to link together the far-flung empire; suggesting the sending of missions of the imperial clansmen to foreign countries to study the forms of American and European government; advising a system of budgets as in western countries; ordering the adoption of western arms and drills for the Tartar troops; demanding the introduction of patent and copyright laws; offering special rewards to inventors and authors; requiring rigid reforms in the military examinations. These, and a score of subtle, lesser decrees, he issued in twice as many days.

Among the officials in the Forbidden City chaos reigned; but radical as were the changes the Emperor advocated, there is a possibility that, among thinking

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by O. F. Howard.

Her solitariness became an acknowledged privilege; she was allowed a wide range to wander.
—Page 664.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Manchus, they might have had a certain success if he had eliminated the clauses which referred to European civilization. Among the untravelled elder statesmen the belief obtained that such a civilization —of which they knew only the unlovely oriental flowering in such deeds as the demanding of vast and valuable grants of land with less than vague excuses, or the forcing of drugs upon a defenseless people, at the cannon's mouth—was neither admirable nor worthy of imitation; but before their amazement could crystallize into active approval or resistance the Emperor shot the bolt which sealed his fate. By a single stroke of his pen he eliminated as a useless expense to the country the governorships of Hupeh, Kuantung, and Yünnan on which kinsmen and favorites of the Empress Dowager had grown superlatively rich in suitable idleness.

Every one in the Forbidden City—with the exceptions of Kwei-li and the Emperor—knew how little the old Empress had relished handing over her throne, and now, when spies, mischief-makers, and tale-bearers were as thick about the palaces as the clustering pink blossoms on the hawthorn-trees, she bided her time. For, like the beautiful, fruitless hawthorns were the Emperor's dreams of helping his struggling people.

The tragic comedy played itself swiftly out. For a few months the Emperor occupied the dragon throne; then the Empress Dowager returned and the Emperor's short day was over—his plans and hopes furiously derided and discarded—and the old Empress, resenting even so limited a banishment and enraged at his treatment of her relatives and sycophants, came back, for the remainder of her life, to the dragon throne and the Forbidden City.

Of these happenings Kwei-li knew nothing as the lengthening days grew into midsummer and the pavements gleamed in the hot sunshine. On the bank of the Lotus Lake there was a bench where she liked to sit; behind it the hollyhocks grew in so thick a screen that, by being careful of her position, she could make them entirely hide the wall where, across the water, the buildings around the well shut out the intruding barrier.

Hour after hour she sat there, wondering, with a sort of numb wistfulness, if this was to be her life during the slowly advancing years—while the servants chattered near and bees mumbled drowsily among the hollyhocks. "I can't bear it!" whispered Kwei-li fiercely to the unheeding dragon-flies and beat impotent fists on the marble bench.

"What does she see, that she comes every day to that seat?" yawned the servants bored by the inaction of their daily pilgrimage.

But one afternoon Kwei-li, listlessly approaching, was moved to anger at sight of an intruder. Could it be? Yes! There upon the marble seat lounged some one as preoccupied, as oblivious to their surroundings, as she had ever been. Imperiously she summoned a servant. "Tell that person on my bench to go!" she ordered.

The servant, glad of any break in the monotonous days, hurried forward and more quickly returned.

"Yes?" questioned Kwei-li irritably. "He goes?"

"I dared not give the message," stammered the servant.

Kwei-li started forward. "'Dared not.' What are these words?" she demanded sharply, then paused. Reflected on the glassy water were the vivid embroideries of a dragon robe and, above it, a face unbelievably sad.

Kwei-li drew a little breath. "It is the Emperor. He seems as lonely as I," she whispered, and stepped forward. The Emperor raised his heavy eyes and frowned at Kwei-li standing against the hollyhocks—a quiet figure with the sunlight on her hair. Behind her the servants watched noiselessly.

"Is it then . . . so bad?" asked Kwei-li, as though they were continuing a conversation begun a few minutes earlier.

"Yes," answered the Emperor simply.

She came nearer. "Walls?" she questioned.

He looked at her uncomprehendingly.

"Walls . . . that shut you in," she amended.

"I meant to help my people," he said bitterly, and added a plaint as old as the first reformer: "They did not understand!"

"Who?" questioned Kwei-li with breathless eagerness.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by O. F. Howard.

"I meant to help my people. . . . They did not understand!"—Page 666.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The officials . . . advisers they are called," answered the Emperor.

"But, of course!" cried Kwei-li, then pasued. "What did you tell those advisers?" she asked.

The spirit of all the reformers burned in the Emperor's voice. "I told them that they would be free to return to their homes; that all men should be allowed to work—nay, that it would be a shameful thing for any one not to work! Each man to live by the result of his toil . . . and never any more landowner and tenant; master and servant; king and courtier. They thought me mad," explained the Emperor dully.

"Why didn't you speak directly to the people? Didn't you know that freedom of that kind would be the last thing that courtiers—who live by trickery and by poaching on others—would want?" she asked.

"But I, who know courts, wanted it!" he cried, and hesitated. "What of you?" he questioned.

"I have eaten my heart out in your palaces! I coveted death for my baby that she might never know of life . . . inside of walls!" asserted Kwei-li fiercely.

The Emperor looked at her. "You, who understand have been here all the time—and I never knew," he said.

Behind him some one coughed with provocative insistence. The Emperor turned. "Yes?" he questioned of the salaaming servant.

Kwei-li, walking slowly home, saw that the crimson hollyhocks glowed against the wall; saw that the doves, pink-footed and gray-winged, preening themselves on the marble well-coping repeated the colors of the hawthorn-trees; felt the quiet beauty of slant sunshine across the Lotus Lake. "I hadn't noticed them before," said Kwei-li.

After that she saw the Emperor almost daily. With the bond of sympathy between them he grew, before many months, to realize that without Kwei-li his life in the Forbidden City would have been intolerable. And as he listened to the longing in her voice as she spoke of the nomad existence of her people—the ripple of wind across the sparse, desert grass; the shadows of clouds wheeling to their stations in the pale wide sky; thin smoke-wraiths from the camp-fires going up against the sun; the seasonal flight of the wild geese—a zigzag of spread wings across the rising moon; the roar and sweep of rain; the dripping, plaintive notes of a wandering herdsman's pipe; the silence of untenanted spaces, drowned in a blue haze; the luminous stars so close above the camel's-hair tents; the stately march of the seasons—it grew, in his mind, to be the image of some unattainable dream-country far beyond the imagination's most distant horizon line.

And once she described a group of temples and palaces, barbarically splendid with crimson lacquer and curving, bronze eaves . . . a throbbing note of color set in the bitter-cold whiteness of the snowy desert.

The Emperor breathed deeply. "Who owns such palaces?" he asked resentfully.

Kwei-li glanced at him. "They are yours—kept always in readiness for your coming."

"I never even knew of them," amended the Emperor with humbleness.

"Some day, perhaps," suggested Kwei-li wistfully.

"Together!" promised the Emperor; then remembering, "Perhaps," he added soberly. She nodded comprehension.

Sometimes the Emperor spoke of his country and the toiling, struggling people. "The real barrier to progress is the lack of co-operation—and yet how can you blame my countrymen? For centuries they have pinned their faith to walls—every city and town and hamlet stands inside its wall, is a world to itself, absolutely independent of the next town or city. Every man, woman, and child would fight for the preservation of their particular village but they cannot grasp the idea that it is time for us, as a nation, to eliminate walls and fight together, as a united people—or perish!" The Emperor paused. "Walls are the curse of China," he said bitterly.

Kwei-li gave a little gasping sigh—picturing wide plains beyond the sunset. "Be thankful that there are gates," she comforted.

His glance softened as he looked at her. "I am thankful!" he agreed.

"Why should many men work, all their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

days, for the mere food to hold body and soul together while others, less deserving, own the land and do no work?" asked the Emperor. Kwei-li, a happy nomad, could not answer.

He went on: "Sometimes, just before I waken, the vision of my duty is so clear; I know so well that greed is the illegitimate child of love! Men say: 'It is fair for me to gain my fellow-man's possessions; I need them for the greater comfort of my wife and family.' And greed, lurking behind love, plans the great warehouse that enchains hundreds and shuts out the sunshine for *many* because somewhere *one* woman and her children demand a life filled with futilities. For what man having piled up great riches has not faced the day when gold, pitted against sorrow and suffering, laughed glitteringly in his face—for very uselessness?

"Is there any real, *thinking*, unselfish love, I wonder? Most certainly not around palaces!" He touched Kwei-li's shining hair. "Unless, by accident, it creeps in," amended the Emperor.

Among the palace residents aware of this growing attachment, it aroused varying emotions; resentment, of course, where resentment was most likely to occur; indifference, among the powerful who believed that the Emperor's day would never return; anger, in the old Empress, to whom any detail concerning him was just cause for unreasonable rage. The hopes raised by the Emperor's unfulfilled reforms had taken root, with curious tenacity, in unexpected places—even now the Empress was planning a brilliant coup which should, once for all, eliminate the detested foreigner whose machinations had, she believed, been strengthened and encouraged by the policies of the Em-

In the afternoon coolies, sweeping the paved enclosure, fled at the moan of a clear, remembered voice.—Page 671.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

peror's reign. Through the incantations of some magically endowed fanatics this miracle was to be achieved; the harm done by the Emperor triumphantly refuted. There would be time enough then to deal with the iconoclast.

So while Kwei-li and the Emperor dreamed away the days in plans for an empire where every person should be free and happy, tragedy stalked unhindered through the teeming streets of the city; death lurked behind every sheltering vantage-point.

This also quickly played itself out. There came a day when panic, stark and unashamed, fell upon the occupants of the palaces and conference chambers in the Forbidden City; the despised foreigners, far from being exterminated, were marching their combined troops upon Peking to demand reparation. Already, in the nearest harbor, their cruisers were coming to anchor; loaded transports stood in from sea. Above the rising consternation in the Forbidden City the old Empress gave one order: to prepare for immediate flight.

Kwei-li and the Emperor had spoken indifferently of the impending trouble in the afternoon, but when at midnight the swiftly travelling news sifted to the lesser wives that the court was going, before dawn, and that they were to be left behind, Kwei-li had brushed the rumor aside as unworthy of belief.

There followed a night of confusion and terror; all the more valuable jewels, paintings, ornaments, and receptacles were buried; papers were burned; chaos reigned; sleep, for any one, was an impossibility. Through it all, like some great pulse, came the heavy booming of unknown guns drawing steadily nearer.

Just before dawn, when the excitement was at its height, Kwei-li, standing by the well, was astonished to see a group of men and women in coolies' clothing come hurriedly out from the shadowy buildings and go toward some dingy hired street-carts lined up in the courtyard. They were so silent that Kwei-li would not have recognized the old Empress if she had not raised her voice to resume an altercation with a man near her. That the Empress was in a furious rage was very apparent. "You will do as I order! Do you imagine that I will leave you behind to make more trouble?" Kwei-li heard her ask. The man muttered an answer. "Put him into that cart and see that he stays there," the Empress commanded two servants.

The flickering torches flared up. Kwei-li gasped and rubbed her eyes. The Emperor was getting into the nearest cart!

Even as she stared, unbelieving, the old Empress turned and pointed a shaking finger at him. "You and your accursed foreigners are to blame for this!" she cried in a voice choked with rage; she made a rending motion with her hands.

Kwei-li stepped forward. Her voice was fearlessly clear. "You *aren't* going to run away—like a coward!" said Kwei-li. It was an assertion, not a question. "If you sided with the foreigners, as she said, why don't you stay and tell them so, and ask their help in the right governing of your people? No one who is brave enough to rule *honestly* would ever run away!"

Before the Emperor could answer or descend, the old Empress was upon them, almost inarticulate with rage. "Who are you to tell us what to do—you—you goatherd!" she shrieked at the unshrinking Kwei-li. Words failed her. Turning toward the clustering, terrified servants she ordered thickly: "Throw her down that well!" Then, as the men hesitated, her rage overflowed all control. "How dare you disobey me? *How dare you? Hold him! Throw her down the well!*" she screamed in a paroxysm of fury.

The panic-stricken coolies obeyed.

The Emperor, struggling to free himself, had an instant glimpse of a white face and of small hands grasping the marble coping, but Kwei-li made no outcry. There came the dull splash of deep water.

With the whining creak of wide flung gates and the clatter of hoofs on the pavements the fleeing court was on its way.

There followed months of disorder and dissension, punctuated at regular intervals by the demands of the conquering foreigners and the bickerings of statesmen; then the court returned to the Forbidden City with the arrogantly unrepentant old Empress in an apparently conciliatory mood and the Emperor sunk

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in melancholy listlessness. This time no pretense of consideration was shown him; he went into practical imprisonment in a detached palace—The Hall of the Ocean Terrace—on an island in the Lotus Lake.

In the Forbidden City intense activity reigned. Buried jewels and treasure were dug up—the boasted loot of allied officers and soldiery were mostly the unconsidered residue. The old Empress smiled complacently as magnificent pearls and priceless ornaments came back to their places. During those days the tutelary god of the Manchus was almost invisible through the clouds of incense, gratefully burned. All the glitter and glamour of the court was resumed intensified by the remembrance of the discomforts of its winter of hardship. This was over. Along the marble walls mulberry and hawthorn trees blossomed; their petals drifted down the walks. Outside, the loaded camel-trains, unmolested, swung along through a haze of golden dust. Spring and peace had, most deservedly, come again to the palaces. Only some damaged buildings and broken places in the wall remained to remind the court of past mischance.

And then, just as all was going so suitably well, and the past was beginning to assume the misty semblance of a swiftly fading, half-forgotten nightmare, Kwei-li came back. In the morning the palace courtyards resounded to the rippling call of doves, sunning themselves on the well-curb; in the afternoon coolies, sweeping the paved enclosure, fled at the moan of a clear, remembered voice that rose, like the wraith of a departed melody, from within the carved and fretted railing. Officials, hurrying to appointments in various council-halls, paused, and gazed apprehensively toward the well; servants, loitering along the sunshiny walls, ran in terrified amazement as the clear notes dropped to a breathless whisper. By night, every one in the palaces knew that Kwei-li had returned; they wondered what was to be done about it. The Empress's half-forgotten deed loomed large as a grave mistake, and no one realized this more acutely than the old Dowager.

With great haste she arranged that posthumous honors be bestowed on the dead woman, and ordered sacrifices made for the propitiation of the uneasy spirit which haunted the well. But honors had never interested the living Kwei-li; dead, they intrigued her not at all, and she came and went with the care-free joyousness of one to whom the riddle of life is no longer unsolved.

Around the well, almost daily, were held gatherings of magicians and astrologers, attempting by chanted praise, smoke of incense, the clang of cymbals, or the thin, high call of great lily-shaped trumpets, to exorcise or conciliate the grieving spirit that hung, mist-like, above the marble coping.

But Kwei-li would not be appeased; all that spring she chanted her moaning requiem, sometimes in a whisper, again clear and high, until the well enclosure, so long a place of quiet beauty, became as shunned as a plague-spot.

Astrologers of renown were called from distant provinces; the magicians redoubled their efforts; spring wore into summer. And, at last, just as the old Empress had almost confessed to terrified helplessness, the report came that the right word had been found. The Empress Dowager ordered a great ceremonial which she would attend.

The smoke of incense went up straight in the windless air above the well when, the next day, the colorful ceremonial robes were donned to do honor to the departed spirit. Rich rewards were given to the successful exorcisers. The Empress Dowager drew a sigh of relief.

But two days later Kwei-li was back; her mournful whisper rose to a desolate chant that chilled the blood and sent the superstitious servants scurrying by devious routes, as far from the well as the walls would permit. Panic, unreasoning and engulfing, brooded over the palaces. Kwei-li, the lonely and unimportant, came, in a night, to outrank the tutelary deities, but she could not be appeased. To the Empress Dowager all the humiliating experiences of her ignominious flight came, in the end, to be of small moment compared with her regret for a few seconds of hastily indulged spitefulness that disposed so unprofitably of the Emperor's favorite. It tempered her usual arrogance amazingly. To an adviser who

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

questioned her sudden tolerance she answered seriously: "It is well to heed whom the gods defend!"

The adviser hesitated. "That is the silly talk of women and servants! Why should the spirit of Kwei-li come back?" he rashly asked.

The Empress Dowager was too shaken to reprimand him. "Kwei-li has come back to wait for the Emperor," she whispered. Her voice rose to a panicky cry: "I forbid him to die! What peace would there be for any one if both of them haunted the palaces?"

"There is no need for him to die—while you live!" soothed the adviser.

In the palace on the island in the lake the Emperor faced the future with his memories for companions. He was closely guarded, and the guards were changed daily so that any soldier who through acquaintance with the Emperor might sympathize and spread dissension, would have scant opportunity to make mischief. So, while the slow months dragged into years and faith faltered and hope grew dim, his mind, revolving in endless questioning circles, became dulled and apathetic. He had failed his people—ignorant, suffering, oppressed, the teeming millions struggled in bitter cold and blinding heat outside his palace walls; he had failed his supporters—death or banishment had been the portion of those whose clear-visioned loyalty had backed his evanescent plans for reforms—one hundred years too soon! And when sometimes at midnight or just before dawn he awakened to hear the Chien Men gate creak heavily open to let in or out the clattering donkeys, he drowsily visualized the statesmen and courtiers sitting cross-legged on the springless carts as they hurried to and from the councils which would soon eliminate all traces of his short reign. He had failed himself—all the brave dreams had faded or gone aglimmering. These things he accepted with a numb and dreary resignation; but, to the end, one aching wound remained: he had failed the woman who loved him.

The succeeding springs called their message to deaf ears in The Hall of the Ocean Terrace. He paid no heed to new green on ancient, twisted pines or the shimmer of blossoming trees against the walls.

He never left his prison except to respond to the Dowager Empress's imperious command for his presence at some function; then, to emphasize his humbleness, he was required to make his obeisances with forehead touching the floor; the very servants ignored him or elbowed him aside.

But always, as he was borne back to his prison, he turned his head to avoid the sight of the marble bench where, later, the hollyhocks would blossom.

Kwei-li was gone—she had done forever with walls.

Of the voice calling above the well-curb, he never knew.

"'He is safe and harmless as long as you are alive,'" the statesman had said.

When it became known that the Empress Dowager's hours were numbered, and that the Emperor could not be allowed to outlive her, the courtiers held a hurried council. They need not have harbored apprehensions; the Emperor ate freely of the food nervously proffered by furtive-eyed servants.

But when, after a discreet interval, the attendants came to dress him in the magnificent dragon robes in which Chinese etiquette demands that a ruler shall die, he firmly and stubbornly refused; nor would he die facing toward the sacred hills. Just at the end, when the labored breath came heavily, he roused himself and, in a weak whisper, gave the tired sum of his life's achievements: "It is . . . sometimes allowed . . . the humble . . . to dream greatly. . . . But the great . . . will do well . . . never to dream—never to . . . dream."

"The Emperor has mounted the dragon and ascended to be a guest on high," read the official announcement of his death.

But perhaps, unattended, he had slipped away to join Kwei-li beyond the farthest wall.

The Secretary of Legation and his visiting tourist friend, paused on their way out of the Forbidden City by the well in the old courtyard. The secretary

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

smiled tolerantly and looked at the carved coping as he spoke: "An odd thing happened the summer after the court came back from their flight into Shensi. During the allied forces' bombardment and occupation of Peking they knocked a slit-like fissure in that far wall and the end off those opposite buildings. We had a lot of high wind that year, and it blew just right to funnel across those two openings and siphon through the intricate, lace-like carving of that well-curb.

"It made the most uncanny noise! First time I heard it I'd have sworn that it was a human voice. It really startled me—until I figured it out.

"The Chinese liked it! Every time it was windy outside, you could count on seeing a lot of dressy dignitaries gathered around the well. But, of course, after the leisurely orientals repaired the buildings and filled in the wall, it shut off the draft and the noise stopped.

"Well, I think we've seen everything, and it is time for tiffin. Shall we be going?" asked the Secretary of Legation.

The loaded camel-trains, unmolested, swung along through a haze of golden dust.—Page 671.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOHN FOX

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

"JOHN FOX!" What does not this name recall to those who truly knew him! And I who knew him among those to whom he was best known, know well that no words can picture, as he was, that Spirit of Light and Brightness and unchanging Youth which was "John Fox, Jr."

The first time the writer met him was at an Authors' Reading at Chickering Hall in New York—now many years ago. Mr. James Russell Lowell presided and Wm. Dean Howells and Charles Dudley Warner and George William Curtis were among the readers. When the reading was over, a smiling young man with white teeth came up on the platform and introduced himself as from Kentucky, and working on *The Sun*. The writer began life in Kentucky, and the name and people of Kentucky are bound up with memories of his youth. The next day—I remember the very spot on Broadway between 14th and 23d Streets—the same young man stopped the writer on the street to say he had not written *The Sun* account of the reading. That day he entered the writer's life, and a little later the latter read in a theatre in Louisville from John Fox's MS. a chapter or two of "A Mountain Europa," and after a little while, when he began writing, he was for many years a close comrade. A few months later "A Mountain Europa" and "A Cumberland Vendetta" came out in a magazine; and John Fox had occupied the Cumberland Mountains as his own.

But before coming to his works, which were the public's, a little about John Fox himself, who was his friends'.

Some authors of any note rather suffer by comparison with their works when one comes to know them. Like those actors who forget that acting belongs to the stage, they sometimes become theatrical even behind the scenes. To this class John Fox was a shining exception. His marked personal trait, like that of his books, was an absolute naturalness and absence of pose which stamped both with the hall-mark of sincerity. It is a high trait either in art or life. He wrote simply and of Life as he knew it, and he touched it all as his life was touched with a delicate sentiment as true as it was spontaneous.

Some years after John Fox had begun to write I was talking with a magazine publisher of American writers and their work, and I mentioned John Fox.

"But he has not yet arrived. His books do not go," said my companion. This I contested and contended that a book's popularity bears no relation to literature—I pointed out that he was judging by the news-stands, reports and the press criticism, while I was speaking of Literature, and I maintained that John Fox had never written a page that did not sing. Later on, John Fox's books had a great vogue and appeared often among the records of that fallacious standard setter of art—the "Best Sellers." But long before that, John Fox was writing stories full of the breath of the Cumberland Mountains, every line of which bore the stamp of literature.

But of John Fox himself.

I promised to speak of him—but hesitate before the task. My hesitation will be understood by those who knew him, for they will know that no pen could draw his portrait suitably. That quaint physiognomy lit by a spirit of humorous mirth; spare, sinewy figure, alert with nervous energy; love of beauty and enjoyment of pleasure, with the keenness and frankness of a child; detestation of the commonplace; hatred of the ignoble, of egotism, and of bores; richness of sentiment; appreciation of all that makes the joy and charm of life, expressed in sympathetic speech and tone, and in ringing laughter, mirthful and mirth-inspiring—these united in one were John Fox, but at best only his silhouette. There was that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in him of the old Adventurers that crossed the seas and pierced the mountains—that of the gay lads that sang and sported at the Mermaid and the Kitcat. Like them he drank with zest of the wine of the joy of life, and he absorbed and gave back with new richness the life and color of whatever company he mingled in, with his joyous and delightful comradeship, friendliness, and spirit.

He was born in Kentucky, at Paris—in what year he would not say—for he held firmly to the theory that no person should know or consider his age, and that men would live longer and Youth continue perennially did one not know how old he was. He was wont to discourse humorously on this theme, of the latter part of which, at least, he was a shining example.

His people went from Virginia, and, as I believe, from the region of the Forks of the Pamunkey, where the Foxes were settled in early colonial days. Fox's Bridge, in Hanover County, formerly New Kent, dates back to the colonial history of that region and traditions still lingered in the writer's childhood of a famous schoolmaster of the name.

John Fox, Jr., was the eldest child of John W. Fox and his second wife, and I have heard that an elder half-brother, his brother James, the offspring of an earlier marriage, had some charge of his education. He went to school at one time to James Lane Allen, who later wrote the charming stories of old Kentucky contained in the volume entitled, "With Flute and Violin," "Two Gentlemen of Kentucky," "The White Cowl," "King Solomon of Kentucky," and later other stories and novels, such as "The Kentucky Cardinal," "The Choir Invisible," etc., a series of inimitable stories unsurpassed in our time for daintiness of fancy, purity of style, and charm of reflection of the life portrayed therein. Allen's literary taste and genius undoubtedly had a strong influence on his gifted young scholar's life, and the latter early turned his pen to the portrayal of those picturesque phases of Kentucky with which fortune later threw him in touch and which caught his fancy by their originality and picturesqueness. To James Lane Allen he dedicated one of his earliest works.

At the proper time, having been well grounded in the classics; for his father was a lover of the classics—he was sent to Harvard, where he apparently graduated easily enough and was among the youngest, if not the youngest man, in his class—the class of 1883. He appears, however, to have signalized himself rather by his social than his scholastic gifts, and he was, I have heard, a shining member of the Glee Club, having a charming voice and a rare touch on the piano. I have heard him tell with fine humor of a Maine newspaper's caustic account of his Glee Club's performance in a Maine town, which referred to one of the stars as "a broad-shouldered young jackass, understood to be from Kentucky." He found himself in a dilemma between ire at being referred to as a "Kentucky jackass," and pride at having his broad shoulders signalized. From college Fox went to New York to seek his fortune as a reporter, little knowing what fame that fortune was to bestow on him in the coming years.

The writer's good fortune gave him, as stated, the privilege of reading in Louisville from Fox's now noted story, "A Mountain Europa," and thus he had the happiness of first introducing him to a Kentucky audience! This story was followed almost immediately by a story of mountain-life entitled "A Cumberland Vendetta." He also wrote, about this time, a little story called, "Hell fer Sartain," which may be said to be almost, if not quite, unique. It is really only an outline sketch; but in its portrayal of character in a few lines it has the same mastery of art shown in Rembrandt's etchings. It contains the germ of much that Fox wrote later in his novels of the Cumberland Mountains, and its motif of passion and courage may be said to be that which runs through much of his work like the dominant, recurrent strain in a great composer's symphony. The work of an unknown author, whatever its merit, has little pecuniary value for, at least, two persons: himself and his publisher. It is the public's approval that stamps on it its shekel value. Poe received ten dollars for "The Raven." John Fox received, I believe, five dollars for "Hell fer Sartain," but both wrote under a compulsion stronger than that which can be computed in figures. His stories soon paid better.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I once heard John Fox asked how he felt when he first knew of the acceptance of his first story. He burst into a merry laugh.

"It was at the Gap," he said, "mail came in late at night. When I got the letter I struck out as hard as I could and dashed through the mud and rain a half mile to show it to my brother."

After this he could no more have been kept from the pen than a duck from the water.

Following these stories, appeared in a magazine another story, "The Last Stetson," and they were collected and published in 1894 by Harper Brothers in a volume entitled, "A Mountain Europa." This was his first volume. It was soon followed by a volume of stories called "Hell fer Sartain and Other Stories." They attracted from the public little more attention than that usually accorded an author's first volume of short stories. But they attracted much attention from those who recognized at sight literary merit, apart from advertisement. Here was a new writer, dealing with a new phase of American life with a hand as sure as it was delicate; a note as fresh and full of the breath of the mountains as Miss Murfree's best stories.

Among others whose attention they caught was Theodore Roosevelt, and from this time began a friendship between the two men, based both on personal and literary sympathies, which never changed. The future President had won his spurs in literature by a fine study of early Kentucky, with a capital title, "The Winning of the West," and he instantly recognized the true ring in Fox's work.

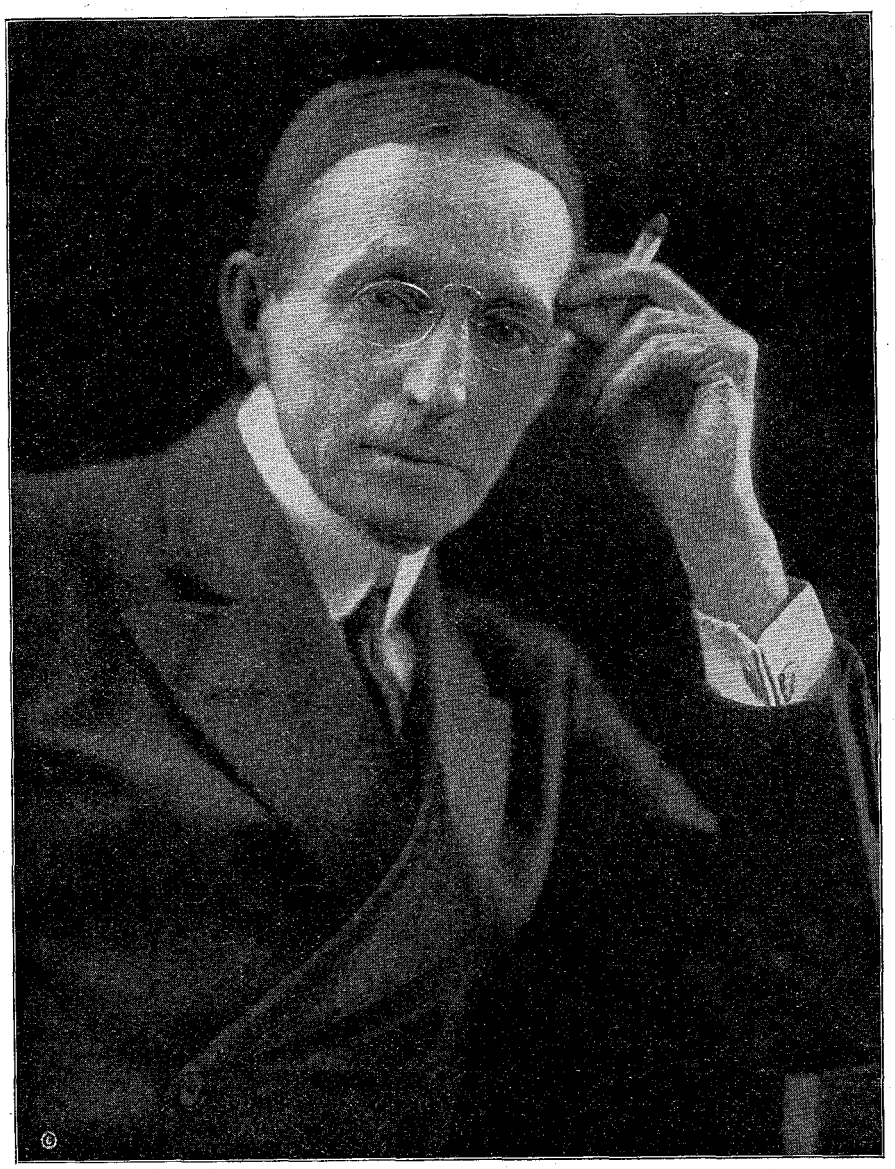
It was back in the early days of his literary life that John Fox and the writer became intimate. He came to pay the writer a visit in the winter of 1894, and was so delightful a guest, not only to host and hostess, but to the children of the family, that he was not allowed to leave for five months. With children he was ever a great favorite, and he became the friend and playmate of every child he was thrown with. It was this sympathy which, when the time came, gave to his description of the boyhood of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" an idyllic quality unsurpassed in the stories of any writer in the English tongue. From this time on for a considerable number of years a part of his literary work every year was done during his ever-welcome stay with us.

Among the members of the household in these early days was a black Scotch terrier, "Satan," whom, having a poet's license and a hereditary love of dogs, Fox has immortalized in his story, "Christmas Night with Satan," as he has also done "Will Carey" of the Century Company, the "Uncle Carey" of the tale. Only the domestic part of Satan's life as given is historical, but "Satan" and his panegyrist were great friends and had, indeed, something in common beside beguiling ways. The former used to disappear at night for a run under the stars and, returning later, would stand in the street and bark on one key until he was let in. Profiting by his observation of this, if Fox left his latch-key he on an occasion carried out the same manœuvre, imitating "Satan" admirably, until some one descended and let him in.

He used to find and give much pleasure in descanting on his inability to make a final decision or, at least, hold to it when made—about going to visit anywhere—and especially about leaving a place where he might be. He declared that he had stayed in a little hotel in Bardstown once for a week because he could not summon the resolution to match his socks which the laundress had sent back mismatched. And he rarely arrived without having lost his baggage or some part of it. I recall his arriving once and being met at the station, when his first words after his greeting were: "Of course, I have lost my valise. But" (cheerfully) "the conductor will send it on. He knows me." Just then the station-master, to whom the check for his trunk had been handed, returned with the information that his trunk was not on the train. "That lost, too?" said he with a laugh. "Well, thank God for that! Now I can stay as long as I like. I knew I would lose it; but was afraid I'd lose it going somewhere else."

Once, on this or some other occasion, his trunk on being traced was found to have gone to England. The decision to take a certain train he declared among the most painful things in life—saying

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Bradley Studios, New York.

John Fox, Jr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that not only he but his friends would feel that some fundamental change had taken place in him if he kept a travelling appointment.

On one occasion, having accepted an invitation to visit one of his special friends, he went instead to Saratoga, when he telegraphed that he had missed his train. "You did not miss your train, did you?" asked an acquaintance. "She knows I did not," said he. "She will understand it. She knows me better than I do myself." And so, in fact, we all did—and rejoiced to have him as he was. For it was his personality which not only made him the charming character that he was, but gave to his work the free, delightful picturesqueness, the originality and indefinable charm that made it a reflection of the life of the mountains as true to nature as though pictured in a mirror.

In truth, convention sat lightly upon him, and this extended to literary no less than to social convention. Few writers have paid less court to those who are supposed to be the judges in the field of modern literature—"the Literati." He was frankly bored by the conventionality of the ordinary literary life and evaded it with joyous satisfaction. He loved good fellowship mingled with wit and humor; he was at home amid those who exemplified it; he detested convention and pretentiousness and fled from them—sometimes even to his mountain fastness.

He chose and loved his friends because of this good fellowship. If he became intimate with a "captain of industry"; a publisher, or a writer, you might be sure that they were good fellows. And had they not been so, he would sooner have "played with" the smith or the farmer's man. It was the man he chose, not his position.

Among literary men many of his friends were war-correspondents—they have at once the literary gift and the adventurous spirit which attracted him. Moved by the call of adventure he himself joined the fraternity both in our war with Spain and in the Japanese-Russian War. Of the former he has given something of his experience in his novel, "Crittenden," than which no truer nor more spirited picture of that singular episode in our history with its far-reaching results has ever been painted. But not even he could write so inimitably the story of his adventures as he told it—told how having started out on board a transport with the most complex modern war-correspondent's equipment that could be furnished, for he represented *Harpers Weekly*, he found it impossible to get ashore; so, abandoning everything, he bribed a boat to take him off one night and, having picked up a stray negro as lost as himself, went through the campaign with a body-servant, an empty tomato-can, and one shirt. He turned up at last in Kentucky, arriving with a temperature of 104 degrees, which he declared to be nothing, adding that this was General Wheeler's temperature when he went into the battle of Santiago, and that that night he was normal. While in hospital a fellow-patient sent by a pretty nurse a card enquiring how he was. The card was sent back with the reply: "Worse, send to enquire often."

In the Japanese-Russian War he again essayed his new profession of a war-correspondent and went to Japan for the purpose as the representative of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. Like most of his companions of this craft, however, who tried to reach the field of operations from that side, he never got very far into Manchuria. But his volume, "Following the Sun-Flag," was, at least from the literary standpoint, possibly the best thing about Japan, if not about the war, that came out in that period.

II

Now as to his work.

It is difficult to review John Fox's work so as to convey any just idea of it in either substance or form; for his work was of the kind which no description can present. "Le style, c'est l'homme." To get any conception of it, it must be read.

He was essentially a story-teller, as definitely so as Defoe or Edgar Allen Poe. He was a romancer, because he was imbued with romance, and the romantic life of the mountaineers, amid which he was thrown in the impressionable years of his youth, appealed to him immensely; but he was too close an observer and too true an artist not to present life in its

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

verity, and he was even more a realist than a romanticist. And yet, generally each tale, while a story, is also a novel, in that it reflects a section of the whole current of the life of the time. This, indeed, is characteristic of John Fox's work: that even in a short story it is never only a detached episode; but about his central figure or fact he groups so complete a company and places them in so essential a setting that we feel that we have a complete picture of the life within the horizon given by the author.

To describe his work justly it should be said that he chose, or possibly was chosen by, the most picturesque and romantic phase of American life still remaining on the continent and pictured it with such unconscious art that we know instinctively that his pictures are true. He had at once the sense of proportion and the instinct for form. His art was signalized by the rare gift of finding the precise word to present his idea. It is the gift of the masters.

Beauty, whether in nature or in human life, appealed to him tremendously, and he possessed "the line of beauty" with which to present it. When I first knew him he was wild with admiration for Keats, and he would recite his master lyrics and linger over his jewelled lines with absolute delight. He was unconsciously absorbing the art of literary jewelry himself. He was equally the artist in using tenderness and strength. In his picture of an heroic deed his instinct for simplicity often clutches the heart and makes the eyes sting with the sudden stirring of unshed tears. Few writers have been gifted to describe the beauty of the spring, whether in nature or in woman, with more charming grace than John Fox.

It was his happy fortune to be thrown in contact with the picturesque survival of life in the mountains "isolated and crystalized" in its antique form: "To understand which you have to go back a century," just as it was brought into high relief against the penetration of the new life of "The Furriners in the Settlemints." It was the equally happy fortune of the mountaineers that they found a chronicler who, like Scott with his Highlanders, felt the picturesqueness and the pathos and the charm of that passing life and possessed the gift to immortalize it in the clear amber of his art. He had later much experience in the life of cities, including that element which sets or follows fashion with pious devotion, and this was at a time when novelists usually find such life the best grist for their mill; but although John Fox enjoyed it all immensely, it did not appeal to him as a subject for the exercise of his special gift. It was the "Bluegrass," "God's Country," the Kentucky Piedmont and Lowlands of his youth, and the mountains, spread in everlasting blue, billowy ranges above the Cumberland that held him in thrall, and, however he might enjoy his long, recurrent holidays amid the denizens of the cities, he still returned with renewed zest to his mountains and his mountaineers. He still wrote of the "little race" shut in with gray hill and shining river, with "strength of heart and body and brain taught by Mother Nature to stand together, as each man of the race was taught to stand alone; protect his women; mind his own business; think his own thoughts, and meddle not at all." Perhaps, as he has said of one of his characters, it was "to get away for a while as his custom was—to get away from his own worst self to the better self that he was in the mountains—alone." He always declared that he could write only in the mountains, and, indeed, the great volume of his work was created amid the towering and inspiring mountains of his love.

When he visited "the Settlemints" he took with him his freedom and his native courtesy, and this was ever one of his charms. I remember an episode of his early visits to New York. There was an entertainment one snowy night at the house of one of his acquaintances and Fox was invited. Among the belles of the occasion was a beautiful foreigner, to whom Fox was presented. When the entertainment broke up, this lady was shown to her carriage by a number of gallants, one or two of them men of distinction in New York society. As they stood about the door after handing her in, a young man, with a "Beg pardon," stepped into the carriage, closed the door, and at the sound the horses pranced away through the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

snow. In great surprise one of the gallants on the sidewalk turned to the others: "Who is that?"

The answer was: "John Fox, a young Kentuckian."

"Well," said the other, "by heaven! Fox knows his business." The simple fact was that Fox, finding the lady unattended, had, according to the Southern custom, asked permission to see her home to her door.

Though he lived from early manhood in Virginia—in "The Gap," that he has immortalized—his devotion, both in his life and his art, was ever for Kentucky. It was of her that he wrote, it was her that he loved "from the Peavine to the Purchase; through Bluegrass, Bear-grass and Pennyroyal; from Mammoth Cave and Gethsemane; the Knobs to the Benson Hills; from aristocratic Fayette and Bourbon—'Sweet Owen,' Fortress of Democracy—to Border Harlem, hot-bed of the feud; from the Mississippi to Hell-fer-Sartain Creek in bloody Breathitt." "All this," he has said in "The Kentuckians," "the magic name of old Kentucky meant to her loyal sons who are to this country what the Irishman is to the world, and no matter where cast, remain what they were born—Kentuckians—to the end."

Of all of Kentucky has he written with an affection and an understanding of her which Turgenief never surpassed in writing of his Russia, and he has painted them as they are in every mood—in a setting which is Kentucky's self to the Kentuckian—"the pet shrine of the Great Mother herself."

Here is a bit of description set like a jewel in a page of simple narrative:

"They were going up a path through a tangled thicket of undergrowth. A little stream of water tinkled down a ravine like a child prattling to itself and tinkled dreamily on through dark shadows into the sunlight. A bluebird fluttered across it and high above them a cardinal drew a sinuous line of scarlet through the green gloom and dropped with a splutter of fire into a cool pool."

As another poetic touch I give this, a lover's description to himself of his lady's arm:

"The little hollow midway from which the gracious, lovely lines start up and down. It would hold the rain a snowdrop might catch; dew enough for the bath—the ivory bath—of a humming-bird, enough nectar to make Cupid delirious were he to use it for a drinking-cup. Looking for Psyche, the little god rests there, no doubt, while she sleeps. If he does not, he is blind, indeed."

But the whole body of John Fox's work, highly conceived and finely executed, written ever in simple, singing English, is starred with gems of which these two, taken at random, within a few pages of each other, give only a suggestion. Whenever he touches nature, it is with the lover's delicacy. Read his descriptions of the dawn in the Cumberlands, of sunset in the Bluegrass; or, in another key, read of the assembling of the army for the Spanish War, and beside the martial picture, the picture of the unbroken Peace of Nature, "of the Peace from the dome of Heaven to the earth's heart, Peace everywhere except in women's hearts."

In his description of passion, whether of love or hate, he presents it with a power unsurpassed in modern literature. If his plots are simple and his passions primary rather than subtle, so much the better. They are also elemental and contain withal fine distinctions which he knew and has painted with the fidelity that only the initiated can appreciate. But whether of passion or heroism, of rugged fury or of tenderness, he paints them as they are, in natural colors, without a stroke of exaggeration, without a single jarring tone. And this, too, is the gift of the masters.

But of all Kentucky, the mountains above the Cumberland were his chief delight. If the work has often a minor note and, at times, even a tone of melancholy, it is because the life of the mountains is cast in a tone of sadness and even of tragedy.

He had a certain genius for names. They meant much to him and he chose them with as much care as Balzac. The names of his stories and novels—"A Mountain Europa," "The Knight of the Cumberland," "The Blight in the Hills," "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine,"—occur among his titles, and at once enlist attention by their originality and their poetic suggestion, and woven

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about these names John Fox gave as stirring a series of stories, filled with the romance, the pathos, the tragedy, and the charm of the life he pictured as any generation of readers has ever been vouchsafed in the course of our American literature.

His early stories were as fresh and racy of the soil as those which brought Bret Harte his fame in the '70's, and with equal reason; for the touch of the master-hand was in the one as in the other. His characters, amid their artistic setting, stood out with the same clearness, the same individuality and the same compelling recognition of their reality that we find in the early novelist's tales of the Sierras.

These stories were but the prelude. They were followed in due time by longer stories of which the first, published in 1897, dedicated to his father and his father's Kentuckians, and finally called, "The Kentuckians," was a study of life in "the Bluegrass" against a mountain background.

To one who knew the life of the little Kentucky capital in that time, set—embosomed in a half-moon on the shining river with a green crescent of hills—now azure, now gay with bloom—holding it in its outstretched arms, and with all the problems and passions of Kentucky in full play, the story appears like a bit of personal experience reflected in a magic mirror.

Said a Kentucky lady, mistress of one of the fine historic mansions standing in its shaded grounds, when asked by an acquaintance whose summers were passed in flitting from one summer resort of fashion to another, "Where do you spend your summers?" "In my back-yard."

But the other little knew what that back-yard contained. John Fox and Burns Wilson tried, each with his art, to paint the blooming peach and apple trees and the smooth turf starred with anemones and narcissi and dappled with the sunlight strained through the sifting boughs of primeval forest trees, where the birds sing "as though love were going to live forever, and the soft air is like some comforting human presence." And John Fox painted the life lived there with art as simple and sincere as the life itself.

Later on came more mountain stories assembled under the titles of "Bluegrass and Rhododendron," "Christmas Eve on Lonesome," "The Knight of the Cumberland," and "The Blight in the Hills," reflecting, as from so many facets of a jewel, bits of the life of that element of our race that, caught amid the mountains, have remained as in an eddy amid the sweep of the current of progress this one hundred and fifty years.

But before these came his longest story yet. It was published in 1900, and was entitled "Crittenden," a story of love and war. And once more the life of "the Bluegrass" was its theme—the life of "God's country," a phrase which the author says has no humor to the Kentuckian, "because he feels its reality," this time, covering the period and action, of the Spanish War, in which the author as already mentioned, had had experience as a war-correspondent. It is a pure love-story, with the interest of the war-time and its rich color added—the Kentucky color—with all of Fox's charm as raconteur, imbued with his lofty sentiment, presented against a background of the historic picturesqueness of the State which, with its population divided, boasts that in the Civil War it furnished more troops to either side than any other State. In it the author gives through side-lights a permanent record of the hasty, enforced preparation for war through which the country passed in that crisis and inferentially gives the hereditary spirit which, once divided between the South and the North, yet through all inexperience, haste, and error, contrived to bring full success in that episode, and which, finally, fully united, has sufficed but now to save the world.

Yet, although in time it will be probably reckoned the best picture painted of that much criticized, rattling little war and of its one sharp land-battle, and Fox now had the pick of the important magazines at his disposal, and the literary merit of his work was fully recognized by those who love literature, it had not yet caught the general public. This, however, was obliged to follow in due time where such undeniable art was stamped on every volume. And when his next novel, "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," appeared a year or two later (1903), this final judge, the public, placed on it at once the imprimatur of its emphatic ap-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

proval. It also was a story of love and war, for which "Crittenden" had served only as a prelude. It immediately became—and justly—the favorite of the year with both the literary set and the public, for it contained one of the simplest, most idyllic, and beautiful stories of peace and war that has been written in our time, or in any time. The tale is of the period of the Civil War, and of the gathering of the storm which preceded its outburst in that tragic time. The scene is laid first in the mountains of eastern Kentucky and then in the Bluegrass region: Piedmont and Lowland, which was the debatable land of the great civil strife. All the passions of that fierce era are delineated with a vividness which is at times startling; but are touched with a deftness and imbued with a romance which deprives them of any hint of partisanry. The author is merely the narrator and the narrator is ever the artist. If his sympathies were manifestly and irrevocably with the one side, and he speaks of it ever in tones of unforgetable tenderness, his principles gave him a just realization of the other. And his story is in its balanced breadth his serious contribution to the great cause of a restored and liberated Union. It will be long before a novelist arises to take the palm from this novel of Kentucky's relation to the great Civil War, a relation almost unique in that, to the great strife of the sections, in Kentucky, the division was within her own house and the strife was on her doorstep. Hardly again will so understanding a picture be given to the recurrent, almost antiphonal sweep of the tides of passion, and the clash of the contending forces underlying the life of the South and the existence of our government.

The story of "Chad" adds another to our gallery of boys who belong to our national literature and to our personal memory, and in all the shining list there is none superior to this clear-eyed, solemn, simple, gallant mountain boy, drawn from the depths of a true artist's imagination and given to the world as at once the exponent and the paladin of the section of our race that represents the basic passions and principles of the Anglo-Saxon civilization. But about "Chad" he assembled with masterly art the life of the mountains and of the lowlands, of peace and of war—and the public awakened to the realization of his art, stamped it with the seal of its pronounced approval and has held him since in unchanged esteem.

Following "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," in due season came "The Knight of the Cumberland," already referred to, and then came "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," which, like its predecessor, was received by the now wholly converted public with a cordiality that added to Fox's already established reputation, and this, in turn, was followed by a novel entitled "The Heart of the Hills," in which, as in "The Kentuckians," there was a love-story of the mountain-lover and the girl from the city, told with all the vividness and skill of one who, born an artist, painted with the brush of a lover.

Fox, indeed, had a Greek's love of beauty and the gift to portray it. He never touched beauty in nature or humanity that his pen did not glow. Among the most charming pictures in our literature are his bits of description of his heroines: Anne Bruce; Margaret and Melissa; June Toliver; Judith Page, and others, which are portraits of the Kentucky girl which only one who had known and loved her could have have drawn. Their feminine portraiture in lines of incomparable tenderness and charm is his tribute to the women of his people which should place them under obligation to him so long as purity and beauty and feminine grace shall be deemed attributes of woman's loveliness. But if beauty drew him, heroism controlled him no less. His heroes are ever cast in an heroic mould and this heroism is as often moral as physical, and in his pages the latter ever is the handmaid of the former. The simple explanation is that the field he chose was one filled with an unbroken record of courage and devotion to ideals sound or unsound. He chose it because of its appeal to him. And in writing as he has he has done his native State an inestimable service. He has, with a keen, a profound, and a complete understanding of her, presented in imperishable form a reflection of the people of Kentucky which shows them to the world with their virtues and their faults to be one of the most heroic and chivalrous elements of the Anglo-Saxon race. He has presented well-nigh

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in its entirety the life of the people in which the primeval passions may still flame, but above which rule the primal virtues—of the people whose women are still feminine and alluring, and whose men are still gallant and high-spirited; amid whom chivalry still survives and men "kneel only to women and to God."

And the highest tribute paid to the Kentuckians is that in all this volume of work—in all this history of that people, dealing with elemental passions, portrayed often with quite startling frankness—there is not one foul line; not one salacious suggestion; not one ignoble thought.

Kentuckian of the Kentuckians, having experience of all sorts and conditions of humanity, inspired by the spirit of the chronicler, John Fox, clean in speech and in pen, has drawn his father's Kentuckians as they are, and as his art makes us feel that they are, and he has drawn them clean. No greater tribute has ever been paid to a people and happy that people to have had such an historian.

"In Happy Valley," which appeared in 1917, were gathered together a number of stories which had appeared in magazine form, all full of the touches which mark his work. He then returned once more to work on a novel which he called "Erskine Dale: Pioneer." The scene is laid in Virginia and Virginia's western district, Kentucky, in the days of the transition from colonial to revolutionary life, and Fox thought it as good work as he could do. He aimed at making it a reflection of the life of that stirring period, and those who have seen the MS. declare it is Fox at his best.

He apparently looked forward to covering the whole gamut of Kentucky life, and he was working back to the sources of the current which he had followed with such ardor when the call came to lay down his pen. He was just completing this romantic novel of the passage across the mountain barriers, of the race that made Kentucky, established there the outposts, and sent forward across river and prairie and mountain range the long picturesque movement toward the setting sun. He had remained in the mountains among his own people, to whom he was ever devoted, and worked steadily all winter and spring finishing this novel of the period in which the nation, traversing the mountains, sprang at a bound to the domination of the Middle West—visiting once or twice Lexington and Louisville for access to the libraries there with their rich records of that vivid time, and he was at the very end when he was stricken down suddenly as though by a secret arrow from the forest which he loved.

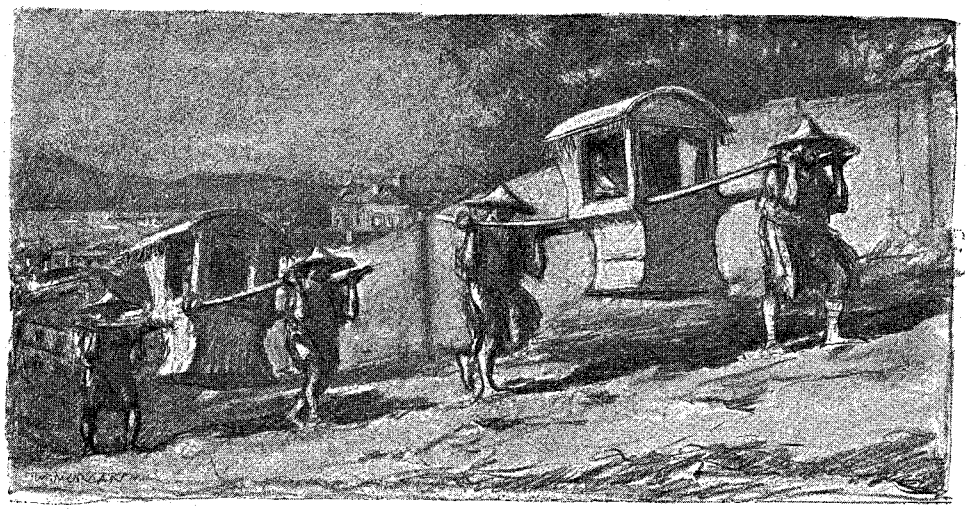
He had gone into the mountains on a fishing-trip, one of those excursions where he got his fresh inspiration, and the very day of his arrival he was struck by what was thought a slight attack of pleurisy. Unable to continue his trip and rapidly growing worse, he returned home and within two days he passed away, leaving behind him for Kentucky and for his friends everywhere, the fragrant memory of a charming personality, of a loyal, kindly gentleman, with chivalrous ideals—and leaving, besides, a volume of work lofty in conception, sincere and artistic in execution, a worthy picture of the Kentucky he knew and loved, drawn with the pencil of a delicate artist, and filled with the affection of a devoted son.

The announcement of his death was the first news which the writer received on his arrival in this country after a long absence abroad, and at the same time he learned that on the calendar on John Fox's desk was marked the date on which John Fox had planned to greet him and his on their arrival at home.

In reviewing his work, too many names and too many touches of sentiment reminiscent of the early and abiding friendship and association between the author and the writer of this sketch have met the writer's eye for him to speak of the former without feeling his loss more deeply than one is permitted to express publicly, but this is the writer's tribute to a friend whom he knew in the early years of his literary life, and in whose triumphs he has taken a profound and abiding interest.

To those who loved him, John Fox's loss is unspeakable, and though his friends will miss him and mourn him long, one thought will abide to console them—that he lived untouched by age and that, having enriched the literature of his people by his genius, he passed as he would have wished, with the spirit of youth undimmed in his heart.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



They climbed slowly but steadily upward, sometimes going up short steep grades and sometimes along level roads.—Page 689.

ALGY ALLEN'S CELADON

By Elizabeth Parker Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALLACE MORGAN

"THERE'S a man out in China, Denby," said Algy Allen, stretching his long legs lazily, "who has too much money and not enough sense, and I think it would be worth my fare out there to go and take him in hand. His name is John Argyle Gray, and he lives in Hong Kong and I have his street and number, especially his number."

"Well, my young friend," replied Denby, squinting over his cigar, "do you flatter yourself that when you get through with Mr. Gray you will have evened things up a little? Will he have less money and more sense?"

"I hope so," grinned Algy.

The two men were sitting before a blazing fire in Denby's comfortable library, having just finished dinner in Denby's more than comfortable dining-room.

"May I ask without seeming to pry into your plans, Algy, what method you have chosen for separating this unsuspecting Mr. Gray from a part of his fortune?"

Algy laughed good-naturedly and drank his whiskey-and-soda.

"Certainly, Denby, I'd be glad to give you blue-prints and specifications, but you see I only heard about the man yesterday, and I've been so busy since then being kicked out of my ancestral home and disinherited by my father and taken in by you that I've hardly had time to think out any details."

"I suppose you work that winning smile of yours and lure money from people's pockets."

"Oh, yes, I smile pleasantly and the coins fly to me the way those letters in the movies leave the bunch and shoot into words."

"Well, if you need bail, cable me."

"Thanks, I will."

"Where did you hear about this Mr. Gray?"

"Oh, that was one of the last bits of knowledge I picked up under my father's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

roof. There was a fat old geezer sitting in the library with Dad, and I happened to be strolling around and I heard him telling Dad about this rich Mr. Gray in Hong Kong. He said he lived at 74 Casemate Road, part way up the Peak, in a house like a palace and furnished better than some palaces. Dad asked

At her touch Algy's heart became as a piece of wax on a hot radiator, and all his secrets were hers for the asking.—Page 690.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the old geezer how Mr. Gray was in the business line. 'Business line,' said the fat man, 'John Gray doesn't know any more about business than a pussy-willow; he just keeps adding to his collections of Chinese porcelains, ivory, and carved jade, and stuff like that; his collection of celadon is the finest in the world and worth a fortune. If he hears of some new piece, he gets it no matter what it costs. He's so easy that if any one steals money from him he forgives him right away and asks him if he doesn't want some more.' Dad said: 'Why, he sounds good, couldn't we—?' but the fat fellow said: 'Sh-h-h, yes, we could,' and got up and shut the door."

Denby smoked for a few minutes.

"Do you know, Algy, Mr. Gray sounds rather nice to me."

"Yes, he sounds nice to me, too. Say, Denby, what is celadon?"

"Oh, it's a kind of porcelain they make in China trying to imitate jade. The emperors used to give prizes for the best imitation. I thought you used to hang around China a bit, it seems queer you never heard of celadon."

"I guess it wasn't in my line."

Algy was silent for some time and seemed to be pondering deeply. Denby watched him through the smoke.

"What's the matter, Algy, got an idea for doing Mr. Gray?"

"Say," said Algy, looking up suddenly, "is celadon a kind of light green shiny-looking china?"

"That's what it is, like pale jade."

Algy threw back his head and laughed long and boisterously.

"Tell us the joke," said Denby.

"Why, say, there's a lot of celadon up at the house. Dad used to be dippy on Chinese stuff. All I have to do is to wait till Dad goes to the office and go up there and bring out a suit-case of celadon, take it over to Hong Kong, and sell it to Gray."

"What will your father say when he finds it gone?"

"He won't know the difference, he's nutty about Persian prayer-rugs now, but his mind's too full of business to be a collector; he doesn't know what he's got and what he hasn't got. He gets spells. He went off on ikons once and then forgot all about them and fell for those grinning Buddha dogs. I could put a dozen of those in the garbage-can now and Dad wouldn't care. That's Dad all over; gets tired of things."

"He got tired of you, didn't he?"

"Yes, but he'll work around to me again."

"Perhaps he'll work around to celadon again, too, and then he may get tired of you once more."

"More than likely, but I'm going to show him this time that I can make money as well as anybody, then he'll make me a member of the firm."

The two men soon separated for their respective evening gayeties, and as Algy did not get up the next morning till Denby had gone to his office the older man did not meet his disinherited guest till dinner, when he was surprised to see him come into the dining-room in a rough gray suit.

"Hope you'll excuse my costume," murmured Algy gracefully, "but I'm leaving at nine o'clock for Vancouver. I'm starting for Hong Kong."

"You don't mean it?" said Denby leaning forward. "I never thought you would really put it through."

"Trust me," replied Algy. "I went up to Dad's this morning and I picked up the finest lot of celadon you ever saw. Each piece is packed separately."

"I should hope so!"

"Oh, yes, I did it right. I selected a good strong trunk up at the house and then got a big bunch of towels out of the bathroom and packed them just fine; telephoned for a cab and took my plunder to the station and checked it through."

"Great Scott! Every piece will be smashed to atoms."

"Oh, no, they were bath towels. And, say, I guess this is my lucky day, I just happened to remember that Hong Kong is an open port."

"That's right, it is."

"Yes, sir, I could go in there with bubonic plague, cholera, and small-pox, and a trunk full of the crown jewels of England, and not an inspector would show up."

"Perhaps the undertakers and the police might show some interest."

"Well, that's true, too. Now I guess

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I'll just finish my coffee and cigarette and run along. New York is an easy place to get out of. I'll be asleep in my state-room before the train starts."

And thus Algy sauntered out to his cab and travelled blithely to China, which he reached in about a month.

As the liner entered the harbor of Hong Kong after emerging from the winding entrance passage that leads in from the China Sea, Algy stood on the deck and looked at the lower city where he had spent many a happy hour, and then his gaze wandered up the front of the Peak with its terraced streets and gardens and dignified-looking houses clinging to its side. Algy did not know where Case-mate Road was, but he made up his mind that he would not be long in the place before he located the palatial residence of Mr. John Argyle Gray. He knew that it would be an easy matter to get a letter of introduction to Mr. Gray, and that probably no letter would be necessary if he let him know that he had a trunk full of celadon to dispose of.

He took a room at the Hong Kong hotel, and the very first night at dinner he felt the old lure of the East return in full measure. The big dining-room, with its long windows open to the warm evening air, the many tables filled with English officers in red dinner-jackets with English ladies in the regulation evening dress of the civilized world, and the Chinese servants hurrying about in their long white gowns. Algy rather hoped he would see some old acquaintances in the dining-room, but the guests were all strangers, and so, being hungry, he put his mind on his very excellent dinner.

When he was finishing his coffee he began to wonder how he should spend the hours that intervened before midnight, for to Algy an evening of inaction was not to be contemplated. He recalled evenings in other places that had begun as inauspiciously as this one and had ended in uproarious gayety, due entirely to his own genius for stumbling into happy situations.

He decided upon a cigarette on one of the wide piazzas and left the dining-room.

It was just pleasantly dark and not unpleasantly warm when he reached the long up-stairs veranda, and thousands of lights were twinkling in every direction as he looked out into the night. He lit a cigarette and began to walk briskly toward the other end of the balcony, when he was surprised to see a woman dressed in white standing alone by the railing at a point where light was streaming from a shuttered window.

"Aha," said Algy to himself, "I don't usually fail to find something." But he gave her only a passing look, and paced on to the far end of the veranda. There he, too, stood by the railing a few minutes pretending to enjoy the evening air, but really to see if any one came out and joined her. Then, as no one did, he slowly returned to the spot where she stood.

He made a slight pause before he passed her, and in that instant the woman took courage and spoke.

"I beg your pardon, but will you please come and stand by the railing and talk as if you were an old friend in case any one should come out on the porch. I am an American, I am Mrs. Ordway, and may I ask your name so that I can address you correctly if necessary?"

"Why, sure, I'll give you my name and history if you wish. I'm Algy Allen and I came in to-day on the *Empress*. I'm from New York, doesn't it stick out all over me?"

"Yes, it's true New York does show pretty plainly, now that I look closer."

"Glad to hear it; anything I can do for you? Always happy to help a lady."

"Why, yes, there is something you can do. That's why I had the courage to speak to a perfect stranger. I used to live in New York myself."

"That's so? Great burg, when you know it. I live on Park Avenue, or rather I did till Dad booted me out of the house."

"Did he really? How can you speak of it so cheerfully?"

"Oh, it's only temporary. Dad will forget it soon and cable me ten thousand or so and invite me to make him a visit. But tell me what you want me to do for you; just mention it and it's as good as done."

"Well, you won't think it's very much, but I want you to take me home."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by Wallace Morgan.

"Stop right there. . . . I didn't see anything that looked like onions and I *tell you* I don't know any more about celadon then a lobster."—Page 692.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Sure, rickshaws or chairs?"

"But wait till I tell you how I came to be here all alone."

"Now, Mrs. Ordway, that's all right, don't explain anything. I'll be only too glad to go home with you; to tell you the truth I was hoping something would turn up."

"But I would much rather explain just how things are; perhaps you can give me some advice."

"Sure, all you want."

"Well, you see, I came here to-night with a Mr. Harley to have dinner in a private room. As we had a little time before dinner was served, Mr. Harley suggested that we come down on this veranda for a breath of air before dining. We had walked up and down a few times when a Chinese servant in private livery came to the door and told Mr. Harley that he had a letter for him. He stepped inside to the light to read the letter and he has never come back, and that was over an hour ago."

"Perhaps he fell down-stairs."

She smiled faintly. "Oh, no, for I asked a passing servant to go to the office and inquire about him, and they said he had gone out the front entrance. I waited, thinking he was speaking to some one in a rickshaw outside, but I will not wait any longer, for I really cannot stand alone on a public hotel veranda at night, and I cannot go home alone either.

"Have you had any dinner?"

"Not a mouthful." She spoke quite crossly.

"Well, the private dining-room must be there yet, that can't have run off, too; let's go up there. I'll smoke while you eat."

"Fine," she said, "come on. How different I feel now. I can really almost laugh about it; that is, if Mr. Harley hasn't been killed."

"Who'd kill him? Was somebody gunning for him?"

She glanced up quickly.

"Oh, no, but you know Hong Kong is an uncertain place. Here's our little dining-room. I'll tell the servant to bring me a light supper and we can have our coffee at my house."

She spoke to the waiter in Chinese and he brought her cold chicken, a salad, and later an ice. Algy noticed that she was very pretty.

"And may I ask what has brought you to Hong Kong?" she questioned, as she ate her unsubstantial meal.

"Oh, I came over to put through a little business deal. You see, as I told you, Dad kicked me out, or rather he sat in a chair in the library and informed me that I'd better beat it."

"Had you done something dreadful?"

"No, I hadn't done anything."

"Then why turn you out?"

"Why, that was just it. I hadn't done anything and Dad wanted me to do something, be energetic, you know, and show some signs of human intelligence. Now it would kill me to be energetic, but I flatter myself that when Dad hears of my successful trip to China he'll make me a member of the firm."

"I see, you expect to make a lot of money."

"Sure. I'll make a good thing of it, trust me. I exchange the goods for the coin and there's a close-up of Dad falling on my neck."

"Now let us go," announced Mrs. Ordway. "I have finished my little supper. Will you please order chairs, I live part way up the Peak."

When they were started Algy enjoyed being in a chair once more. He liked the gentle swaying motion and it always seemed luxurious to be carried along on the shoulders of the sturdy chairmen.

They climbed slowly but steadily upward, sometimes going up short steep grades and sometimes along level roads, till they halted before the gates of a small house. The men set down the chairs, and Mrs. Ordway and Algy stepped out.

"Where are we?" asked Algy.

"This is 72 Casemate Road."

Algy grinned to himself in the darkness and looked at the shadowy bulk of the next house behind its high wall. Then the outer gate was opened by a servant and he followed Mrs. Ordway up some stone steps, through a narrow hall, and into a delightful drawing-room hung with pale yellow silk and sweet with white hyacinths. Algy glanced around.

"Snug little place you have here, only

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it smells like a funeral," he added truthfully.

"Don't be horrid after you were so nice to bring me here."

"That wasn't nice; I wanted to come."

A tall Cantonese servant brought coffee in a gold service and stood impassively holding the tray, his eyes on his mistress. Mrs. Ordway leisurely selected a comfortable chair with a gold screen as a background, and then the servant placed the tray on a little table at her side and bowed himself out.

Mrs. Ordway had seemed very pretty in the ugly little dining-room at the hotel, but now in her carefully chosen setting she was really lovely. She wore a white lace dress and had dark reddish hair and beautiful shoulders and arms.

She poured the coffee daintily into the gold cups and passed one to Algy with a smile. Then she lit a cigarette and leaned back in her chair contentedly. Algy was just congratulating himself on having discovered Mrs. Ordway, when he suddenly thought of something and asked:

"Where is Mr. Ordway?"

The lady sat up straight and looked at him, her cigarette half way to her lips.

"How you startled me; he's in heaven; that is, I suppose he is," and she gave a low laugh. "Why do you ask?"

"I wanted to know if you were a widow. Do you know I think you're a regular winner. I'm glad he's in heaven."

Mrs. Ordway tipped her head far back, held her cigarette to her very red lips, and blew smoke toward the ceiling. Algy looked at her white throat; it was wonderful. It looked like the throat of an acrobat or juggler. Suddenly she looked full at Algy and laughed as if to herself.

"What are you laughing at?"

"Oh, I was thinking what an odd man you are; you're so amusing asking about my poor, dear husband."

"I just wanted to know if he might be peeking through the curtain at me. Say, as long as he's in heaven, let's go and sit on the sofa."

"All right, and you can amuse me. Do you know there's not a single entertaining man in Hong Kong."

"I believe you if Harley's a specimen; that wasn't a very brilliant stunt he pulled off this evening. Do you think he's in any kind of mix-up?"

"Don't let's talk about him; tell me about yourself. What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to surprise Dad. I'm going to make money selling a lot of old stuff he's forgotten he had. He always thought I didn't appreciate his collection of antiques."

"Antiques? Is that what you're going to sell?"

"Sure, some of Dad's celadon."

"Well, that's quite interesting. How many pieces have you to sell?"

"I don't know, I didn't count them. I've got a trunkful."

"A trunkful of celadon! Where is it?"

"In my bedroom at the hotel."

Mrs. Ordway threw herself back on the cushions and laughed. Algy began to laugh, too. Then she suddenly leaned forward and put her hand on his and looked closely into his face.

"You certainly are a wonderful business man, but don't you think you need a manager? I know lots about Chinese porcelain. I could help you sell your celadon."

Algy's hand closed over hers with a firm pressure and he looked steadily into her dark eyes. They sat in that position for a minute as if each were trying to measure the meaning of the other's look, then Algy smiled in her face, drew her toward him by the hand, and spoke softly.

"Yes, be my manager. I was off my nut to think I could come over here and sell a lot of stuff I don't know anything about."

"What had you thought of doing, won't you tell me all about it?" and she laid her white hand on his shoulder.

At her touch Algy's heart became as a piece of wax on a hot radiator, and all his secrets were hers for the asking.

"Did you ever hear of John Argyle Gray?" he asked.

"Why, of course, he lives next door. He has wonderful collections and is immensely wealthy."

"That's the same guy. Well, he's going to buy my celadon."

"Do you know him?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"No, but I'll write and tell him I have a lot to sell and I guess he'll see me."

"He's bothered all the time with people who want to sell him things. I don't know him, but I can get you a letter from some one high in the government."

"You're awful good; you don't mind if I put my arm around you, do you?"

"No; go ahead."

She handed him a cigarette and took one herself, and they lit them from the same match.

"Tell me more about your celadon," she begged.

"Oh, don't let's talk about that old celadon any more, I'm losing interest in it. Let's just sit like this. Do you suppose your husband is looking down through the ceiling?"

"Let him look," and she blew her cigarette smoke up in the air.

"I didn't know it would be so nice to have a manager," whispered Algy, and he tried to draw her closer to him, but Mrs. Ordway jumped to her feet.

"And I didn't know it was so late," she said; "you must go at once. I'll send you down in my private chair. I'm glad you like your manager. Come up tomorrow evening at ten and I will have your letter for you," and she laughingly pushed him into the hall.

Algy leaned back luxuriously in Mrs. Ordway's silk-lined chair and blew his cigarette smoke out the window. As the chairmen turned the corner of Casemate Road he looked back and saw a man alight from another chair and enter Mrs. Ordway's gate.

"That's Harley," thought Algy to himself. "I wonder what's between them?"

The next afternoon Algy went out to Happy Valley in a rickshaw and strolled into the Country Club. He saw Mrs. Ordway having tea with a hawk-nosed man, but she pretended not to see him. That night he went to a gay dinner given by the officers of the American monitor in the harbor and made energetic love to several American girls, but at ten o'clock, notwithstanding, he stepped from his chair at his new manager's door.

Algy appeared before Mrs. Ordway, in her yellow drawing-room, in resplendent evening clothes and armed with a huge bunch of flowers, but he was not prepared for the glittering effect presented by his manager. She was dressed in silver tissue and wore diamonds in her dark-red hair and on her lovely neck and arms, so that she seemed to stand before him a shining vision.

"Whew!" said Algy grinning, "you take my breath away."

He tossed the flowers on a table and took both her hands.

"Why, you look like a crystal chandelier dressed up for a ball."

She swung his hands out wide and laughed up at him.

"Now, don't try to belittle my costume. I can see in the mirror that I look awfully nice."

"You're a peach. Say, you can manage me forever. Come and sit on the sofa, that is if you can sit down in that dress."

She made a little mouth at him and took a seat beside him.

"I have your letter," she said.

He raised her soft hand to his lips and looked at her over it.

"Some manager," he whispered.

He strolled over to a table and lit a cigarette.

"Bring me one," she said.

He picked up the whole table and brought it, then sat down beside her and gave her a light from the end of his as he held it in his lips.

"Did you find out about Harley?" he asked.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Don't mention him. You rescued me from a very unpleasant position."

"And put myself in a deuced pleasant one," and he put his arm around her shoulders.

The next afternoon, through an exchange of notes, Algy received an appointment to call on Mr. John Argyle Gray, and with wonderful promptness he arrived at exactly five o'clock. The house was very large and the gates and house entrance were really imposing. Everything inside was rich and soft and expensive, but the room into which he was shown was distinctly disappointing.

"Looks like a blooming museum," said Algy as he gazed at the rows of glass cases full of treasures of porcelain.

Mr. Gray was a fussy, nervous, peer-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing little man who rubbed his hands together and walked about when he talked.

"How do you do, Mr. Allen? Very glad to meet you. So kind of you to send me word about your celadon. I am most anxious to see it; my curiosity is very greatly aroused. I should be glad to have a few particulars about it. Sit down, I insist upon it; I am too nervous to sit myself. I constantly walk about. Tell me, please, how many pieces you have to dispose of," and Mr. Gray began to pace up and down on a huge Chinese rug.

"Well, now," said Algy, smiling pleasantly, "you've got me on the very first question. I really don't know how many pieces there are, I just put them in a trunk and brought them along."

Mr. Gray stopped in his walk and stared at Algy, who had chosen a very comfortable chair.

"You mean to say that the pieces are not catalogued?"

"Perhaps they are, I don't know anything about that. I'm just selling them."

"Most extraordinary! Do the pieces belong to the Sung, Ming, or Ching periods?"

Algy stared in his turn.

"You can search me," he said.

"Have any of the pieces the iron foot or the brown mouth, that is rather important to know, or have any of them got the biscuit exposed showing a spot of brown. You know in some districts the clay was strongly ferruginous."

"You don't say so," said Algy. "Well, I didn't see any spots. I'm not an expert on celadon."

"No, so I perceive, but you must have noticed that the shades of green were different in the different pieces, one shade is described as the jade green of slender willow twigs."

Mr. Gray became much excited and began to pace about more rapidly.

"Oh, beautiful, enchanting," he said as he walked back and forth. "What could be lovelier than the way they describe those colors! The green of the parrot's feathers, the dull green of a melon, the color of sea waves, the soft, jade green of onion sprouts in autumn——"

Algy sprang to his feet and confronted Mr. Gray as he came down the rug.

"Stop right there," he shouted in desperation. "I didn't see anything that looked like onions and I tell you I don't know any more about celadon than a lobster; I never heard of it till a month ago."

Mr. Gray calmed down, stopped his pacing, and held out his hand to Algy.

"Young man," he said, "I like you; you seem to be refreshingly honest, you have a quieting effect on my nerves. It is pleasant to find some one who does not pretend to know all there is to know about Chinese porcelain. In Hong Kong many impostors make a handsome living out of spurious wares and sometimes, I am glad to say, we bring them to justice. If you will allow me, I shall give myself the pleasure of calling at your hotel this evening to look at your celadon. I hope you have no other engagement."

"Sure I haven't, and if I had I'd break it. And I'd like to return the compliment, Mr. Gray. I like you, too, you're a good sport. I wish you could meet Dad."

Algy went out to his waiting chair very light of heart. His scheme was proceeding well, and he would doubtless get a large sum from Mr. Gray for his celadon. When he reached the hotel and entered the office, the clerk spoke to him.

"There's a gentleman waiting for you up in your room, Mr. Allen; he declined to give his name."

"What did you let him up there for? I don't want any one up in my room."

"Well, we didn't want him to go up, but he said he was an old friend and you wouldn't mind if he went up there to rest."

Algy thought a minute and then went up in the elevator. As he was fitting the key in the keyhole the door was flung wide open and his father stood before him.

"Dad!"

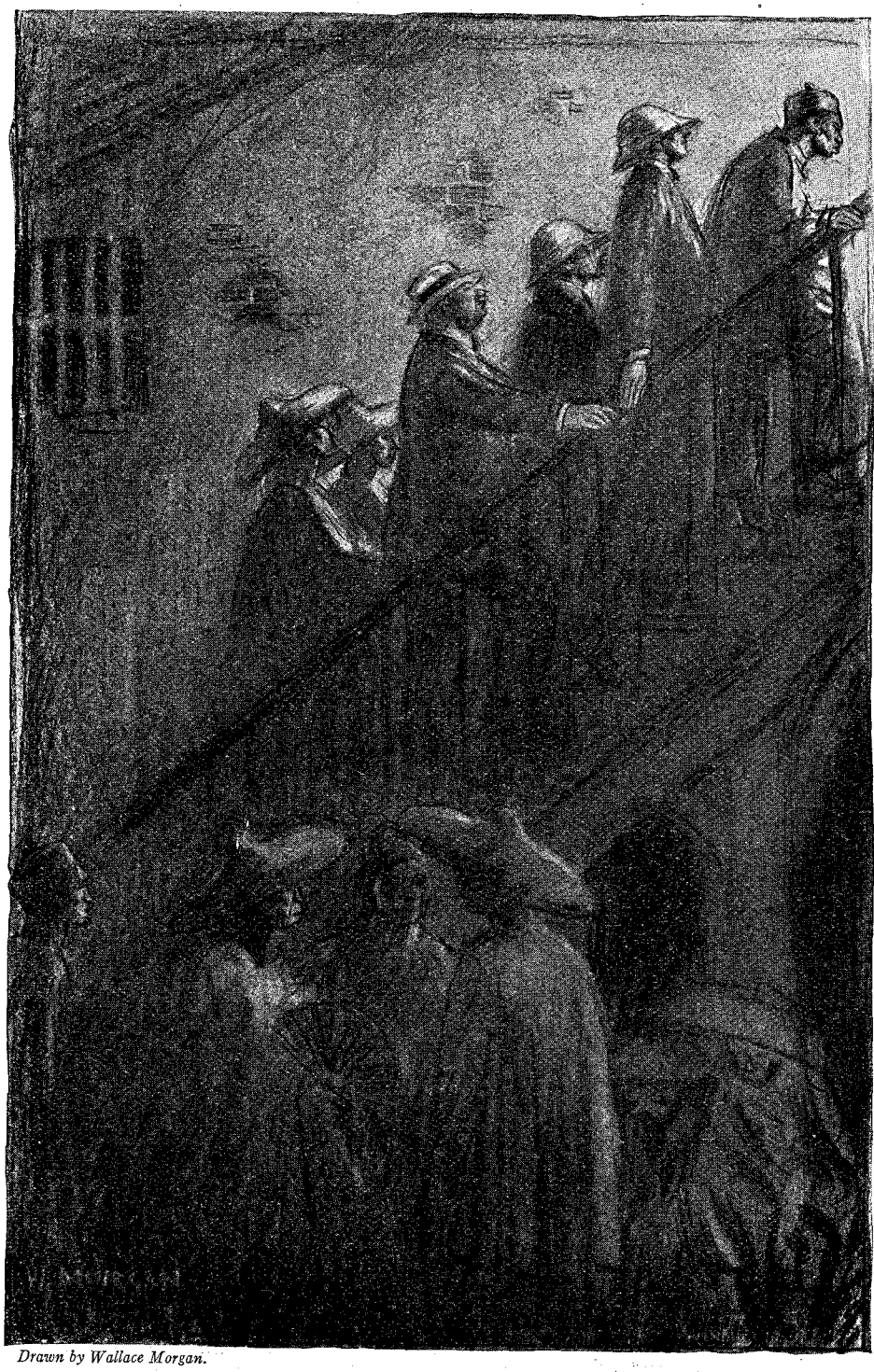
"Son!"

And the old man drew him into the brightly lighted room and shut the door.

"I couldn't live without you, my boy, so I had to come after you, and just remember this, if I ever tell you to get out of the house again don't you go an inch."

"No, Dad, I'll be darned if I'll budge,"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Wallace Morgan.

The man in the door guided them up some dark stairs and into a large back room.—Page 695.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Algy sat down on the trunk that held the celadon, feeling rather guilty.

"And now, son, hurry and dress for dinner, I'm half starved."

When they were finishing their coffee later in the dining-room, Algy thought it time to make his confession.

"Dad," he said hesitatingly, "do you know why I came over to Hong Kong?"

"Why no, son; some attraction, I suppose," and the old man winked.

"No attraction this time. I thought I'd put through a deal that would make you proud of me, so I brought along all that old celadon I knew you were tired of, and I'm going to sell it to a collector here."

The old man skilfully smothered a gasp of astonishment and said in a natural tone:

"Good for you, son, that's a bright idea; I guess you'll make a sharp business man yet. The money's better than the celadon any day. Whatever you get for it, I'll double it.

"Mr. John Argyle Gray, the great collector, is coming to look at it this evening."

"Say, have you hooked Gray? Well, you've got ahead of me. What kind of man is he?"

"He's a good sport, Dad. I told him I wished he could meet you. Let's go out in the lounge and smoke and wait for him."

They had not long to wait, for Mr. Gray appeared almost at once. Algy greeted him heartily.

"This is Dad," he explained.

"Delighted to meet you," responded Mr. Gray courteously. "I've taken a strong liking to your son."

The happy father beamed and the three men went up in the elevator. Algy went in first to switch on the light.

"As I was saying to your son," murmured Mr. Gray, "I am consumed with curiosity to see this collection of celadon——" A cry from Algy interrupted him and the older men rushed into the room. Algy stood pointing to where the trunk had been.

"It's gone," he gasped. "The trunk's gone; it's been stolen."

In a moment Mr. Gray was alert and businesslike. He took out his note-book and pencil and turned to Algy.

"When did you last see the trunk in your room?"

"It was there just before dinner; I sat on it."

"Who knew of the celadon?"

"Just one person, a woman, a Mrs. Ordway."

"Was she pretty, with dark-red hair?"

"Yes."

"That simplifies matters very much. I will go out and give some orders to my chairmen; they are old and trusted servants and have recovered stolen goods for me before. They will know exactly what to do. As I have such strong suspicions to guide me, I shall not be greatly surprised if we get the trunk very soon indeed. I shall start the machinery that I hope may catch two clever criminals. I shall leave you now; good-night."

"Nice old boy, isn't he, Dad," said Algy, lighting a cigarette.

The old man seemed thoughtful.

"Darned nice," he answered. "I guess I'll leave him alone."

No word came from Mr. Gray until the father and son were just leaving the dining-room after dinner the following night, when a Chinese house-servant in livery brought a note to Algy. He read it and whispered to his father.

"He says we are to come with his servant. There are chairs outside; he has found the trunk."

Algy and his father were soon ready in the luxurious chairs waiting outside. Mr. Gray was in another and two hired chairs followed. The little procession went through the lighted streets, passed some noisy barracks, and came out on the Happy Valley road. They soon turned from this, however, into a badly lighted street that ran toward the harbor. The chairs were set down in a dark angle and the men alighted.

There were fifteen men in all, with the ten chairmen. The two officers in the hired chairs went ahead and took four chairmen with them and disappeared into a narrow doorway. Those left outside waited some time in silence, and then a chairman beckoned to them from the door. Mr. Gray, Algy, and his father, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two chairmen went forward and the man in the door guided them up some dark stairs and into a large back room.

Two strange Chinamen were cowering in a corner and in the centre of the room stood Algy's trunk. One of the officials stepped up to the shrinking Chinamen in the corner and took the hat off the taller of the two. The entire disguise came off with the hat and revealed not a Chinaman at all but a lean, hawk-nosed white man, and Algy recognized Mrs. Ordway's companion at the Country Club at Happy Valley.

Then the officer approached the other Chinaman, who stood sullenly back against the wall, but who made no effort to resist. He snatched the make-up from the second conspirator, and as the disguise was removed Algy stood rooted to the spot, for he recognized the face through the paint and the red hair was familiar enough. The dark eyes stared at Algy horribly, but no shame was in them, only furious anger for the profitable career that was ended.

"Good evening, Mrs. Ordway," said Algy, "I bet that's your friend Harley. You're the finest manager I ever saw, but that game you played was a pretty simple one for old hands like you and your friend."

"Well, you walked into the trap all right."

"Oh, I knew it was a plant, but I thought I could outplay you and I have done it, you see."

She laughed maliciously.

"I wish you luck selling your celadon. I have examined a few pieces and I think it is about the finest collection I ever saw."

"And now, with your permission," said Mr. Gray, "we will all adjourn to my house, where we can examine the celadon at our leisure. I will have the trunk carried up there at once."

They all went out, leaving the two thieves in the hands of the law. Algy passed out last, and as he looked back he saw that Mrs. Ordway was laughing as if she were thinking of something very funny.

It was quite late when they were finally seated in Mr. Gray's very luxurious study and the two coolies deposited the trunk before them in the middle of the floor. The thieves had broken the lock, so no key was needed.

"You open it," said Algy, addressing Mr. Gray.

The old collector raised the lid with almost trembling eagerness; he had never lost his feeling of reverence in the presence of old porcelain. He unrolled a bath-towel with a smile at the manner of packing and took out a small tea-pot.

"Most extraordinary," he said, "I am sure there must be some mistake. It was not the custom to make tea-pots in celadon."

He unrolled another bath-towel and took out a sugar-bowl.

"Nor sugar-bowls," he added, as he set the little horror on the table.

Old Mr. Allen rose to his feet.

"Algy, which case did you get this collection from?"

"Why, from that glass china-closet in the dining-room."

The old man sank back in his chair and laughed till he cried.

"That stuff isn't celadon," he gasped. "That's an infernal tea-set that your Aunt Abby gave me for Christmas. She bought it in the basement of some department-store. I've been wondering how in the world I could get rid of the thing."

"Well, I took it off your hands anyway, didn't I, Dad?"

Mr. Gray grasped Algy's hand.

"At least it has been the means of bringing two slippery criminals to justice. I hope that the lady was not a particular friend of yours."

"She was my business manager," replied Algy with a grin.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTES OF A NATURALIST

By John Burroughs

I

THE BLUEBIRD

OUR bluebird is evidently an offshoot from the thrushes. It has the thrush's quality of voice and the thrush's gentleness of manners, and the young have the speckled breast of the thrushes. Its scolding and alarm notes are very suggestive of that of the wood thrush, yet its origin as a distinct species, how obscure and how remote! Can one think of it as the result of slow and insensible changes stretching over vast periods of time? It is not much on its legs compared with any of the thrushes, and it has the unthrushlike habit of nesting in holes and cavities of trees. Unlike most of our birds that nest in cavities, the female is far less brilliant in plumage than the male. In our chickadees and nuthatches and woodpeckers the two sexes are alike conspicuously colored. The bluebird is distinctly a perching bird, never descending to the ground except to pick up an insect now and then, which it usually spies from its perch several yards away. It eats fruit at times, such as elderberries, when hard put for insect food. Its blue color would seem to be a disadvantage on the Darwinian hypothesis, as may be said of all brilliantly colored birds. Had it been in any sense a ground bird, it is very certain its color would not have been blue.

But how it came to split off from the thrush family and develop into a distinct species is past finding out. If we say that the slow change from brown to blue might, under changing habits, be of survival value, then we want to know what brought about the change in habits? Why did not all the thrushes turn blue and cease to be hoppers and runners?

The Darwinian plummet cannot sound these waters. Nature's ways are not our ways though we are a part of Nature. We cannot interpret her in terms of our own methods. If we fancy she brings about new species as we achieve new varieties, we are sure to misread her.

II

THE WEASEL

IN wild life the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. For instance, the weasel catches the rabbit and the red squirrel, both of which are much more fleet of foot than he is. The red squirrel can fairly fly through the tops of the trees, where the weasel would be entirely out of its element, and the rabbit can easily leave him behind, and yet the weasel captures and sucks the blood of both. Recently, when the ground was covered with our first snow, some men at work in a field near me heard a rabbit cry on the slope below them. Their dog rushed down and found a weasel holding a rabbit, which it released on the approach of the dog and took to the cover of a near-by stone wall. The whole story was written there on the snow. The bloodsucker had pursued the rabbit, pulling out tufts of fur for many yards and then had pulled it down.

Two neighbors of mine were hunting in the woods when they came upon a weasel chasing a red squirrel around the trunk of a big oak; round and round they went in a fury of flight and pursuit. The men stood and looked on. It soon became apparent that the weasel was going to get the squirrel, so they watched their chance and shot the bloodsucker. Why the squirrel did not take to the treetops where the weasel could not have followed him and thus make his escape—who knows? One of my neighbors says he has seen where a weasel went up a tree and took a gray squirrel out of its nest and dropped it on the snow, then dragged it to cover and left it dead. The weasel seems to inspire such terror in its victim that it becomes fairly paralyzed and falls an easy prey. Those cruel,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

blazing, bead-like eyes, that gliding snake-like form, that fearless, fate-like pursuit and tenacity of purpose, all put a spell upon the pursued that soon renders it helpless. A weasel once pursued a hen to my very feet and seized it and would not let it go until I put my foot upon it and gripped it by the back of the neck with my hand. Its methods are a kind of *Schrecklichkeit* in the animal world. It is the incarnation of the devil among our lesser animals.

III

NATURAL SCULPTURE

We may say that all the forms in the non-living world come by chance, or by the action of the undirected irrational physical forces, mechanical or mechanico-chemical. There are not two kinds of forces shaping the earth's surface, but the same forces are doing two kinds of work, piling up and pulling down—aggregating and accumulating, and separating and disintegrating.

It is to me an interesting fact that the striking and beautiful forms in inorganic nature are not as a rule the result of a building-up process, but of a pulling-down or degradation process. A natural bridge, an obelisk, caves, canals, the profile in the rocks, the architectural and monumental rock forms, such as those in the Grand Cañon and in the Garden of the Gods, are all the result of erosion. Water and other aerial forces are the builders and sculptors, and the nature and structure of the material determine the form. It is as if these striking forms were inherent in the rocks, waiting for the erosive forces to liberate them. The stratified rocks out of which they are carved were not laid down in forms that appeal to us, but layer upon layer, like the leaves of a book; neither has the crumpling and deformation of the earth's crust piled them up and folded them in a manner artistic and suggestive. Yet behold what the invisible workmen have carved out of them in the Grand Cañon! It looks as though titanic architects and sculptors had been busy here for ages. But only little grains of sand and a vast multitude of little drops of water, active through geologic ages, were the agents that wrought this stupendous spectacle. If the river could have builded something equally grand and beautiful with the material it took out of this chasm! But it could not—poetry at one end of the series and dull prose at the other. The deposition took the form of broad, featureless, uninteresting plains—material for a new series of stratified rocks, out of which other future Grand Cañons may be carved. Thus the gods of erosion are the artists, while the builders of the mountains are only ordinary workmen.

IV

MISINTERPRETING NATURE

We are bound to misinterpret Nature if we start with the assumption that her methods are at all like our methods. We pick out our favorites among plants and animals, those that best suit our purposes. If we want wool from the sheep, we select the best fleeced animals to breed from. If we want mutton, we act accordingly. If we want cows for quantity of milk, irrespective of quality, we select with that end in view; if we want butter fat, we breed for that end, and so on. With our fruits and grains and vegetables we follow the same course. We go straight to our object with as little waste and delay as possible.

Not so with Nature. She is only solicitous of those qualities in her fruits and grains which best enable them to survive. In like manner she subordinates her wool and fur and milk to the same general purpose. Her one end is to increase and multiply. In a herd of wild cattle there will be no great milchers. In a band of mountain sheep there will be no prize fleeces. The wild fowl do not lay eggs for market.

Those powers and qualities are dominant in the wild creatures that are necessary for the survival of the species—strength, speed, sharpness of eye and ear, keenness of scent—all wait upon their survival value.

Our hawks could not survive without wing power or great speed, but the crow survives without this power, because he is an omnivorous feeder and can thrive where the hawk would starve, and also because no bird of prey wants him, and,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more than that, because he is dependent upon nothing that requires speed to secure. He is cunning and suspicious for reasons that are not obvious. The fox in this country requires both speed and cunning, but in South America Darwin saw a fox so indifferent and unafraid that he walked up to it and killed it with his geologist's hammer. Has it no enemies in that country?

Nature's course is always a roundabout one. Our petty economies are no concern of hers. Man wants specific results at once. Nature works slowly to general results. Her army is drilled only in battle. Her tools grow sharper in the using. The strength of her species is the strength of the obstacles they overcome. Darwin went wrong when he assumed that Nature selects as man selects. Nature selects solely upon the principle of power of survival. Man selects upon the principle of utility. He wants some particular good—a race-horse, a draft-horse—better quality or greater quantity of this or that. Nature aims to fill the world with her progeny. Only power to win in the competition of life counts with her. She plays one hand against the other. The stakes are hers whichever wins. Wheat and tares are all one to her. She pits one species of plant or animal against another—heads I win, tails you lose. Some plants spread both by seed and runners, this doubles their chances; they are kept in check because certain localities are unfavorable to them (the hawkweed). I know a section of the country where a species of mint has completely usurped the pastures. It makes good bee pasturage, but poor cattle pasturage. Quack grass will run out other grass because it travels under ground in the root as well as above ground in the seed.

V

MAN A PART OF NATURE

This bit of nature which I call myself, and which I habitually think of as entirely apart from the nature by which I am surrounded, going its own way, crossing or defeating or using the forces of the nature external to it, is yet as strictly a part of the total energy we call nature as is each wave in the ocean, no matter how high it raises its crest, a part of the ocean. Our wills, our activities, go but a little way in separating us from the totality of things. Outside of the very limited sphere of what we call our spontaneous activities, we too are things and are shaped and ruled by forces that we know not of.

It is only in action, or in the act of living, that we view ourselves as distinct from nature. When we think, we see that we are a part of the world in which we live, as much so as the trees and the other animals are a part. Intellect unites what life separates. Our whole civilization is the separating of one thing from another and classifying and organizing them. We work ourselves away from rude Nature while we are absolutely dependent upon her for health and strength. We cease to be savages while we strive to retain the savage health and virility. We improve Nature while we make war upon her. We improve her for our own purposes. All the forces we use—wind, water, gravity, electricity—are still those of rude Nature. Is it not by gravity that the water rises to the top stories of our houses? Is it not by gravity that the aeroplane soars to the clouds? When the mammoth guns hurl a ton of iron twenty miles they pit the greater weight against the lesser. The lighter projectile goes, and the heavier gun stays. So the athlete hurls the hammer because he greatly outweighs it.

VI

MARCUS AURELIUS ON DEATH

Marcus Aurelius speaks of death as "nothing else than a dissolution of the elements of which every human being is composed." May we say it is like a redistribution of the type after the page is printed? The type is unchanged, only the order of arrangement is broken up. In the death of the body the component elements—water, lime, iron, phosphorus, magnesia, and so on, remain the same but their organization is changed. Is that all? Is this a true analogy? The meaning of the printed page, the idea embodied, is the main matter. Can this

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

idea be said to exist independent of the type? Only in the mind that reads the page, and then not permanently. Then it is only an arrangement of molecules of matter in the brain which is certainly only temporary. On the printed page it is a certain combination of white and black that moves the cells of the brain through the eye to create the idea. So the conception in our minds of our neighbor or friend—his character, his personality—exists after he is dead, but when our own brain ceases to function, where is it then?

We rather resent being summed up in this way in terms of physics, or even of psychology. Can you reconstruct the flower or the fruit from its ashes? Physics or biochemistry and psychology describe all men in the same terms, our component parts are all the same, but character, personality, mentality—do not these escape your analysis? and are they not also real?

VII

THE INTERPRETER OF NATURE

EMERSON quotes Bacon as saying that man is the minister and interpreter of nature. But man has been very slow to see that he is a part of that same nature of which he is the minister and interpreter. His interpretation is not complete until he has learned to interpret himself also. This he has done all unconsciously through his art, his literature, his religion, his philosophy. Painting interprets one phase of him, music another, poetry another, sculpture another, his civic orders another, his creeds and beliefs and superstitions another, so that at this day and age of the world he has been pretty well interpreted. But the final interpretation is as far off as ever, because the condition of man is not static, but dynamic. He is forever born anew into the world and experiences new wonder, new joy, new loves, new enthusiasms. Nature is infinite, and the soul of man is infinite, and the action and reaction between the two which gives us our culture and our civilization can never cease. When man thinks he is interpreting nature, he is really interpreting himself—reading his own heart and mind through the forms and movements that surround him. In his art and his literature he bodies forth his own ideals; in his religion he gives the measure of his awe and reverence and his aspirations toward the perfect good; in his science he illustrates his capacity for logical order and for weighing evidence. There is no astronomy to the night prowler, there is no geology to the woodchuck or the ground-mole, there is no biology to the dog or to the wolf, there is no botany to the cows and the sheep—all these sciences are creations of the mind of man; they are the order and the logic which he reads into nature. Nature interprets man to himself. Her beauty, her sublimity, her harmony, her terror, are names which he gives to the emotions he experiences in her presence. The midnight skies sound the depths of his capacity for the emotion of grandeur and immensity, the summer landscape reveals to him his susceptibility to beauty.

It is considered sound rhetoric to speak of the statue as existing in the block of marble before the sculptor touches it. How easy to fall into such false analogies! Can we say that the music existed in the flute or in the violin before the musician touches them? The statue in the form of an idea or a conception exists in the mind of the sculptor, and he fashions the marble accordingly. Does the book exist in the pot of printer's ink? Living things exist in the germ, the oak in the acorn, the chick in the egg, but from the world of dead matter there is no resurrection or evolution. Life alone puts a particular stamp upon it. We may say that the snow-flake exists in the cloud vapor because of the laws of crystallization, but the house does not exist in a thousand of brick in the same sense. It exists in the mind of the builder.

The sculptor does not interpret the marble, he interprets his own soul, through the medium of the marble—the picture is not in the painter's color tubes waiting to be developed as the flower is in the bud; it is in the artist's imagination. The apple and the peach and the wheat and the corn exist in the soil potentially; life working through the laws of physics and chemistry draws their materials out and builds up the perfect

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fruit. To decipher, to interpret, to translate, are terms that apply to human things, and not to universal nature. We do not interpret the stars when we form the constellations. The grouping of the stars in the heavens is accidental—the chair, the dipper, the harp, the huntsman, are our fabrications. Does Shelley interpret the skylark, or Wordsworth the cuckoo, or Bryant the bobolink, or Whitman the mocking-bird and the thrush? Each interprets his own heart. Each poet's mind is the die or seal that gives the impression to this wax.

All the so-called laws of nature are of our own creation. Out of an unfailing sequence of events we frame laws—the law of gravity, of chemical affinity, of magnetism, of electricity, and refer to them as if they had an objective reality, when they are only concepts in our own minds. Nature has no statute books and no legislators, though we habitually think of her processes under these symbols. Human laws can be annulled, but Nature's laws cannot. Her ways are irrevocable, though theology revokes or suspends them in its own behalf. It was Joshua's mind that stopped while he conquered his enemies, and not the sun.

The winds and the tides do not heed our prayers; fire and flood, famine and pestilence are deaf to our appeals. One of the cardinal doctrines of Emerson was that all true prayers are self-answered—the spirit which the act of prayer begets in the suppliant is the answer. A heartfelt prayer for faith or courage or humility is already answered in the attitude of soul that devoutly asks it. We know that the official prayers in the churches for victory to the armies in the field are of no avail, and how absurd to expect them to be, but who shall say that the prayer of the soldier on the eve of battle may not steady his hand and clinch his courage? But the prayer for rain or for heat or cold, or for the stay of an epidemic, or for any material good, is as vain as to reach his hands for the moon.

VIII

ORIGINAL SOURCES

THE writers who go directly to life and nature for their material are, in every age, few compared with the great number that go to the libraries and lecture-halls, and sustain only a second-hand relation to the primary sources of inspiration. They cannot go directly to the fountainhead but depend upon those who can and do. They are like those forms of vegetation, the mushrooms, that have no chlorophyll, and hence cannot get their food from the primary sources, the carbonic acid in the air; they must draw it from the remains of plants that did get it at first hand from nature. Chlorophyll is the miracle worker of the vegetable world, it makes the solar power available for life. It is in direct and original relation to the sun. It also makes animal life possible. The plant can go to inorganic nature and through its chlorophyll can draw the sustenance from it. We must go to the plant, or to the animal that went to the plant, for our sustenance.

The secondary men go to books and creeds and institutions for their religion, but the original men, having the divine chlorophyll, go to Nature herself. The stars in their courses teach them. The earth inspires them.

IX

THE COSMIC HARMONY

THE order and the harmony of the Cosmos is not like that which man produces or aims to produce in his work—the order and harmony that will give him the best and the quickest results; but it is an astronomic order and harmony which flows inevitably from the circular movements and circular forms to which the Cosmos tends. Revolution and evolution are the two feet upon which creation goes. All natural forms strive for the spherical. The waves on the beach curve and roll and make the pebbles round. From the drops of rain and dew to the mighty celestial orbs one law prevails. Nature works to no special ends, she works to all ends, and her harmony results from her universality. The comets are apparently celestial outlaws, but they all have their periodic movements, and make their rounds on time. Collisions in the abysses of space, which undoubtedly take place, look like disharmonies

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and failures of order, as they undoubtedly are. What else can we call them? When a new star suddenly appears in the heavens, or an old one blazes up, and from a star of the tenth magnitude becomes one of the first, and then slowly grows dim again, there has been a celestial catastrophe, an astronomic accident on a cosmic scale. Had such things occurred frequently enough would not the whole solar system have been finally wrecked, or could it even have begun? For the disharmonies in nature we must look to the world of the living things, but even here the defeats and failures are the exception—else there would be no living world. Organic evolution reaches its goal despite the delays and suffering and its devious course. The inland stream finds its way to the sea at last, though its course double and redouble upon itself scores of times, and it travels ten miles to advance one. A drought that destroys animal and vegetable life, or a flood that sweeps it away, or a thunderbolt that shatters a living tree, are all disharmonies of nature. In fact, one may say that disease, pestilence, famine, tornadoes, wars, and all forms of what we call evil are disharmonies, because their tendency is to defeat the orderly development of life.

The disharmonies in Nature in both the living and non-living world tend to correct themselves. When Nature cannot make both ends meet she diminishes her girth. If there is not food enough for her creatures she lessens the number of mouths to be fed. A surplus of food, on the other hand, tends to multiply the mouths.

Man often introduces an element of disorder into Nature. His work in deforesting the land brings on floods and the opposite conditions of drought. He destroys the natural checks and compensations.

X

POWER OF FLIGHT IN BIRDS

To what widely different use birds put their power of flight! To the great mass of them it is simply a means of locomotion, of getting from one point to another. A small minority put their wing power to more ideal uses, as the lark when she claps her wings at heaven's gate, and the ruffed grouse when he drums; even the woodcock has some other use for his wings than to get from one point to another. Listen to his flight song in the April twilight up against the sky.

Our small hawks use their power of flight mainly to catch their prey, as does the swallow skimming the air all day on tireless wing, but some of the other hawks, such as our red-tailed hawk, climb their great spirals apparently with other motives than those which relate to their daily fare. The crow has little other use for his wings than to gad about like a busy politician from one neighborhood to another. In Florida I have seen large flocks of the white curlew performing striking evolutions high up against the sky, evidently expressive of the gay and festive feeling begotten by the mating instinct.

The most beautiful flier we ever see against our skies is the unsavory buzzard. He is the winged embodiment of grace, ease, and leisure. Judging from appearances alone, he is the most disinterested of all the winged creatures we see. He rides the airy billows as if only to enjoy his mastery over them. He is as calm and unhurried as the orbs in their courses. His great circles and spirals have a kind of astronomic completeness. That all this power of wing and grace of motion should be given to an unclean bird, to a repulsive scavenger, is one of the anomalies of nature. He does not need to hurry or conceal his approach; what he is after cannot flee or hide; he has no enemies; nothing wants him; and he is at peace with all the world.

XI

THE ROBIN

Of all our birds the robin has life in the fullest measure, or best stands the Darwinian test of the fittest to survive. His versatility, adaptiveness, and fecundity are remarkable. While not an omnivorous feeder, he yet has a very wide range among fruits and insects. From cherries to currants and strawberries he ranges freely, while he is the only thrush that makes angleworms one of his dietetic staples and looks upon a fat grub as a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rare tidbit. Then his nesting habits are the most unique and diverse of all. Now he is a tree builder in the fork of a trunk or on a horizontal branch, then a builder in vines or rose bushes around your porch, then on some coign of vantage about your house or barn, or under the shed, or under a bridge, or in the stone wall, or on the ground above a hedge. I have known him to go into a well and build there on a projecting stone. He brings off his first brood in May, and the second in June, and if a dry season does not seriously curtail his food supply, a third one in September. He is a hustler in every sense of the word—a typical American in his enterprise and versatility. He has been seen as far north as the arctic circle. His voice is the first I hear in the morning, and the last at night. Little wonder that there are twenty robins to one bluebird, or wood thrush, or catbird. The song sparrow is probably our next most successful bird, but she is far behind the robin. We could never have a plague of song sparrows or bluebirds, but since the robins are now protected in the South as well as in the North, we are exposed to the danger of a plague of robins. Since they may no longer have robin pot-pies in Mississippi the time is near at hand when we may no longer have cherry-pies in New York or New England. Yet who does not cherish a deep love for the robin? He is a plebeian bird, but he adds a touch to life in the country that one would not like to miss.

The robin is neither a walker nor a hopper; he is doomed always to be a runner. Go slow he cannot; his engine is always "in high"—it starts "in high" and stops "in high."

DRUMS

By Margaret Adelaide Wilson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. E. HILL

"DRUMS now," said the tuner, looking around from the piano he had been so ruthlessly dismembering. "How far would an interest in drums carry you?"

"Not across the street," I answered promptly. "I am not interested in drums."

"To be sure. Yes, to be sure." The tuner's nod seemed to say that I had come true to color.

"But why do you ask?" My tone may have been a little nettled.

The tuner considered mildly. "I can't say. Perhaps it was that picture there." He nodded toward a small sketch of Samoa hanging over the piano, a vivid splash of color that a friend had made for us years before. "Palms and sunshine and blue seas, they always make me think of Perrine; and then, of course, drums come next." He jerked his head toward the picture again. "That's where Perrine's interest in drums carried *him*."

I left my bird-of-passage position in the doorway and slipped into a chair. The tuner appeared not to notice that I had surrendered to his spell. His contemplative gaze was upon the open door, and he pursed his lips and frowned a little as if in space he were tracing the strange ways over which Perrine's interest in drums had carried him.

I first knew Perrine in Fairfield, Minn., said the tuner after a pause. I had come out from England to make my fortune, and how I happened to land in Fairfield I don't remember. I do remember, though, that it was hard sledding making both ends meet, and I'd not have managed at all if it had not been that I knew something of repair work on other musical instruments besides the piano. There were about fifteen hundred souls in Fairfield, and of course there was a town orchestra. I mended violins and horns for the town orchestra, and in turn they asked me to their practice nights in Odd Fellows' Hall. It was there I met Perrine. Perrine played the drum.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The engine-driver and the brakeman used to say they didn't envy Perrine his home-comings.

That wasn't his regular business, of course. By trade he was conductor on the little stub railroad that connected Fairfield with Grange, the county-seat, forty miles away. There was just one train on the road. It went out from Fairfield every morning at six o'clock and came back every evening at five. It had an engine, a mail-car, and a passenger-car, and if there was any freight to go, a freight-car was coupled on behind the passenger-car. It was a tidy arrangement for the train crew, who were all family men and had homes in Fairfield. At five o'clock they would lock up the train, bank the fires, and go home to gardening, if it was summer, or if it was winter, to their evening paper by the fire with the wife and children hanging round to tell them the news of the day.

Perrine had no children, and his wife was a big, fair, pop-eyed woman with not much cosiness about her. A real general she was, and the engine-driver and the brakeman used to say they didn't envy Perrine his home-comings. But Perrine had one pleasure they couldn't share. On Monday and Friday evenings he would swallow his supper and hurry down to Odd Fellows' Hall to practice with the orchestra.

I remember the first time I noticed Perrine. Odd Fellows' Hall was lighted by a row of oil-lamps in brackets, and between the lamps the wall was draped with banners and what-not—I'm not a lodge man myself, and I never did get the hang of their trappings. The rest of the orchestra sat around anywhere, but his drum being so unwieldy, Perrine was always a sort of fixture against the wall. A big red satin banner hung just above his head, and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gilt tassels tickled his hair whenever he straightened up. But mostly he was bent forward over his drum, his thin face with its hooked nose giving him the look of a pensive bird. I'd seen a good bit of real musicians in my father's shop in London, and I guessed that there was none of the breed in the Fairfield town orchestra except tall, hook-nosed Perrine. The rest were good fellows enough, but their main idea was to make as much noise as possible. I was sorry for Perrine because he had to put up with the drum. You see, I was like yourself about drums in those days.

For a while Perrine and I had only a nodding acquaintance, and then his tuning-key broke and I mended it for him, and after that we grew to be friends. He took to stopping for me as he went to practice, and as we walked down-town together he would talk to me of drums. He was mad about drums. I'd been pitying him because he couldn't play first violin or something really worth-while, and all the time Perrine was convinced that the drum was the only worth-while instrument in the whole orchestra. The rest he considered mere trimmings. The drum had been no Hobson's choice with him.

"I don't recollect when I wasn't fond of drums," he told me one night as we went creaking over the snow to Wednesday practice. "Of course, not many people could understand my fondness. The drum never has a chance in modern music. This symphony now"—he stopped under a street lamp, pulled a sheet of music from his pocket, and thrust it at me—"I simply badgered the boys into getting the thing. D'ye know why? Because I thought the third movement—the funeral march—would certainly give the drum some solo work. Well, d'ye see any? No! What does it say?" He tapped his forefinger angrily on the sheet.

"Timpani coperti," I read. "Muffled roll. Well, it ought to be effective."

"Effective, yes, if it could be heard," he snorted. "But what chance is there? Here's a movement meant to tell men that death is passing—death, mind you, one of the high rhythmic moments of our existence. No mere physical sensations, but an event of the soul, so to speak. And who has the solo? A damned squeaking woodwind! The drum comes in, to be sure, but so covered up and trailed about and harried with those squallers and squeakers that it's a miracle if people ever get the message of the music at all. There's your composers for you. Don't know the A B Cs of their business."

"Beethoven used drums solo," I said to soothe him.

"Once or twice," he answered me moodily. "I went to Chicago once, and I heard a really great orchestra play to an audience bigger than all the town of Fairfield. And when the drum solo began, why, I saw the people begin to twist in their seats. It went too straight home for them. They couldn't stand that drum reaching their naked souls. A woman next to me asked her husband why the band didn't go on playing. Why—the—band—didn't go on playing," he brought out in a fierce drawl.

As we reached the steps he said: "They understood about music in your country once. There was a king of England—Edward was his name, I think—who always had a drum go into battle before him. It was drawn on a chariot of its own, with six milk-white horses, and the drummer dined at the king's table. Not another musical instrument in the procession, you understand. I'm an American, and fond of my country, God knows, but when I think of that king I almost wish I was English."

I had a fancy then that I owed something of his liking for me to that old English king. I was English—an English king had known how to honor the drum—there was no denying that Perrine was getting a bit beyond himself in his passion for his instrument.

He began to show it in other ways. He spent a quarter's salary buying himself a new kettle-drum, a tremendous affair with tone enough for Sousa's band. He got a good wigging for it from the general, his wife; but worse than that, it displeased the rest of the orchestra. They complained that Perrine's new drum drowned all the rest of them out. It was a loss I could put up with myself, but I understood their feelings, and I tried to drop a hint to Perrine to subdue that tremendous double-tonguing of his. It was love's labor lost.

Another chap came to town that claimed to be something of a dab at the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drum. He was a barber, a sleek, sociable young fellow who showed pretty plainly that he'd like to be in with the rest of the boys on the orchestra. Besides playing the drum he could twang one of those ukelele things and strummed on the piano by ear. A handy chap, in fact, and the leader of the orchestra began to whisper around that he'd be much better than Perrine at the drum, and that in the end they would have to ask Perrine to resign.

I had grown to think a lot of Perrine, and I knew it would half kill him to be turned out of the orchestra. What would he do on Mondays and Fridays without that to look forward to? I decided that I'd have to speak more plainly to him about letting his drum have full voice. Even at the risk of offending him I must ward off the worse catastrophe.

But mostly he was bent forward over his drum.—Page 704.

And then something happened that took the job off my hands.

It seems that a sister of Mrs. Perrine's had gone out years ago to the Solomon Islands as a missionary. Just about this time a letter came saying that the sister had died and had left an adopted daughter as ward to the Perrines, with a small income to be used in the clothing and feeding and educating of the girl until she should come of age.

At first Mrs. Perrine was furious at the thought of a sixteen-year-old girl, a native, being foisted on her out of a clear sky. But the sum mentioned as being left for her keep was a snug one, and the missionary who wrote let fall that the girl was a clever housekeeper as well. As Mrs. Perrine thought it over her anger cooled, and she wrote the missionary and his wife that she would take the girl as soon as arrangements could be made for fetching her. The missionary had said plainly that she was too timid to take so long a journey alone.

The next question was, who should fetch her? I fancy it was the biggest shock Fairfield had had when they found Perrine was to go. The truth was, Mrs. Perrine had once taken a trip on the Great Lakes and had been seasick from start to finish, and she wasn't going to risk the experience again. But actually to intrust Perrine with enough money to take him half around the world, it was hardly believable to those who knew Mrs. Perrine.

I myself had a greater shock when I found Perrine didn't want to go. I'd have thought he would be aching to get away from the general for a while. But he'd fallen into a rut and was timid of change. Except for those two days he'd

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spent in Chicago the time he heard the orchestra, his daily round for twenty-five years had been from Fairfield to Grange, and from Grange back to Fairfield again. It frightened him to think of the vast stretches of land and sea to be traversed before he could complete the journey his wife had laid out for him.

Besides, how could he leave his beloved drum for four months? Four months was the time Mrs. Perrine allowed for the trip. By consulting missionary magazines and the head of the foreign board, she had figured out the whole trip for Perrine, even to the time of day he'd reach the Solomon Islands.

But about the drum. Perrine really had thoughts of taking it with him. He said he'd like to hear how it sounded at sea. I wish you could have seen Mrs. Perrine's eyes pop at that. When he couldn't even afford to take his lawful wife, to think of carting that drum around, she said. As if the drum were some illegal attachment he'd formed. What he ought to do was to sell the useless thing and give the money to some good cause in the benighted land to which he was going.

I was at supper with the Perrines when this conversation took place, having been asked, not because of Mrs. Perrine's fondness for me, but because I was the only person in Fairfield who had ever been on the sea, and, therefore, supposedly knew what was needed for an ocean trip.

When she said that about the drum the look on Perrine's face fairly made me jump. "Sell my drum!" he repeated in a strange voice.

"Well, what have I said?" she asked, looking really frightened. "What—what are you *beakling* so at me for, John?"

Beakling! Fright had made the woman original for once. Perrine continued to "beakle" at her.

"Sell my drum!" he said again. "I'd sooner sell my soul. Not if it were to buy my way into heaven——"

That restored Mrs. Perrine. "Don't be profane," she said, drawing up her lips like a purse-string. "That's hardly the frame of mind in which to venture on so solemn an undertaking. If there were any one else to go——"

But there wasn't, and of course Perrine went. Whether his frame of mind improved or not, I cannot say. I only saw him once after that. He had asked me to help him pack his drum, which he was going to store in Grange while he was gone.

"That barber's not going to lay a finger on it," he said to me as we worked together in the cold hall. It was the only sign he ever gave of having suspected the barber's intentions.

I heard from Perrine just twice after he left. A card came from San Francisco, announcing the date of his sailing, and then there was a short letter to say that he had arrived safely in Honolulu and had to wait there four days for the steamer that was to take him the second lap of his journey.

"The natives are very friendly," he wrote, "though I can't say I like their music. Ukeleles, like that thing the barber fellow tinkles. Their continual strumming rather spoils the town for me. The sea is not spoiled, though. There is a point where the surf breaks tremendously, with tones like a bass-drum. I miss my drum, by the way, unsatisfactory as it was in some ways."

It was that last phrase that puzzled me. I'd have asked Perrine to explain if I'd known where to write him. Did he mean kettle-drums were unsatisfactory, or was it drums in general? Perhaps he had come across a new love in the way of musical instruments and was preparing me for the change.

I inquired of Mrs. Perrine once or twice, but she hadn't heard from her husband and didn't expect to hear. "It would be of no use his writing until he reaches his destination," she explained, "and then it would be of no use his writing, for he will start home immediately and his letter would not precede him."

"I thought he might have dropped you a line about his trip," I said.

"It was not a pleasure trip," Mrs. Perrine reminded me. I did not ask after Perrine again.

About the time he was supposed to be due back in Fairfield I had an offer of a job in Seattle and I went West. I heard nothing more from the little old town till one day there came a copy of the *Fairfield Weekly News*. On the front page was a notice, marked in blue pencil, telling of the supposed loss of the ship on which Perrine had sailed for the Solomon Islands. She'd been overdue for three

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

months, the paper said, and now it was supposed that she had gone down with all hands in a typhoon. The sympathy of Fairfield was with the bereaved widow, Mrs. Perrine.

Poor Perrine, I thought. Then I remembered that perhaps he was just as well off, for the barber had supplanted him in the Fairfield orchestra, and there was not much else Perrine would care to come home to. Later in the day I recollected that phrase in his letter, "unsatisfactory as it was." It was too bad that I'd never know what he had meant by it.

A few weeks later I met Molly, and Fairfield, Perrine, and everything that concerned them was swallowed up in the thought of her. It was three years before I finally won her. We decided to spend our honeymoon seeing a little more of the world, so I packed my tuning-kit and we took passage on the tramp schooner *Silvershell*, bound for the islands of the South Pacific.

On the island of Tumul I found Perrine.

Besides playing the drum he could twang one of those ukelele things.—Page 705.

You might never in a lifetime hear of the island of Tumul. It lies out of the track of ships, in a lonely stretch of ocean two or three hundred miles south by west of the Carolines. And to explain how we came to touch there I'll have to go back a little in my story.

We had stopped to get fresh water at a hideous little mission station on a bare-looking island of the Caroline group. We didn't come to anchor, but lay in a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gentle swell off the mouth of the harbor while the boats were sent ashore with the casks.

"You're not missing much in the way of scenery by not going ashore," the captain said to Molly and me as we stood watching the boats being slung up again. "It's a pretty desolate place. I stopped here last trip with a fine young lad, son of a chief on another island. He is attending school here. I wish I had time to find how he's getting on."

While he was speaking I saw a native canoe come slipping out from the shore. The captain saw it, too, and he straightened up and watched it with the strangest look. "Tattooed in red and black," I heard him mutter. "For the death of a chief. It can't be Saraka."

There was a sort of mattress in the prow of the canoe, and a slender figure wrapped in white lay on the mat, with a huge, grizzly-haired native kneeling at its feet. The six men at the paddles brought the canoe up under the schooner's side, then dipping their paddles held it motionless in the water, and we looked down into the face of the most beautiful lad I have ever seen. He would be about seventeen, I should say, and his skin was lighter than that of the other men. His long eyelashes made soft shadows on his smooth, pale cheeks, and his lips were curved a little at the corners, as if he might have been laughing when this strange desire to rest overtook him. For at first one was sure he was only sleeping. It seemed impossible that this was death.

The captain stared down as if turned to stone, then he cried out something in a strange language. The old man kneeling at the foot of the bier answered without moving or lifting his head. They talked together a moment, then the captain jerked out an order to some sailors standing near, the old man spoke to the naked fellows at the paddle, and they sprang to their feet and lifted the mattress very carefully, and next thing I knew the bier was on deck, still resting on the shoulders of those bronze, catlike men.

"It is Saraka, the chief's son," the captain told us in a queer, jerking voice. "I am to take him home to his father."

He spoke again to the old man, who was standing now with his arms folded, waiting. He had been the boy's slave, it seemed, a giant of a man, with a good, ugly face, distorted now with grief. He bent and touched his head to the captain's hand, and then the little procession went off down the deck without a sound, the six men carrying the bier, the old slave following behind. After a moment the canoemen came back, dropped over the side again, and went sliding across the water into the shadows of the shore.

The old man had chosen that his chief's son should lie in the forecastle, why, no one knows. That night the captain told us that the lad had died of homesickness.

"I blame myself somewhat," he said heavily. "Perhaps I overpersuaded his father into sending him here. But it was the nearest good school, and I couldn't bear to think of so fine a lad growing up untutored. Well, it is too late to think of that now."

"You are taking him back to Tumul?" I asked. It was a three days' trip, and in this tropic weather—you see what was in my mind.

The captain nodded. "The old man prepared the body," he said gruffly. "They understand how to do those things here. The missionaries wanted to bury the lad in the mission graveyard. They finally let the old slave have his way, though. He said Saraka's spirit could never have found rest there. Well, I'm not saying he doesn't know."

It was a strange time, those three days when we were taking Saraka home. Molly and I couldn't get the lad out of our thoughts, and in spite of ourselves we'd be slipping down into the dusk of the forecastle to see him as he lay there, his lips curved in that faint smile, the old man watching beside him with bowed head.

On the third morning a speck like a gray pearl was visible on the horizon, and before noon we had come to anchor in Tumul Bay.

It was not a very big island. The bay was in the shape of a crescent, and beyond the strip of pink coral that formed the beach, the land rose in great forested ridges, with deep canyons between, where tree ferns lifted their plumes above the shadows. Each ridge seemed to have its sprinkling of native huts, and one could see clearings along their level tops.

Molly stayed on the *Silvershell*, and I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"What—what are you *beakling* so at me for, John?"—Page 706.

went ashore with the captain as he seemed to want me to. When we reached the shore the captain said we'd not be putting off to the schooner till toward sundown and I'd have several hours to look around. Then he went striding off after the bier with its smiling lad, and I watched them begin to climb a path that seemed to lead to a village perched high on the westward shoulder of the island, and I followed a path that led around to the eastern side, and finally climbed the wall of a tremendous gorge to a plateau where I could see the gleam of thatches among the trees. It occurred to me to wonder whether the natives would be friendly to a stranger on foot and alone, but I argued that the captain would have told me if there was any danger. I climbed on, rounding sharp curves where I could look straight across the gorge to the opposite mountain, and straight down hundreds of feet to the tops of forest trees below, and at last I came out on a high, level space with a clearing in the middle and the forest banked around. There were two or three huts in the clearing, all but one of them in disrepair. The largest hut was neatly thatched with pandanus fibre and stood back against the forest on a raised platform of velvety sod. A few rods away, on the edge of the gorge, a man, barefooted and in a brilliant orange tunic and white trousers, bent

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

over a strange, squat-looking thing that looked as if it might be a tub or a boat, maybe, hollowed out of a log. Absurdly enough, the man's back, his position even, struck me as familiar. I walked slowly toward him. He turned his head, and I saw that it was Perrine.

Perrine! His face was tanned to the color of mahogany, and with that big hooked nose of his and his gorgeous coat he looked like some huge tropical bird, a parrot, perhaps, with something of a melancholy turn to his mind.

"You here!" he exclaimed, his face lighting up. Then suddenly a suspicious look came into his eyes. "Well, what set you to hunting me down?"

"Hunting you down!" I said. "I didn't even know you were alive. The *Fairfield News* said you'd gone down in a typhoon."

"Accurate enough for the *Fairfield News*," he remarked dryly. "But how did you come here if you weren't hunting me?"

"It just happened so. Molly—that's my wife—and I are on our wedding-trip."

"On a wedding-trip to Tumul! Bender, you're telling a story!"

"God's own truth," I said. "Tumul wasn't really part of the trip."

I'd have told him how I came to land at Tumul, but as I looked at him I suddenly remembered that phrase in his letter, "unsatisfactory as it was," and everything else was forgotten in the thought that now I could get him to explain.

"What put you off kettle-drums?" I said.

It had been four years since Perrine wrote that letter, but he understood at once.

"The sea began it," he said simply. "No, I don't know but that it dated further back than that. The Fairfield town orchestra really began it. You remember that symphony I got—the one with the funeral march in the third movement? Well, that symphony did something to me. Music that is music has a message to convey; you'll admit that, won't you, Bender? Well, then," he went on as I nodded, "you've got to find the most perfect medium possible for conveying that message. If it's a frivolous message, a mere appeal to the senses, for instance, you needn't be particular about your medium. A—a barber can convey all he knows about love on a ukelele. Violins, too—they have their place, of course."

He looked at me as if he was half hoping I'd dispute him. But I didn't speak, and he went on.

"But the affairs of the soul, it isn't a matter of melody with them. Birth, death, what is their essence? Rhythm! The voices of sense fall silent before those two events," says Perrine, "and you've got to bring the message home with another voice, a voice that goes beyond the scanty limitations of pitch and sound, that reaches down and grips the very heart of man. And then"—Perrine wagged his long forefinger at me and his eyes glowed with enthusiasm—"then man goes back to the elemental voice of music, the drum!"

He reached back and caressed the squat log against which he leaned, and his action brought light.

"That's a drum!" I said.

He bowed his head in almost reverent assent. "A perfect instrument, humanly speaking. And to think how far I had to travel before I found it!" He ran his hand again over its squat side, and then I saw that the wood was polished, probably by the caressing touch of hundreds of hands. It was no instrument of Perrine's and my generation, that was plain.

I bent to examine it, when suddenly an exclamation from Perrine made me look up.

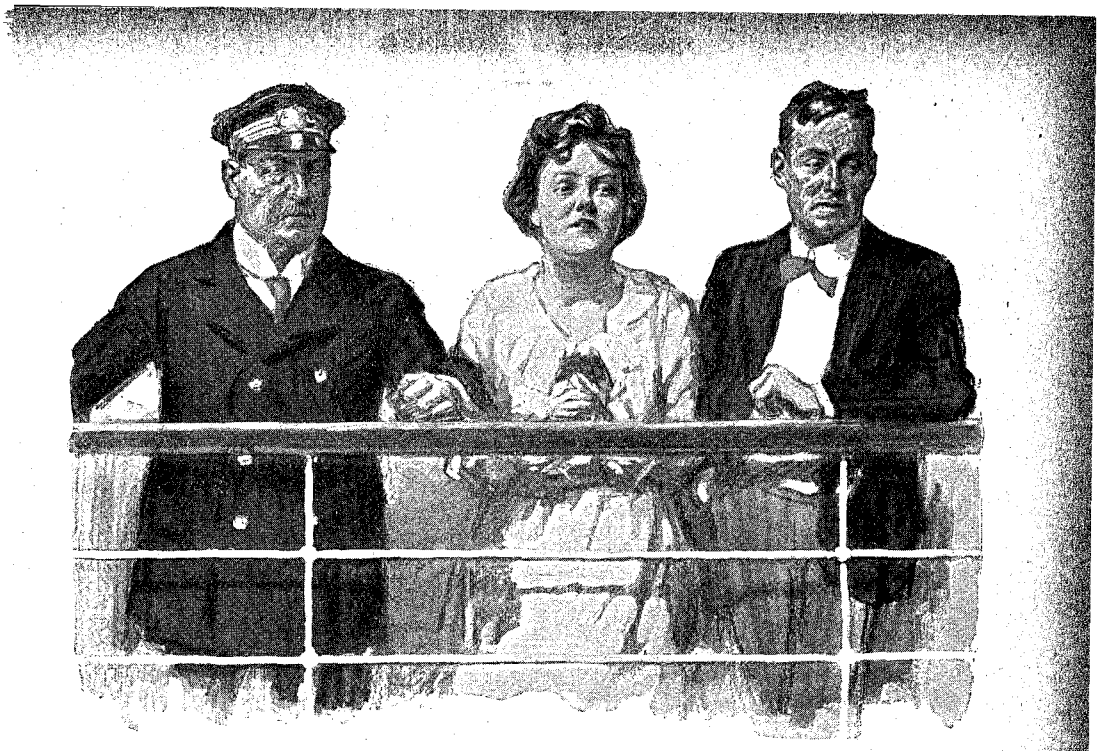
"They are carrying something on their shoulders!" he said. "They are going up to the chief's village."

I followed his eyes and saw some figures silhouetted for a moment on a jutting turn in the path that cut the opposite wall of the gorge a mile away.

"It is the chief's son Saraka," I said. "That is how we came to Tumul. He had died at the mission and we brought him home."

"Saraka!" Perrine repeated. "Dead! I said they oughtn't to send him there," he went on after a moment. "An education? Contact with civilization? Pshaw! That barber was a product. Saraka dead! Why, he was music, that boy. To see him running, to hear his laughter in the forest! But the captain wouldn't listen to me. Because he had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The captain saw it, too, and he straightened up and watched it.—Page 708.

picked me off a floating spar in mid-ocean he would have it that my brain was touched. He pities me."

I saw that the captain's pity sat lightly on Perrine. I began to see something else, too, that with all his harking back to old prejudices Perrine was a bigger man than when he left Fairfield. He stood watching that slow procession winding up the mountain trail, and then he turned to me with a light in his deep-set eyes I had never seen there before.

"I must not wait for them to break the news to the old chief," he said. "The captain is a good man, but he will not know how to tell him. That is my part."

He picked up two black sticks strung together on a thong and tipped with pads of soft skin, and stood for a moment with his head on one side, as if listening to some sound I could not hear. The wind had died away and it was very still up there on the plateau. Not a sound came from the forest, not even a parrot's cry.

And then Perrine began beating. It was nothing regular at first, just a heavy, jerky succession of blows like a deep voice telling leaden news. When he had done there was a silence, and then from across the gorge came a few sharp, despairing notes in answer.

"What is it?" I asked. "What does it mean?"

"I told him that his son is dead," said Perrine solemnly, "and he understands. "But I have more to say. I must not let him mourn as those without hope."

I'd never thought of Perrine as a religious man. In fact, his wife had always given the impression that he was quite otherwise. But that lean face of his with its hooked nose had the look of one of those old Bible prophets as he bent to his drum again.

At first I thought that soft beating was my own heart and it frightened me. But as it grew in volume it seemed to come from the earth, from the trees around, and without changing the pitch it changed the thing it was saying, I can't tell you how. I'm not an imaginative man, but I heard strange things in that drum. It was as if it wrapped one round, took him up, made him part of its steady beating, drew the very soul out into a rhythm that had neither time nor space but was eternal.

Eternal rhythm; I believe that there

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was the comfort of it. Youth, laughter, all the things that make the dead dear and remembered for us, they were in the voice of that solemn pleading drum. Perrine was telling you that they could not die.

I don't know if all this came to me at the time. Perhaps not, but many a time since I've thought about it, puzzling out the message. I've had to, you see, for Molly's laughter, too, is a part of it now.

When the last note died away across the gorge Perrine let the sticks fall from his hand and stood with his head a little bent, listening. A single deep note came from the opposite hill.

"He understands," said Perrine.

Well, I left him there. The sun had dropped into the sea the sudden way it does in tropical countries, and far below I saw the captain and the men gathering by the boat again. I left him there without so much as a good-by that I can remember, and there have been bitter times since when I've wondered at my madness in not staying with him till I'd learned all his drum could tell me. Maybe, though, it couldn't have told me anything, not really. Maybe the captain was right and Perrine was a bit touched, and up there on the plateau I'd just caught his madness for a moment. I'm sure the barber fellow would think so. But then I'm not so sure that the barber fellow had the last word on life.

"Well, what set you to hunting me down?"—Page 710.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A GROUP OF POEMS FOR THE SEASON

THE NATIVITY

By Edith Dickins

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY C. BOSSERON CHAMBERS

THE dark hills lie against the night,
Far off, across the midnight blue
The soft bells speak the old, glad joy
Like angel's footsteps echoing through
The veils of light, that fold on fold
Drift dark across God's stairs of gold.

There was a bitter field to-night
Where red blood stained the Christmas white.

The altar's fragrant incense dims
The new born glory, pictured there,
How quietly the old, old light
Falls on the Blessed Mother's hair,
The good St. Joseph, half asleep,
The shepherds, and the gentle sheep.

Like a sharp sword, the night wind's breath
Went through the hearts alone with death.

How could they smile so peacefully,
Like dreams of calm, forgotten years,
When all the war-wracked, tortured world
Spent its mad grief in blood and tears—
When children in their terror wild
Cried vainly to the Holy Child?

Torn hands into the hard earth pressed—
Once rose leaves on the mother's breast.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

O war and agony and tears!
How many hundred years of red
And bitter woe, have torn with grief
Poor innocent glad hearts, long dead,
Yet still across the worlds that weep
He smiles a blessing on the sheep!

Lost on strange roads, the long, dark night
They were so small, in God's great sight.

His voice is softer than the snow
Where all life's ruined glory lies,—
O patient hands that bless us still
The weary soul's last sacrifice
Ends not upon the blood stained sod,
And love itself goes home to God!

O Mary, in the shadows deep
Against thy heart they fell asleep!

Shine, light, across the troubled years,
Sleep, little lambs, the long night through,
White angels singing down the stars,
Earth's broken voices answer you;
O Holy Child, we bring Thee still
The empty hearts Thy love shall fill!

DAY AND NIGHT

By Sara Teasdale

In Warsaw in Poland
Half the world away,
The soul I love the best
Thought of me to-day;

I know, for I went
Winged as a bird,
In the wide flowing wind
His own voice I heard;

His arms were around me
In a ferny place,
I looked in the pool
And there was his face—

But now it is night
And the cold stars say:
"Warsaw in Poland
Is half the world away."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FINALE

By Danford Barney

THERE is an end; I knew it must be so—
An end with the dissolving of mad tears,
When all the blinded eyes must see anew
The olden ways adorned in ecstasy.
Oh, figure of the long imprisoned hours,
Shall you be waiting, kindly as of yore,
Kindly and wise to long enduring hurt
That may not speak, nor yet be understood,
When we return, oh, to far paradise?
And wind's dim murmur down the lonesome valley
Hazy in summer noon, and western light,
And music from the throats of arbored birds,
And lazy hum of drowsy crawling things
Warm with uncountered rest, and, above all,
The sullen beat of seas beyond a hill
Deep with gigantic distance, sad with faith
Eternal, and eternal as their tides—
These and the everlasting shall we find,
Free limbed and these lips free of false denials,
To flout the passionate gales, to whisper tales
At twilight, sing and chatter with the world?

"Beauty of woman, comrade, earth, and sea":
God, that the mind should ever have conceived
Such benisons to make or break in dreams,
Dreams ill begotten in these far stark fields!
Beauty, the living, it must come again,
Since words we sought to say for comrade's sake
Were bantered by the faithless, and we lost
The little vestige of the truth we were;
And those who wore authority to save,
Making it pride to scourge our holier hours,
Shall creep to knock upon the outer gate
To beg admittance . . . Glad, immaculate heart,
It shall be ours to resurrect these dead
With ours the everlasting sweet accord,
Ever the eyes in which you set the fire
Immortal from this travesty of war.
And we'll go down the rich, familiar lanes
Of eager faces as we went before,
Taking the reed these lesser sought to break,
Go down old lanes, or by new hearth fires pipe
To weary children ditties of glad lore!

In the Field, A. E. F., November 9, 1918.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SACRIFICE

By Margaret E. Sangster, Jr.

DRAWING BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

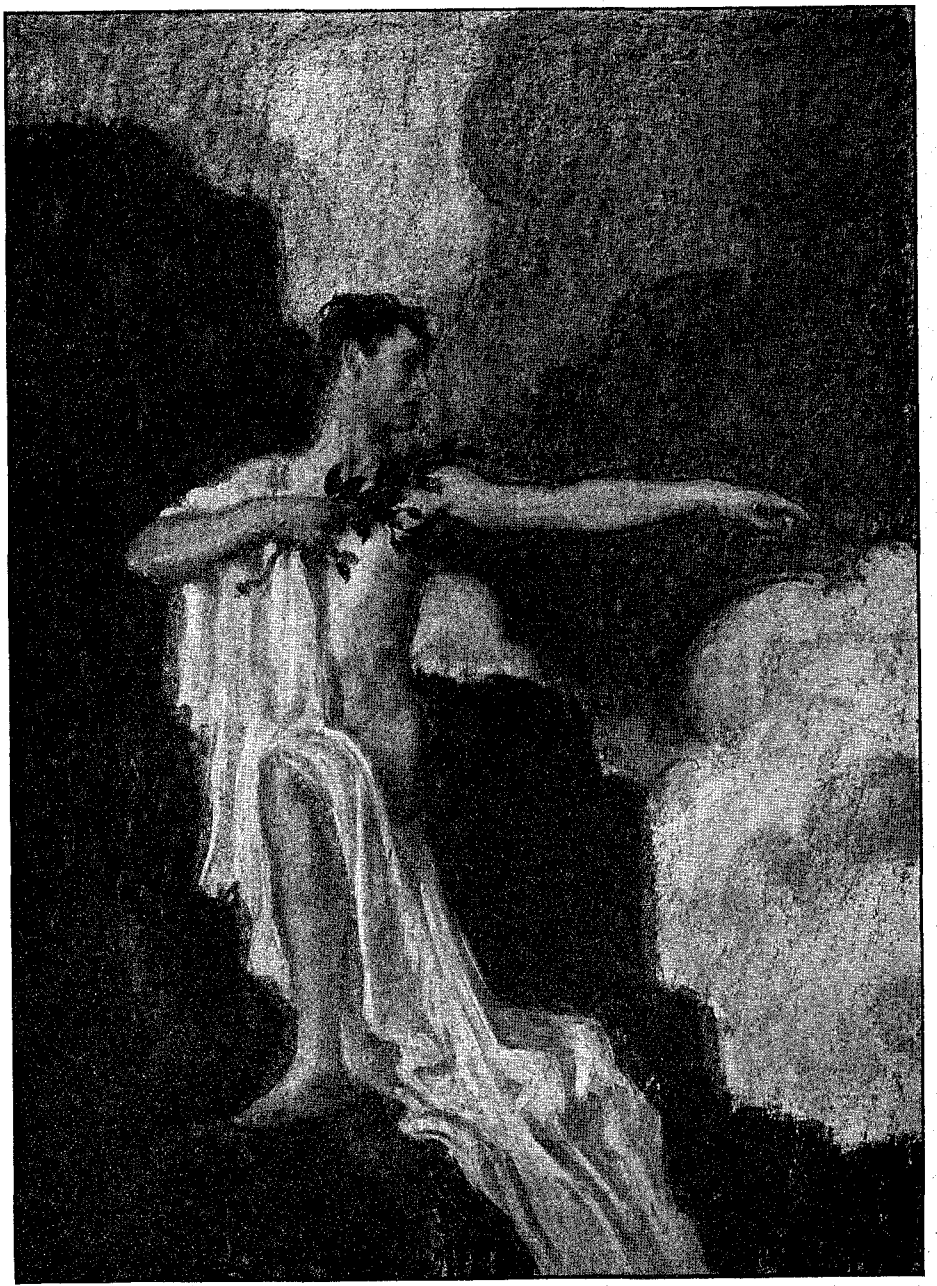
I STARTED out in a cloak of pride,
With talent, too, that I did not hide;
I started out on Life's stony road,
Ambition's weight was my only load;
And the way seemed fair in the dawn's first glow,
And I hurried—ran—*for I did not know!*

Love smiled from a garden by the way,
And called to me, but I would not stray
From the road that stretched like a ribbon white,
Up endless hills to an endless night.
Love smiled at me, but I pushed ahead,
And Love fell back in the garden—dead,
But I did not care as I hastened by,
And I did not pause for regret or sigh. . . .
The road before was a path of hope,
And every hill with its gentle slope
Led up to heights I had dreamed and prayed
To reach some day.
Ah, I might have stayed
With Love and Youth in the garden gay,
That smiled at me from beside the way.

I plodded up, and the gentle hills
Grew hard to climb, and the laughing rills
Were torrents peopled with sodden forms;
The sky grew black with the hint of storms,
And rocks leaped out, and they bruised my feet,
And faint I grew in the fever heat.
(But ever on led the path that lay
As gray as dust in the waning day.)
My back was bent, and my heart was sore,
And the cloak of pride that I grandly wore
Was rent, and patched for all eyes to see—
Ambition, talent, seemed naught to me. . . .
But I struggled on till I reached the top,
For only then did I dare to stop!

I stood on the summit gazing down,
And the earth looked sordid and dull and brown,
And neutral-tinted and neutral-souled;
And all of life seemed a story told,
And the only spot that was bright to see
Was a patch of green that had bloomed for me
Where a garden lived in a spring long fled,
When Love stood smiling—
But Love was dead!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

The Sacrifice.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POET AND CHILD

By Ada Foster Murray

Life had so much to say to you—
Her voice was golden-throated;
Above the waves of care and grief you floated
Because you heard her song.
No leaden day was long
For you who kept the colors and the dew,
The leafy, hidden pleasaunces that grew
Close by your open road of friendly living;
These still had filled your strong heart with thanksgiving
Had you come back maimed, blind, or suffering.

But ah, no singer shall your years rehearse
With the old poets ambered in your verse.
Not yours to grow, dark-boughed, serenely rooted
In the quick earth to which your senses clung
While yet the spirit's reach was heaven-fruited.
We, beggared of the songs you must have sung,
See you with him who found it rich to die
Before his sun was high.
Your voice is clear with all the singing young.

Of priceless treasures are you repossessed?—
The Rose you loved to wear upon your breast,
Has she not found again that gracious rest?
Through sunny fields and wide—
Fields sweet with new and memoried loveliness—
She dances now delighted at your side,
Fair in her broidered daintiness of dress.
What were your Palm of Gold, your Croix de Guerre
Beside this rose that God gave you to wear?
Dearer than all the saints and poets now
The thrill of the live curls about her brow.

That early autumn day
Before you went away
There was a Fear that swept her from your side.
Strange seem that black mirage and ghostly ride
Now that you both have died.
No mist of tender longing veils her days,
Yet you who went by such divergent ways
Have the same joy of wonder in your gaze.

There are so many stairways to the stars;
But hers was triple-garlanded with flowers,
Made white with violets for the small still feet
That never knew the street,
Or even the kind softness of the sod.
Swift was her way to God;
So short the space

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She could not miss the shining of His face.
But by what stair of flame,
Still undismayed, to this green peace you came!

Cloud-like and beautiful some souls trail by
And on the years' horizons fade and die;
But some shine as a star,
Steadfast—so near, so far.

THE MYSTERY

(EXCEPT YE BECOME AS LITTLE CHILDREN . . .)

By Tertius van Dyke

I SAID I will fight my way
Through the riddle of history
To the very heart of the mystery
In the press of the thickest fray;

I will join in the eager quest
For the thing that a man desires:
I will win my way through the blazing fires
To the end of life's bitter jest.

So I swung my sword on high,
And I struck with a right good will;
But the leaping blade could never still
My spirit's secret cry.

Smitten at last I fell
In the clash of the whirling strife,
And my spirit slid betwixt death and life
To the trembling brink of hell.

I woke in the flower-starred grass
'Neath an arch of June-blue sky:
And I heard wild bird songs drifting by
And I felt cloud shadows pass.

And a little lad ran up
With a merry-serious face,
And thrust with a child's unmannered grace
A dripping leaf-made cup.

And when I had drunk, he said:
"If you like I could be your guide
And walk with you by the quiet brookside
Till the sun is gone to bed.

"There's many a thing to see!"
He cried with glowing eyes,
"And the best of all is a great surprise
Called the heart of mystery."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You've seen it, my little lad?"—
"And I'll show it to you!" he cried,
"If you'll only come where the violets hide
And let your face be glad."

"But how do I know you speak true?
Little lad, I grow old in that quest,
But not since a child has my heart found rest—
Now who in the world are you?"

He laughed: "I should think you would know,"
And paused,—then I heard with a start
While the old joys surged through my trembling heart
"We were playmates long ago."

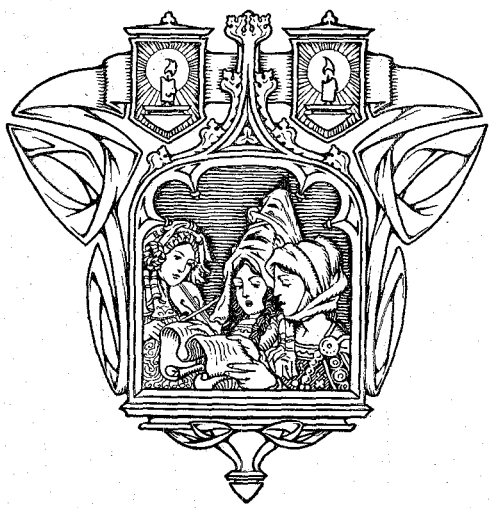
THE HOSTS OF MARY

By Theodosia Garrison

She came unto a great tree
With low boughs and fair,
Out of the hard road
And the noon's glare;
The cool shade encircled her
Like kind arms there.

She came unto a still brook
In a green place;
There did she wash the dust
From her sweet face,
There did she stoop and drink,
And rest a space.

The great tree, the little brook,
Kind hosts were they;
Think you she thought of them
At end of day,
When from the inn's closed door
She turned away?



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHEN HIS SHIPS CAME IN

By Maxwell Struthers Burt
Author of "John O'May," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY ELENORE PLAISTED ABBOTT

IN reality this isn't a story at all; it is a statement of a state of mind, or, rather, a statement of two different states of mind; and it begins at Oxford and ends with ships—long ships in the dusk of a green harbor.

It begins—the statement—on a November afternoon with the visit of a certain Perry Drake to my college rooms.

There was a mist about; one of those dripping, soft English mists that wrap themselves around the throat of the country like a damp gray muffler, and I had come back from a long walk, up the Isis and across it and beyond, to where there is a ruined convent that once sheltered Fair Rosamond, engaged in complicating the already complicated life of Henry II. Only low and crumbled walls are left now, and inside these cows graze, and on the other side undergraduates sail, without skill and amidst great excitement, small sailboats on the narrow river. One thinks, especially on gray days, about the shortness of mortal things—a great love and then a little heap of stones and undergraduates sailing boats.

In the town itself the mist oozed along The High and poured through the narrow streets on either side. There was a smell of dampness from old stone buildings and the pervading smell of sour bread that haunts all Oxford. When I came to my college I ordered tea, and I ran up the three flights of stairs that led to my room, and locked the door, and stirred the fire, and turned up the lamp. I was glad to shut out the mist and the gathering darkness and the memory of the shaken walls that had once been the secret room of Fair Rosamond—I did not know that within a few minutes my mind, far from being filled with a sense of the shortness of mortal things, was to be filled instead with a sense of mortality in all its pride. For young Drake, you see, came in.

Some one knocked at the door, and I answered, rather crossly, I am afraid, and the door opened, and a tall, slim, gorgeous figure stepped across the threshold. In the shadows, where for a moment it hesitated, I could make out only the indisputable cut of the dark clothes, the sleekness of the gold hair, a hint of a canary-colored hunting waistcoat. I am a quiet man; I had spent my year and a month at Oxford quietly; I did not know, except casually, any "hunting bloods"; therefore I was at a loss to understand this visit. I remained ungraciously in my chair.

The gorgeous figure stepped forward—into the light. A distinct aura of splendor disturbed the old-fashioned shabbiness of my rooms. Then the gorgeous figure smiled and spoke. "I say," it said, with the most adept of British intonations, "you *are* jolly hospitable, aren't you?" and out of the limbo of the past appeared to me the name, Perry Drake.

Inevitably, of course, I made the wrong gesture; I jumped to my feet and thrust out my hand and uttered words of extravagant American greeting. I shouldn't have; I realized that in a moment. Transatlantic enthusiasm means no more, as a matter of fact, than English stolidity; it is a symbol, a convention; but it is a symbol the English don't like. They prefer to recognize all but their very oldest friends as if the one thing that restrained positive hatred was the fact that according to the common law all men have a right to live. The English head for democracy does strange things to the English heart for exclusiveness. And young Drake set me back to the exact line of acquaintanceship where I belonged; he set me back beautifully, gracefully; not even permitting himself

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a touch of the tolerant amusement due the accustomed aristocrat.

Then he sat down. He drew out an amber cigarette-holder and lit a cigarette. He accepted a cup of tea from my hands and ate a formidable muffin. I suggested a Scotch and soda; he acquiesced.

"I'm not drinkin' a great lot," he observed. "Oh, well, every now and then on a bing, perhaps—but as a rule. . . . Y'see, I want to really do something in the grind this year. Last year I think I was a hundred rods at least behind the last man."

"The 'varsity grind?" I asked weakly.

He smiled broadly.

"Hardly that," he said; "not yet awhile—the college grind."

The college grind! That was enough! A grind, let it be remarked, is a point-to-point—a cross-country—horse race; much more desperate even than the ordinary steeplechase. Some of the Oxford colleges—the "smarter" Oxford colleges—hold them annually, and there is every year a major one between Oxford and Cambridge. And, to my positive knowledge, or rather, for I hadn't seen him for nine years, to my positive impression, young Drake had never been astride a horse in his life until, two years before, he had come to England.

"You hunt regularly?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. Of course."

Not to hunt, I gathered, was beyond the imagination, like not brushing your teeth or forgetting to make your hair very neat. Being a poor man I congratulated myself that I was at a college the chief interests of which were rowing and football and other inexpensive sports.

It was all very bewildering. I brooded upon young Drake as he sat opposite me across the fireplace. I endeavored to fit him into the credible, endeavored to bridge the difference between the boy I had known at school and this evident product of an old and colorful civilization. I have used the word gorgeous, but the adjective needs, of course, amplification. Drake was gorgeous only in the way a gentleman can be gorgeous; a gorgeousness of subdued perfection, that is, all but the canary hunting waistcoat, a gorgeousness of texture and exquisite selection; not of hue. His gestures, his voice, his ornaments were flawless, from his quiet accent to the plain gold of his cigarette-case and the clouded amber of his cigarette-holder. Here, so all of these seemed to say, is a man who, being born to the choice of everything, chooses by instinct, infallibly, with an untaught precision that is the result of centuries marking the delicate channels of blood and brain, the one right thing of each variety. This is the sign, isn't it, of aristocracy reached an ultimate flowering?

I remembered him, remembered Drake, so distinctly at school; a small, thin, meagre boy, who wore poor clothes and had a perpetual cold in his nose. He was, if I am not mistaken, the only son of a poverty-stricken college professor. I bullied him; we all bullied him. We hated the way his shock of light hair stood straight up on end; we hated his bright, furtive, intelligent, rat-like blue eyes; and, above all, we hated his extraordinary powers of concentration and his ability to get, one way or another, what he wanted; the manner in which he captured school prizes. A very unlikable, very distinguished, in a nasty way, little boy. And then he had disappeared from my horizon as schoolmates do. Vague rumors had reached me that he had gone to an American university and that subsequently he had been sent by a doting aunt, whom I knew to be not overly rich, to Oxford. In the year that I myself "had been up" one or two Englishmen had asked me if I knew him. "A compatriot of yours. Rather a good sort, I understand. Belongs to that hunting set at 'Duns.'" I had admitted a slight acquaintanceship; as a matter of fact, I was rather afraid of what, I was beginning to realize, had become a shining presence. Saint Dunstan was a great and powerful college; merely to go there set a mark upon a young man's brow; to belong to "the hunting set" meant a further admittance to the inmost circle of English youth. But there had been one young man, bland and very wise for his years, who had allowed his voice to curdle slightly. "Drake? Oh, yes! I've hunted with him. Do you know him well enough to advise him to go at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it a bit more slowly? He'll break his neck, y'see, and—" and here he had opened his eyes very wide and fixed them upon me with a sudden amused look—"that'd be a pity, for your friend Drake is going far—he's going just as far as he wants." There had been some added comments on "the extraordinary capacity of Americans to get what they wanted when they wanted it"; and then, "Really, you know," had proceeded my bland interlocutor, "under all your surface warmth you're a damned cold-blooded lot, you Americans."

And now here was the shining presence himself; sitting opposite me; drinking my Scotch and soda; smiling at me; having sought me out himself.

Finally he got to his feet.

"I've been meanin'," he said, "to look you up all along, but never got round to it. Now I have, I want to see a lot of you. Come to 'Duns'—first quad—just beyond the big gate, second entry, ground floor. The porter'll tell you. They're rather bad rooms, though interesting—all sorts of prime ministers and colonial governors and things have had 'em." He paused, as if struck by a sudden thought. "What are you doin' next Sunday night?"

I admitted an embarrassing lack of engagements.

"Good! Then you'll dine with me. We've a little club that dines every fortnight. I'll get the secretary to send you a formal invitation. Come to my rooms at seven." And he departed.

His steps sounded on the long flights of stone stairs; then the door into the quadrangle opened and banged to. It was exactly as if the mist, broken for a while by a shaft of brilliant sunlight, had shut down again.

Somewhere in the pleasant but drunken eighteenth century there were founded in most of the Oxford colleges what are known as "wine clubs"; informal organizations, in a way, but extremely formal as to who shall or shall not belong to them. They wear hatbands, thus adding to the already bewildering profusion of Oxford life in this respect, and as a rule they hold fortnightly dinners, on which occasions the members decorate themselves with distinguishing marks; a certain claret-colored dress coat, for instance, or an evening waistcoat of rainbow hues, or a broad ribbon across the shirt front. And they are very beautiful, these dinners, and unlike anything else in the world, especially when, as is sometimes the case, they are held in the college dining-hall itself late on a Sunday night, when every one else is through. Then the portraits of dead college worthies and of generous peers and of great men who went to the college look down from the wainscoted walls, and above, in the arched ceiling, where the heavy oaken beams are, rich shadows lie, and to one end of the hall, in stone fireplaces, high as a man's head, fires crackle. The long table of polished wood, undishonored by napery, flows like a canal ablaze for a festival between the dim walls on either side, and in its ruddy depths are caught and held the lights of candles in great silver candelabra, and the warm colors of bowls of fruit, and the pooled reflections of port and claret and sherry and madeira in cut-glass decanters. This is very fine and unforgettable; but the thing you remember most perhaps is the score or more of keen young faces about the table, with their odd mixture of gravity and mischief, of English wit and English reserve, of the wildness of English youth—greater than any wildness American youth can conjure—fused through and through with, what is so foreign to an American, instant recognition of all tradition great or small. One sees curious little duels going on between champagne, too liberally indulged in, and a desire to perform with due gravity the after-dinner ceremony of inhaling snuff. . . . No, I don't think people forget Oxford . . . those who have gone there. Particularly now, in these strange, dark times.

And it was to such a "wine club" that Drake had invited me for Sunday night; only among other "wine clubs" it was like a perfect sherry compared with sherries just merely good. One sat, as it were, at the very inner shrine; at the heart of the British Empire between the ages of twenty and twenty-three. When Drake had asked me so modestly and deprecatingly I had had no idea of the importance of his words. For the Me-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ridian Club of Saint Dunstan's had been, you see, the breathing spot of so many famous men, born famous or become famous, that one grew weary of thinking of them, as one does of thinking about the epitaphs on the tombstones of an abbey; and the Meridian Club was so "smart" that it had no uniform at all, save the conventional one of evening dress, and never dined "in hall," but had its own rooms over a little tailor-shop in a small street leading off The High; just two rooms, rather disdainfully shabby; and in one you sat and smoked, and in the other there was nothing but a table, blazing with silver, and around the walls the serried coats of arms of all the former members. That was all; very simple, except that the Meridian Club had its own chef and its own vintage wines and its port with a history of sea voyages, and that each fortnightly dinner cost each member a matter of four pounds apiece, and that prime ministers had been known to consider an invitation to dine there an honor. And now here was Drake, an American, the son of a poverty-stricken professor, leading me from his rooms, across the street, and up the narrow historic stairs. I was torn between pride in a compatriot and wonderment. I was making rapid calculations, decidedly interesting but hardly proper for a guest to make; eight months of term and two of them crossed out for holidays—for so the Oxford year is reckoned—make a total of fourteen Sundays on which to give dinners; and fourteen dinners at four pounds apiece would amount to fifty-six pounds, and fifty-six pounds in American money are two hundred and eighty dollars, and Drake, or so at least I had heard on good authority, had an allowance of just fifteen hundred annually from his aunt.

"Here we are!" he said, and the next moment we found ourselves in an anteroom filled with refulgent youths—twelve members; twelve guests. And then dinner was announced, and we went into the shabby little room beyond, where the silver shone and the serried coats of arms twinkled in the shadows of the background.

I don't remember much about that dinner; to begin with, it was all too new, too interesting to admit of any immediate definite impression; and to end with, somewhere about the middle course some one began to press a peculiarly excellent burgundy upon me, and after that, as far as I was concerned, the atmosphere grew charmingly claret-colored and pleasantly devoid of any accurate thinking. Drake and his friends talked the language of the English aristocracy, a sort of Manchu dialect I have never been able quite to master; and the young man on my right, whom they called "Tummy" and who I subsequently discovered was the son of the most famous man of the day, was apparently interested only, and that sleepily but passionately, in beagles, an animal of which I am entirely ignorant. Drake spoke to me only twice. Once, in a silence, he asked me if I had been "huntin' much," and when I answered that I was too poor, he smiled pityingly and asked me "what I thought he was," and advised me to set about hiring "a hack" immediately.

"They only cost a pound an afternoon, y'know," he volunteered further, "and they're not bad; although, of course, a hireling is never like your own horse." I admitted that "a hireling" wasn't, although personally I had never had the satisfaction of owning my own horse.

And again, later on, I have an impression of his complaining bitterly into my ear about the difficulties he was encountering in obtaining a proper coat of arms from the American jeweller to whom he had intrusted that delicate task. "The blighted asses can't find the proper colors," he explained. "They've got the quarterings and all that, but not the colors. Tiresome, isn't it? And every one that belongs here has to hang up his arms before he goes down from Oxford."

At this moment the room happened to be more than usually ruddy and soft and delightful, and I was stricken with an urgent desire to laugh, loudly and boisterously; a desire which fortunately I restrained. I could not, however, rid myself entirely of a mental image of a duck rampant swallowing a frog couchant, and the idea seemed at the time so funny to me that I longed to tell Drake about it. Instead, I merely observed that I under-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by Elenore Abbott.

Somehow I understood Drake's attitude toward her, even if I did not fully sympathize with it.—Page 729.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stood it was difficult enough to obtain even a proper coat of arms, let alone such esoteric additions as armorial colorings.

"Really?" he said. "I dare say it is. I hadn't thought of that. Yes, no doubt."

And he really hadn't. That was the astonishing thing. Despite the claret-colored warmth in which, for me, the room then swam, an intuition came to me at the moment that later on I substantiated. No, Drake hadn't realized the difficulties that would surround an American jeweller attempting to reconstruct the Drake coat of arms. Extraordinary!

"They're wonderful little devils," said the passionately sleepy young man on my left; "wonderful! Of course, I can't spend all my time with 'em, but for the last three years. . . . Lots keener than big hounds, y'know. . . . Good old Drake!" He bowed elaborately and "took wine" with my host, who had raised his glass of burgundy. "Know Drake well?" he asked in an aside, the ceremony completed. "Splendid fellow, Drake! Splendid!" And he closed his eyes as if the strain of the conversation had been too much for him.

Later on there hung in the balance a dreadful moment when, after the invariable English custom, I was called upon to speak.

"Cheerio!" said "Tummy," opening his eyes; and I am not in the least sure what would have happened if, at the other end of the table, a young and burly peer had not instantly got to his feet and, entirely unaware of my presence, addressed the assemblage. For five minutes he addressed it beautifully; with wit, with precision, fluently, with just the right touch of tenderness; then he waved his hand; "Auld lang syne!" he said, and fell straight back into the sea-coal fire behind him, from which he was rescued, quietly and expeditiously, and with a faint smell of singed hair, by two excellently trained servants. It seemed an extraordinary exhibition of some sort of noblesse oblige. Just what sort, it was rather difficult to determine; but one was aware of an extreme effort of will.

And then the dinner was over, and we all poured out into the quiet and shadowy and sober Oxford streets. There was a vague mist come up from the river that touched our cheeks with coolness and hung in white streamers about parapets and gables.

I don't know why, in his busy and acquaintance-cluttered life, Drake should have singled me out as he did; I don't know why to this day, although I have often thought about it. Possibly I represented a connection with things which, although he had forgot them almost entirely, might still have held a small, blurred sentimental place in his heart; possibly it was a roundabout way of heaping coals of fire upon my head for unforgiven schoolboy arrogance; or possibly he may just have liked me. But the last explanation seems hardly credible when one considers that Drake obviously was not in the habit of allowing his affections to interfere with the steady flow of his ambitions. Perhaps the most plausible interpretation, although not the kindest, was that he desired an audience; picked me out as the one person in Oxford qualified fully to appreciate the great distance he had come. At all events, from the time of the dinner on I saw of him, that winter, a lot; and I am glad I did, for it left in my mind pictures of a life which otherwise I would have missed and which possibly will never be quite the same again. There was a spaciousness about it, a secure gayety unlike, I imagine, any other life in the world. Even the wealthiest Americans do not escape the inheritance, the environment, of national haste and anxiety. But here were people so sure of themselves and their possessions, so much a part of the sequence of gracious generations, that they had had the time to cultivate all the beautiful and happy things of life until charm lay upon them like the bloom of espaliered peaches. And they were curiously modest people; curiously modest and brave. It was as if they were so linked with history that their own individualities were both heightened and yet concomitantly rendered as nothing; as if, that is, these individualities could be flung away in the face of need, and yet, because of their links with the past and the future, never entirely lost. The fear of death is, after all, only the fear of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a loss of personality. It is a democratic fear.

Drake had me frequently to lunch with him at the Gridiron Club, a university organization, and he took me to the rooms of the Bullingdon, another university club and perhaps the most exclusive in England, the gold buttons of its waistcoats costing alone forty pounds—here again a cause for thought about Drake's finances—and drove me, in his "smart" little trap, to pigeon shoots and race meets, and even on occasions lent me hunters, whether his own or whether hired by him, I never could altogether tell. He seemed oblivious to debt, as if he floated in a translucent medium far above the mundane fogs and worries of ordinary humanity. There was a perambulating roulette-wheel that fled from room to room and college to college, pursued by deans who never quite caught up, and Drake, with incredible sang-froid, staked and won, or lost, gold pieces upon it. Also he sat in at baccarat, that most desperate of games, with a smiling indifference.

But I liked best the drives and the rides I took with him. Concerning these there linger with me fragmentary memories as cool and misty and flowing as the smooth roads and hedges and small fields through which we passed. Sometimes, coming home, we would stop at an inn for tea in some village as sweet and ruddy as an autumn apple. Then we would get back to Oxford late, just as the lamps along The High were blossoming into the mystery of the night. There was about this an untellable quiet elation, a sense of spiritual richness and of tradition, a feeling of meeting, with only the difference of your own personality, an adventure infinitely ancient and yet an adventure new with the coming of each new generation. Here was England; old as beauty; young as the youngest hawthorne blossom.

And yet perhaps the most I gained from Drake was not at Oxford, but during the Christmas vacation when, by some hook or crook, and for reasons entirely his own, he got me an invitation to stay at the house of his friend, Willy Harboard, in Devonshire. And, moreover, here for the first time I was able to get some light upon Drake himself. He was, you see, among intimate friends; relieved from the minute inspection of university life; and, most important of all, for here a man's real character is most likely to show, he was in the presence of women—two of them young and pretty women; Willy Harboard's sisters, the Honorable Diana and the Honorable Elizabeth Harboard; very natural young women, mischievous and humorous and quick to detect what the English call "swank."

Yet they seemed to like Drake immensely, particularly the younger—"Beth," she was called. I even suspected more than a liking on her part. Into her very perfect blue eyes came odd little shadows, hesitancies of vision when Drake was about.

And, you understand, I was not altogether prepared for this; I was not altogether willing to accept Drake at the valuation evidently put upon him by his particular circle of friends at Oxford. Even at the best, expatriation always is a trifle meretricious, always carries a slight aroma of grease paint; one is aware of a certain ultimate lack of fineness of brain and heart. The fine man works within the compass of his limitations, he does not try to escape them; indeed, he rather rejoices in his limitations since they force effort upon him; moreover, his is the vision to see that in every land and every people there is beauty, even if it isn't the particular kind of beauty that appeals most to him. But if in Drake's attitude there was meretriciousness, it was a meretriciousness difficult to detect. I had thought against the background of a less crowded life, with people more simple than undergraduates ever dare to be, he would bulk rather comically; that the power his greater age and experience gave him at the university would be discounted. I was wrong; there seemed no break in his shining armor. Apparently only my bland friend at Oxford and myself held the key to the falseness of this position; but it was a key that wouldn't unlock.

I experienced again the intuition that had come to me at the Meridian dinner, when Drake had expressed his surprise at American jewellers encountering difficulties in putting together American

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

coats of arms. Here was no ordinary acting, but an immense effort of will that had produced a complete and exceptional metamorphosis of blood and nationality. One could admire Drake's determination, if not his judgment. And, in order to get along with him with any great degree of understanding, it was necessary to subscribe to his own estimate of himself; to take him, that is, not as a transplanted American but as an Englishman; to permit him to regard me not as a fellow American would have done, but as a kindly Englishman, fond of his transatlantic cousins, would have regarded an acquaintance from across the seas.

And yet I could not altogether avoid an unconscious taking for granted common sympathies and mutual national understandings that were not there; as a result I frequently had the baffled feeling of coming up against a stone wall in the dark.

Drake asked me questions that would seem possible only to an Englishman; an Englishman who had been much in America, but who suffered, of course, from the inevitable obfuscation of even the most broad-minded of his race where other peoples are concerned.

He swung his stick as we came out of the belt of woods that framed the green park of the Harboard place to the west and shut it off from the sea. Suddenly we were upon the edge of a great white cliff that fell away to a stretch of shining sand; and beyond the sand was the blue water with sea-gulls wheeling, and, far out, a tramp steamer drawing a line of dirty smoke across the horizon.

"Oh, yes," he said definitely, "American women are infinitely cleverer than English women; much more amusin'. I'd a hundred times rather talk to them; but they aren't really women at all; they're beautiful exclamation points."

I found myself indignant—I was not thoroughly broken in as yet, as you perceive. "How the devil can you say that," I objected, "when you must have had, unless you were unlike every other young man of twenty-two, at least some sort of sentimental relationship with some American girl before you left; when you've had American aunts and an American mother? You know as well as I do that, under surface differences, women the world over, and men too, are just about the same; particularly women."

He looked at me with the quietly amused eyes possible only to an Englishman in the presence of a man of another race irritated by English comment. He was entirely unconvinced, but he admired my "spunk." He even became largely confidential, as an Englishman will, once you talk back to him. He confided to me that he would like to fall in love with his friend Elizabeth Harboard.

"Then why don't you?" I retorted, still brutally obstinate. "You would if you were an American; and the fact that you have neither money nor position would only be an added incentive."

He was amused by that, too, as if he had been listening to an eager, thoughtless child. Back of him was a wiser, more worldly tradition; a tradition that did not permit the desires of an individual, at least not publicly, to interfere with much more important duties toward the race.

Here, of course, was an absolute break in national agreement. No American is disciplined along such lines to any great extent. We marry more passionately than any blood in the world, even if we do remain married less passionately. And yet the other prescription must be very strong to those who live under it.

We left the cliffs, Drake and I, and walked back through the belt of woods, damp and golden brown in their January garb, and came to the foot of the wide lawn that swept upward to the long gray-brown house, sheltered in its great trees. It stood out from the mist of the approaching dusk like an immense cross set up centuries before for the guidance of men. A herd of fallow deer grazing to one side of us raised their heads as we passed. As we crossed the terrace and went up the main steps, soft lights broke out along the weather-beaten façade. In the hall within, before the huge carved fireplace, the radiance of lamps touching her brown hair to gold, Elizabeth Harboard was sitting. She looked up and smiled at us as we entered. She was very modern, very slangy, very capable; her delicate apple-blossom beau-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ty did not conceal the steel-wire strength that lay beneath, but somehow I understood Drake's attitude toward her, even if I did not fully sympathize with it. It was not what this girl would be willing to do, it was what a man who loved her would be willing to ask her to do; and it is only young nations that think that love alone can make up for all other lost beauties and finenesses. . . .

The incident I have just mentioned—the incident on the cliffs—was only one of many indicative of Drake's complete expatriation; possibly the least significant incident of all, because the most open to charges of deliberation and self-consciousness; but the others—the constant others—were, on the whole, too subtle, too delicate, to permit of relation. Yet, because of their subtlety, their delicacy, they were all the more convincing. One cannot convey accurately on paper gestures, movements, accents, methods of treating a horse, manners of treating a woman. But there was one perfectly clear-cut happening that took place toward the end of our stay in Devonshire that will show in an instant what I have been attempting to describe. If you put a man in fundamental circumstances you very speedily see the heart of him, and here was the discovery that the debonair Drake could blaze with a sudden, white-hot, terrible patrician anger, accompanied by an absolute, unthinking refusal to punish except with the traditional weapon of a gentleman attacked by a man of lower estate. An Englishman sets boxing very high in the scale of human endeavor, but he sets fisticuffs very low. Only when he cannot help himself will he resort to them, and then, particularly when they are exchanged with a man of another class, there is about them always humiliation, never any triumph. The Englishman has none of the democratic American feeling that when it comes to such primitive matters as bloody noses, one man's nose is just about as good as another's.

We had been riding—the two Harboard girls and Drake and myself; Willy was off somewhere with his father—all afternoon across country and through the high-hedged Devonshire lanes, and about dusk we had turned our horses' heads homeward. We were in a part of the country unfamiliar to me, and we rode through several villages the near presence of which to the Harboard place I had never even suspected. These were ordinary villages enough, but there was one we came to finally that was an alien place, that had about it something of the grim air of a small, untidy city at nightfall.

"They make some peculiarly unpleasant soap here," volunteered Diana Harboard. "We never use it. We'll take a short cut through this street."

But the short cut was unfortunate; it took us past several public houses, drab and leering in the gathering darkness. Around the entrances to these lounged men of a different race from the peasants who had recently been touching their hats to us as we passed. These were surly men, with caps on their heads and their throats muffled in heavy scarfs. One realized that here was a place entirely outside the Harboard tradition; hostile to the Harboard tradition; sinister as the shadow of a hawk above a garden.

In front of the last public house lounged a single man, and this man Elizabeth Harboard's horse chose to spatter with mud. The retort was instantaneous; the man lurched to the curb, looked up at Elizabeth Harboard, and spoke an entirely unforgivable word.

Drake pulled up his horse instantly.

"Go on!" he said to us.

"No!" said Elizabeth Harboard.

"Go on! I can't have you here!"

"No!"

"Very well! Here, hold my horse!" and he threw me his lines.

Then he got off and walked up to the man on the curb, his riding-whip, with the long lash curled about the handle, ready in his hand. "Take off your coat!" he said.

The man twisted his head and looked him up and down.

"What for, guv'nor?" he asked in an amused, insolent voice.

"Take it off!" commanded Drake. "Very well, then I'll beat it off for you"; and he brought his whip down with a great swishing sound across the man's shoulders.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the mind of the latter was evidently not the slightest knowledge of nor respect for the traditions of a gentleman concerning weapons. "You bloody coward!" he sobbed, and struck at Drake with all his might. But he hadn't much chance from the start. Drake used excellent footwork and met each rush with a hail of blows. Only once was he at a disadvantage, and then occurred the most illuminating moment of the combat. Suddenly, as the man retreated, Drake's whip fell from his hands and lay at his feet, where he was unable to reach it before his antagonist came on again. I expected him to drop his feudal methods of attack and resort to his fists; but not at all; he ducked, side-stepped, finally, with a lightning-like downward motion, had his whip again in his hand; and all the while he had refused, you understand, to touch his opponent with any part of his body.

From then on there was not much fight left in the lounger's soul, and he staggered back and clung to a lamp-post, where he swayed like a tattered piece of cloth flung out on the ash-heap of a tenement.

"You've had enough?" said Drake crisply. "Good! Here, get blind!" and he threw the man half a sovereign. Then he mounted his horse. The little group of interested spectators, which had by this time gathered, cheered feebly—cheered the man who had just beaten their comrade.

As for us, we turned our horses' noses into the dark and rode off as if nothing in the least had happened.

But I was not that way; I couldn't be. I belonged to a nervous race; moreover, I was shaken—my innermost republican self—by the spectacle of a man being beaten; it outraged me in a way I could not explain. At all events, I wanted to talk. But I didn't. I realized that my companions had washed the incident clean out of their minds, as an ugly thing from which it would have been cowardly to turn, but which, being done, was done for good. These extraordinary English nerves that swing back to the normal as instantly as a compass points north! No wonder Englishmen seldom lose their souls, and never a war.

We left the Harboards' the next week and went back to Oxford; Drake's affair with the Honorable Elizabeth still in the nebulous state where it had been all along.

Early spring came upon us in the slow, delicate, odorous manner of the Thames valley. Brown towers melted into a sky of pearl and faint blue; the rooks seemed suddenly more alert; there was a premonition rather than an actual vision of mauve and pale violet and dryadic green. And then, with what seemed impossible quickness, the Easter vacation loomed on the horizon, and here was Drake with a proposal that I accompany him to Nice and the Riviera, with a special emphasis laid on Monte Carlo for the purpose, I judged, of resuscitating a shrunken fortune. Surely my intimacy with him was taking a quiet man into new and totally unexpected places. But, oddly enough and to my own astonishment, I acquiesced at once.

In the south of France the spring, whose first faint prophecies we had just left behind us in England, met us with a full-throated blowing of flutes.

Once we were settled in a large white hotel, surrounded by a garden of orange-trees and semitropical flowers, I gave myself up to sunshine and smells and chromatics; but Drake, of a less simple and sensuous nature, concentrated upon the business on hand, which was an attempt, backed by a well-thought-out system, to win money from the Prince of Monaco. In some esoteric way he had it figured out that by living at a distance and by hiring a fabulously expensive motor-car by the week he would do the thing more cheaply. A saturnine pirate, by the name of Jean, drove us each day to Monte Carlo and every night brought us back along the twisted lower road at breakneck speed. In his intervals of leisure Drake spent his time in hating the country; the depths of his hatred depending, of course, upon whether the day before had been financially successful or not. But on the whole a respectable standard of hatred was maintained.

He deprecated the climate, which he claimed, not without truth, froze you on the shady side and scorched you on the sunny side of the street; and he developed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

toward Russian grand dukes, with perfumed beards, a malevolence I have seldom seen equalled. The sight of Drake approaching a table in the casino at Monte Carlo was a sight that never grew entirely stale; all the modest and child-like and logical Continentals were so assured that here was a great and not to be impeded Islander, and gave way accordingly.

The Côte d'Azur is an extraordinary country; a dislocating country; a country that shuts you off from everything you have ever known before or are likely to know again. It is as unreal as the back drop of a comic opera, and, like a comic opera, its morals are a question of waltz tunes. The bad grow lazily harmless, and the good innocently bad. One becomes like a little child again—a little child with a nasty habit or two, such as gambling or making eyes at the perfectly respectable wives of perfectly respectable Austrians, who take their after-dinner coffee opposite you. In other respects, also, I was enjoying myself immensely; enjoying the sight of the sea in the morning and the sight of the sunset and the saffron sails of the fishing-boats in the evening; and enjoying myself because Drake, despite ups and downs, was winning a comfortable sum of money; and because, at night, Jean drove through the perfumed moonlight along the tunnelled and curving road, with the waves just below us, like a gray arrow shot from a singing bow.

And I have a feeling that we might have gone on living this way forever, Drake and myself, without a thought of an Oxford about to resume its normal course, or an England, well ordered and not in the least like a comic opera, if the long ships that I spoke of at the very beginning of this narration hadn't come in; hadn't appeared mysteriously out of the horizon one violet afternoon.

They came in as casually as I have described their coming. We knew vaguely they were due to arrive, because they were on their way back from an around-the-world voyage that an American battle fleet had taken; but nobody cared very much, and about as little as any one, I imagine, Drake and myself. How can you visualize a battleship when your mind is filled with drowsy sunlight and the voices of croupiers calling numbers?

And so we went that day to Monte Carlo without a thought of what was to meet us on the way back, and, as luck would have it, Drake grew tired and decided to leave before dinner; and, as luck would still further have it, he directed Jean to take the Grand Corniche road, which loops along high on the tops of the cliffs instead of on the edge of the shore like the lower road. And this last was particularly fortunate, for you look down on the world with the inspiration that wings must give.

It was very solitary. We met no one. We caught a glimpse every now and then of the lower road, far below us, darting in and out of its countless tunnels. Over the blue of the sea came the first violet of dusk; and then this deepened to purple and orange, and finally melted into the green, endless twilight of the Mediterranean; and suddenly we looped around the shoulder of a hill, and there, in a half-moon harbor, with boats putting off from them and boats coming back to them and signal-lanterns strung along, and their ports like serried stars, were the great ships at anchor. And, as the motor slowed up up on the edge of an incline, we heard a bugle-call, very clear and sweet and high. My heart snapped like a taut fiddle-string, and all at once I couldn't see.

"They're there, Drake!" I shouted in his ear. "They're there! They've come!"

And the next moment I felt very silly, for he wasn't affected—at least, not openly—at all. He looked at me with calm curiosity. "Those cruisers?" he said. "Oh, yes! We might take a look at them to-morrow." Then he closed his eyes as if he were a little tired.

For the first time since I had seen Drake at Oxford I was very angry with him; I remained angry all through dinner. I was angry when I put on my coat at his suggestion that we go to a music-hall. I wouldn't have gone with him if I hadn't wanted to see the streets; the streets were well worth seeing.

It was as if a magician's hand had done queer things to the streets; swept aside for a moment the Russian grand

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dukes and the mustached German princes and the fine, but dusty, little soldiers in blue tam-o'-shanters, and in their places had substituted, borne thither on a magic carpet, countless slim, clean-shaven, white uniformed young men, who looked at the world with singularly clear, amused eyes and talked a language that a few, and I was one of them, understood. I caught it—the language—every foot or so, and I loved it—loved it passionately; its simple, matter-of-fact inflections; its shades of humor; even its carelessness and nasal twang. In front of the cafés sat sailormen by dozens and by scores; the tobacco shops were crowded with them; they hung across counters and talked a language of signs to giggling French girls; they paraded the streets by fours; they fraternized with sailors from French ships. And through it all walked Drake unmoved. There were moments when I felt that our evening together would end in mutual insult. But it didn't; it ended quite otherwise; and for the first, and perhaps the last, time in my life I had to thank a providence that had invented such a thing as a German man-of-war's-man. We were to see something of the Teutonic aptitude for precipitating trouble where before was no trouble at all. The ports of the world are historic with this aptitude.

As we made our way into the smoky music-hall we saw a group of them, these German sailors, sitting at a table opposite the one we eventually found. They looked out of place, and they were evidently aware of the fact, for they were drinking their beer in silence and gloom, a gloom that we all know by now is produced in the German bosom by the thought of any one else having at all a good time.

"There must be a German ship in, too," said Drake.

"A little gunboat," I told him. "I saw it this morning."

He glared resentfully at the offending, but altogether quiet, aliens. Had I been a clever man I would have realized that this break in ordinary debonair placidity was a perverted form of enthusiasm, but I wasn't clever, I realized nothing until later.

When the show was over we started to walk back to our hotel. Once the main streets were crossed and passed we found ourselves in shadowy, deserted byways, where the trees made black fingers against the silver of the houses. Just one block up and around the corner lay Drake's second state of mind; and we strolled into it entirely unsuspecting.

The quiet was stirred by a sharp exclamation, then voices raised, then silence again, and then a sudden scuffling of feet; and as we came to the corner we ran full into a group of men fighting. Nor was there any doubt of the violence of their intent. We drew back, but as we did so there issued a guttural oath from one of the men, and then the tangled mass seemed to resolve itself for a moment before our eyes into two slim men in white, guarding themselves desperately against the attack of four burly figures clad in darker sailor clothes.

"Germans, by God!" said Drake, and jumped—with a clatter of falling walking-stick and coat—straight into the swaying pack.

Now, I am a peaceful man and, although in my extreme youth I indulged rather painfully in boxing, I would rather fight with any known weapons in the world except my fists, for I have a nose that is long and sensitive. Besides, Drake confused me; I could not reconcile his present actions with the well-remembered episode in the village while we were visiting the Harboards, or square them with his hitherto apparent lack of interest in American sailors. I laid aside my coat and hat deliberately; then a voice said, a voice with labored breath, and evidently to Drake; a voice with a sharp nasal twang: "Fine work, bo'o! Hit the —— again!" and I jumped too.

After that I remember nothing except circling stars and intermittent flashes; except once when I saw Drake for a second, with a white face, down which ran a dark streak, lifted above the ruck; and as I looked he met squarely with his fist another face, heavily mustached, that came up like the countenance of a bewildered seal from dark waters.

I don't know; I judge that it was a glorious fight; but, as you have already probably guessed, I am not the coolest of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fighters, and I think I was still striking out gallantly when Drake grabbed my arm. "They've gone," he said; "and jolly well glad to get out of it, too."

I looked about me; at my feet lay the cap of a German sailor. Sitting on the curb was a young man in white, nursing a wrist; his companion, also in white, leaned heavily against a neighboring wall. Drake's impeccable hair stood straight up on end; the dark streak on his face had widened until it covered one whole cheek.

"Come on," he said thickly. "I'll wash it off at the hotel." And we picked up our hats and coats and lurched drunkenly up the street.

And Drake was drunken, actually drunken; glorious and transformed and vulgar. And he swore, a thing I had never heard him do before, swore frequently through his nose. He was like a wounded berserker returning from battle.

And that's all there is to tell; except that the next morning Drake came into my room before I was dressed and asked me if I didn't want to go back to England. He was once more faultless and cool and debonair. The soft sunlight, shot through with the green of orange-trees, touched the sleek gold of his hair and the brilliance of his club tie. Of the night before there was nothing left but a strip of court-plaster.

"I've got all the money I want," he said, "and I'm jolly well fed up with this place."

But this time I understood young Drake perfectly, and I knew that he was lying; I knew that he was afraid of the three long ships and what they might do to all his carefully laid plans and ambitions.

PIONEERS

By Badger Clark

A BROKEN wagon wheel that rots away beside the river,
A sunken grave that dimples on the bluff above the trail;
The larks call, the wind sweeps, the prairie grasses quiver
And sing a wistful roving song of hoof and wheel and sail.
Pioneers, pioneers, you trailed it on to glory,
Across the circling deserts to the mountains blue and dim.
New England was a night camp; Old England was a story.
The new home, the true home lay out beyond the rim.

You fretted at the old hearth, the kettle and the cricket,
The fathers' little acres, the wood lot and the pond.
Ay, better storm and famine and the arrow from the thicket,
Along the trail to wider lands that glimmered out beyond.
Pioneers, pioneers, the quicksands where you wallowed,
The rocky hills and thirsty plains—they hardly won your heed.
You snatched the thorny chance, broke the trail that others followed
For sheer joy, for dear joy of marching in the lead.

Your wagon track is laid with steel; your tired dust is sleeping.
Your spirit stalks the valleys where a restive nation teems.
Your soul has never left them in their sowing and their reaping.
The children of the outward trail, their eyes are full of dreams.
Pioneers, pioneers, your children will not reckon
The dangers on the dusky ways no man has ever gone.
They look beyond the sunset where the better countries beckon,
With old faith, with bold faith to find a wider dawn.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON THEORY IN SCIENCE AND IN LIFE

By Robert Gibbes Thomas

Author of "Applied Calculus"; Member American Association for the Advancement of Science, etc.

THEORY has been defined as everything we can think of, and practice as all there is to think of. Whether this makes either more comprehensive than is the reality or not, certain it is that theory and practice are complementary. They should by no means be opposed or divorced. True it is, "that practice and theory are twin sisters who must develop together, that theory without practice is senseless, and practice without theory hopeless."

While impractical theory is defenseless, the word *theoretical* is not a synonym for *impractical*—the theoretical is not thereby the impractical. The words *theory* and *theoretical* are often misapplied, and the significance of theory is frequently not realized. How often is a proposition as well as its advocate summarily condemned as *theoretical* with as scant courtesy as is at times shown to the so-called *heretical*.

Theory is by "thoughtless thinkers" disparaged in advocacy of the practical, and yet theory is a generalization of the principles upon which practice proceeds. Leonardo da Vinci, great artist and scientist, indefatigable in experiments, was never satisfied with the applications alone, he wanted to understand as thoroughly as possible the principles underlying them.

True theories are but orderly expressions of the facts and their mutual relations, but in the interpretation of the facts some *ideas* are involved. The merely practical man is prone to overlook the *fact* that ideas are among the *first of facts*.

When a proposed theory is in accordance with all the conditions and is inconsistent with none of the facts, there is *sound theory;* when practice is guided by reason and proceeds upon the principles of established theory, there is *good practice*.

The great experimentalist, Louis Pasteur, was an enthusiastic advocate of theory. Upon opening the Faculté des Sciences at Lille, he eloquently upheld the rights of theory. He said that without theory practice was but routine born of habit—that theory alone could bring forth and develop the spirit of invention—theory evolved from man's restless brain by godlike reason. He warned his hearers against sharing the opinion of those narrow minds who disdain everything in science which has not an immediate application, quoting with approval Franklin's charming reply when, at the first demonstration of a purely scientific discovery, people around him said: "But what is the use of it?" Franklin answered them: "What is the use of a new-born child?" Pasteur continued: "Yes, gentlemen, 'what is the use of a new-born child?' And yet, perhaps, at that tender age, germs already existed in *you* of the talents which distinguish you!"

He went on to suggest that in their baby boys were incipient magistrates, scientists, and heroes as valiant as those who were then covering themselves with glory under the walls of Sebastopol. He told them that a theoretical discovery has but the merit of its existence—that it awakens hope—that if it be cultivated and let grow they would see what it would become. He told how the modern telegraph had its birth, in 1822, in the apparently chance observation of the Danish physicist Oersted that a wire carrying an electric current deviated a magnetized needle from its position. He said that Franklin's interlocutor might well have said when the needle moved, "But what is the use of that?"—and yet that discovery was barely twenty years old when it produced by its application the almost supernatural effects of the electric telegraph.

Pasteur held that true theories are characterized by being able to predict new facts, a natural consequence of those already known—in a word, that the char-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

acteristic of a true theory is its fruitfulness. According to Pasteur, the greatness of human actions can be measured by the inspiration which gave them birth.

In Louis Pasteur there was a wonderful balance. In his own words, "There are two men in each one of us; the scientist, he who starts with a clear field and desires to rise to the knowledge of Nature through observation, experimentation, and reasoning, and the man of sentiment, the man of belief, the man who mourns his dead children, and who cannot, alas, prove that he will see them again, but who believes that he will, and lives in that hope, the man who will not die like a vibrio, but who feels that the force that is within him cannot die. The two domains are distinct, and woe to him who tries to let them trespass on each other in the so imperfect state of human knowledge."*

All honor to this shining exemplar of the harmonious union of the theoretical and the practical, of the ideal and the real, who, unlike some great scientists, did not, in his devotion to science, allow the gentler elements of his nature to atrophy through disuse—who, immersed in the material, was yet alive to the spiritual!

The scientist Tyndall held that by his observations and reflections in the domain of *fact* the scientific philosopher is led irresistibly into the domain of *theory*, his final repose depending on the establishment of absolute harmony between both domains.

While a theory is a plan or scheme subsisting in the mind, it should be based upon principles verified, when possible, by experiment or observation. Strictly it is a rational explanation that agrees with all the facts and disagrees with none; in this sense it is opposed to, or a final result of *hypothesis*.

To the late distinguished Member of the Institute of France, Henri Poincaré, the scientific world is indebted for the setting forth in convincing language of the rôle that hypothesis has played in the development of science. He holds that while upon a superficial view the ephemeral nature of scientific theories takes by surprise the man of the world, even those theories that are discredited and abandoned have not been in vain—that they do not entirely perish, and of each of them some traces still remain, in which traces is to be found the true reality.

In view of the results of some experimental investigations of recent date and of the conclusions of some mathematical logicians, and considering the fact that at the present day the very foundation rocks of science, the conservation of energy and the indestructibility of matter, are seemingly disintegrating, it is reassuring to read some of the weightiest words of the greatest of late modern mathematicians:

"The progress of science has seemed to imperil the best established principles, those even which were regarded as fundamental. Yet nothing shows they will not be saved; and if this comes about only imperfectly, they will still subsist even though they are modified."*

Living as man does in a world of mystery, confronted as he has been since primitive times by natural phenomena demanding explanation, since the dawn of thought he has reasoned about his surroundings and formed theories in regard to them. With imperfect knowledge of the facts, lack of observation, and dearth of experiment, it is not surprising that theories have been formed that could not stand before advancing knowledge. The history of science records many instances of theories, strongly intrenched in the minds of generations of men, having finally to be abandoned in the light of fuller knowledge. That history is also illuminated by brilliant examples of established theories, propounded at times in advance of existing knowledge and requiring to be modified, if at all, only in details, to conform to the newer knowledge.

Necessary as hypothesis and theory are to the progress of science, it is not to be denied that experiment is the source of truth, it alone can give certainty. This being so, wherein arises the necessity of hypothesis and theory? It is acknowledged that science would be useless unless it taught us something about reality. Let it be acknowledged that the aim of science is not things themselves but the relations between things, and that outside those relations there is no reality knowa-

* Vallery-Radot, René, "Life of Pasteur," 1906.

* Poincaré, H. "Value of Science," 1907.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ble, and the fruitfulness of hypothesis and theory is recognized.

To discover truth it is not sufficient merely to observe and experiment. We must use our observations to perceive relations, and so must generalize. It has been said that science is built up of facts as a house is built of stones, but that an accumulation of facts is no more a science than a heap of stones is a house. Experiment should teach us something more than isolated facts. In the hands of a master like Pasteur, it teaches us to predict; and to predict, we must generalize, we must theorize. It is even impossible to experiment without preconceived ideas, and, if it were possible, it would be fruitless.

While by generalization an observed fact enables us to predict other facts, it should not be forgotten that the first alone is certain, and that the others are only probable until they are confirmed by experiment. It is better to theorize and predict the probable than never to have predicted at all. Theories founded upon experiment are naturally open to modification in the future, for an experimental law is always subject to revision. What is due to experiment may always be rectified by experiment. When, however, we bring to the interpretation of experiment intuitive principles of mind, the resulting theory, while occasioned by experiment, may never thereafter be invalidated by experiment. There is the highest authority* for the conclusion that the principles of geometry dealing with purely ideal relations are not in their origin independent of experience, but in reality they arise through observation of material objects. Still geometry is not an experimental science, and its truths will never be proved or disproved by experiment.

Sir Isaac Newton's method of procedure in the establishment of his theory of universal gravitation was that of the true scientist. Conceiving the idea that gravity, known to exist on or near the earth only, was universal and acted between all the particles of the universe in the same way as on the earth, he proceeds to test the truth of the proposition by observing and computing the attraction of the earth for the moon. Owing to an inaccurate value of the earth's radius, which was in use at that time, the computation seemed to show that the law of attraction was not as his theory required. Although unshaken in his belief, he considers his theory unverified and lays aside his calculations. It is not until thirteen years after that, a new determination of the earth's radius having been made, he repeats the investigation and finds the theory verified. Five years later he was induced to consider the whole subject of gravitation, and then he solved the supplementary problems that finally established his theory. It has been said that, when he reached the final result, all the mechanism of the universe lay spread before him. What at first he had supposed was only approximately true, he proved to be really exact—what was theory became law.

Thus, while the far-reaching mind of Newton at an early age evolved the then daring idea that the sublime, inscrutable, central force of astronomy was nothing but commonplace gravity, it was by laborious calculation and observation extending over many years that he finally established the greatest induction ever made in physical science. It is worthy of note that the early discrepancy in the case of the moon was due to no flaw in the theory but to inaccurate data, due to error of practice.

"In recounting his theory, Sir Isaac is careful to state that he frames no hypothesis as to the cause of the properties of gravity. He shows himself a theorist of the highest rank—he does not confuse theory proper with unverifiable hypothesis. With unsurpassed mental power and great simplicity of character, his aim is to discover Truth, to know Nature, and the ways of Nature's God—the *Universal Ruler*, he styles Him."*

While the theory of organic evolution cannot be rightly considered the exclusive production of any one mind, it will be conceded that its acceptance has been mainly due to the labors of Charles Robert Darwin. He it was that gave form and consistency to the various views on the subject—views held by successive thinkers commencing with Aristotle, and including Goethe and Lamarck more re-

* Poincaré, H. "Science and Hypothesis," 1907.

* Mach, Ernst, "Science of Mechanics," 1893.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cently among others. It was he that, after the central idea of the theory was suggested to his mind, fortified it with an amazing mass of facts, collected through years of unparalleled industry. While collecting facts he was reasoning upon those facts and answering objections that arose in his own mind—he was with supreme honesty testing the theory by the facts. He discovered the principle of natural selection, which seems to control the progress of changes, whatever may be the originating cause.

On the twenty-first anniversary of the day on which he had opened his journal for the record of facts bearing upon the question of species, an abstract of his conclusions with reasons therefor was presented to a scientific society of London. The theory of descent from that time has been in the main the accepted doctrine of science, notwithstanding the revolution in thought as to man's place in nature its acceptance produced.

However worthy Darwin may be of having his name applied to the theory of descent or organic evolution, the fact is that "Darwinism" is not synonymous with either term.* What is considered as established in science is the general theory that species are descended from one another and from common ancestors. While the establishment of this theory was due in a large measure to Darwin, it does not stand or fall with his subsidiary theories. As the theory of gravitation was to explain the action of gravity, not the cause of it, so the theory of descent is for explaining the origin of kinds of life, not the origin of life.

Exact science has shown no continuous passage from the inorganic to the organic, and though philosophy may throw a bridge across the gap, it is of airy structure and lacks material intermediate supports. Until a real connection is established between the two worlds, the theory of evolution remains incomplete; nevertheless, the most comprehensive scientific structure of the nineteenth century will ever be associated with the name of Darwin. When, in 1882, death brought his labors to a close, it was natural, in consideration of his character and achievement, that his remains should have been laid by the side of those of Sir Isaac Newton in Westminster Abbey.

Darwin made definite what, on philosophical grounds, Kant had vaguely suggested, and what Spencer himself all but arrived at before Darwin's announcement.

In science there have been many cases of theory being in advance of the known facts. A recent instance is the mechanical pressure of light. In 1873 Clerk Maxwell, in one of his mathematical inspirations, proved that it should exist, and deduced the value of the pressure. His conclusion was mathematically confirmed, in 1876, by another scientist, on totally different grounds. The experimental verification lagged behind the mathematical prediction, but, in 1901, the mechanical pressure of light was actually shown and measured.

Later the experimental work was repeated with more exactness, and there is now no doubt that the pressure has Maxwell's value.

At the earth the pressure of the sun's light is not quite a milligram per square metre of the earth's surface or, to put it roughly, 70,000 tons on the whole earth. If a particle of earth is $\frac{1}{100,000}$ of an inch in diameter, it is not attracted by the sun, as the light pressure balances the attraction of gravity.

The mechanical pressure of light, mathematically demonstrated and afterward experimentally shown to exist, explains what has long puzzled the astronomers. They could not account for the fact that when a comet was moving away from the sun the tail sometimes streamed away in advance of the nucleus or main body. As there are in the tail particles much less than the "weight" which the sunlight can balance, they are repelled instead of being attracted. So the seeming anomaly is accounted for by the mechanical pressure of light—a force in the universe hitherto unsuspected and first known as a theoretical discovery. This force now furnishes an explanation for those mysterious and beautiful phenomena, the Corona, the Solar Prominences, the Zodiacal Light, and the Aurora Borealis.*

With an implication of the Good and the True, right significantly has Ruskin

* Kellogg, Vernon L., "Darwinism To-day," 1907.

* Duncan, R. K., "The New Knowledge," 1905.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

used the beautiful Greek word, *Theoria*, "for the exulting, reverent, and grateful perception of the Beautiful."

It is the belief in the uniformity of nature's laws that makes science possible; and to formulate those laws from experiment, by reason and theory, is the work of science. Great minds have been engaged upon the compilation, and new statutes are ever being added to the general law. Theories stand or fall according to their sufficiency to account for the facts in nature, and may or may not rise to the dignity of law.

While in experimental science the necessity for reason and theory in bringing to light the truths of nature is evident, let not the mistake be made of supposing that in man's life Reason is King, and science supreme in every sphere. In occupation with the world of the material, let not the realm of the spirit be ignored. Brain has been styled "reason's self encased in bone," but be it remembered that mind is feeling, intellect, will, and the chief component, *feeling*.

Even that personification of intellect, Herbert Spencer, held that the emotions are masters and the intellect the servant. In this, the philosopher is not in discord with the thought of the saintly Brooks:

"For feeling is a *teacher;* every dream
That makes us purer makes us wiser too,
And every beauty coming on a beam
Of God's sweet sunlight brings new truth to view.

And feeling is a *worker;* at the base
Of earth's deep action, lies earth's deeper thought;
And lower still than thought is feeling's place,
Which heaves the whole mass duly as it ought."

To-day, as always, whether rightly or wrongly, it is the heart that controls the beliefs as well as the actions of the great majority of mankind—hence the duty of educating the heart as well as the head, of developing the spirit as well as the intellect. It has been well advised that, to keep his mind sweet, the modern scientific man should be saturated with the Bible and Plato, with Homer, Shakespeare, and Milton, and so be enabled to strike a balance between the rational and the emotional.

"It is the gift of Poetry, to hallow every place in which it moves, to breathe around Nature an odor more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

The ideal in man's life is as theory in science. As false theories may prevail for a time in the one, so may low ideals govern in the other; and as true theory may be in advance of experiment and even beyond its reach, so may the pure ideal surpass and be ever beyond the practice of men.

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?"

As theories in science will ultimately fail unless they are in accordance with reality, so too will ideals inevitably lead to confusion unless they are based upon the eternal verities.

In life as in science, there is no higher ideal than truth, and "the gladness of true heroism visits the heart of him who covets it for its own sake;" so let there be no neglect of any means by which to perceive it and as much as possible realize it. Using *all* the powers with which he has been endowed—with the *Philosopher*—"the wise man will fearlessly follow truth, knowing that whatever happens, all will in the end be well."

The thought of the master mathematician that the search for truth should be the goal of our activities—meaning moral truth as well as scientific truth—and that the truth attainable is the universal harmony of the world, the source of all beauty, and the sole objective reality, finds expression in the words of the master poet:

"Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe:
There is an inmost centre in us all,
Where truth abides in fullness; . . .
. . .; and '*to know*'
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
Than effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ENCHANTMENT OF YOUTH

By Thomas Edgelow

ILLUSTRATION BY REGINALD BIRCH

ANTHONY, instead of going straight down the main street, which slept peacefully in the June sunshine, took the longer way round through Lucky Pig Lane and drew up at the gate of the vicarage.

At seventeen one is sensitive to appearances, and really a man should not be seen in his sister's donkey-cart. True, the cart was light and rubber-tired; Meg was clipped of her shaggy coat, so that from much grooming and a judicious application of a paraffine rag she gleamed a delicious mouse-gray, while the harness shone resplendently in its silver mountings. Altogether, *for* a donkey-cart, the whole equipage was worthy of admiration; and yet, Anthony argued, one cannot deny that a donkey-cart suggests the first or the last of the seven ages of man. In London, indeed, it might signify a coster's merchandise, but in Cornwall either extreme youth or a lean and slippered age claimed it for its own.

Occasionally even Anthony's father commandeered Meg's services, but then the Reverend, the Honorable Gordon Tremellis, third son of the late Lord Duncarey and brother of the present peer, was so conscious of his temporal dignity that even a donkey-cart failed to impair it. Besides, he had his brougham, while Anthony was compelled to cover on his bicycle the long distances that the county of Cornwall demands of its inhabitants.

On this sunny afternoon the bicycle awaited the attention of the village blacksmith, and the walk to Newquay, seven miles away, had appeared in the summer heat worse even than the indignity of the donkey-cart. The occasion of the visit to that rising seaside resort had not been without tremendous import, for had it not been a pilgrimage of love?

You see, the Reverend, the Honorable Gordon Tremellis, had dreamed peacefully away some fifty odd years of life—quite half of them in the living that from long custom had become the right of the younger sons of the earldom of Duncarey. Indeed, George, a graceless brother of his dead wife, who had not only passed many years in his character of black sheep in Australia, and who had aggravated his offense by returning vulgarly wealthy, had referred to the vicar's sacred office as a "meal ticket." That the objectionable expression possessed all the merit of truth had nearly, but not quite, caused the vicar to refuse the large check his impossible brother-in-law had left with him for the Church Repair Fund.

So, in the well-remunerated curé of the souls in the parish of St. Cullen (and the village of St. Cullen, together with the surrounding farms, boasted a population of at least three thousand), the vicar had dreamed away his placid existence. The collapse of a mining concern that had swept away one-half his small private fortune had aroused the vicar to the fact that it was high time that he saw about Anthony.

Anthony himself had no wish to be seen about; he was too happy in his last year at Winchester and was looking forward to going on to Oxford. However, on the vicar insisting with all a weak man's obstinacy, Anthony left school hurriedly, and his father's curate added to his other duties that of tutor.

"As, alas!" the vicar had remarked to his son, in his pulpit voice, "you have no inclination for the church, I insist on the law, as you can look for but a slender inheritance from me. Mr. Carter will coach you for the preliminary examination, which is merely to prove that you are possessed of a decent education, . . . after which I shall immediately article you to a firm of London lawyers."

So, after a futile protest that he hated the thought of an office, Anthony had settled down, albeit sulkily enough, to a routine where the mornings and evenings

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were given up to study, while the afternoons were his own. Cut off from any companions of his own age (for Mary, his sister, was unsympathetically nine years older), Anthony's boredom had been complete.

The friendship that he had formed with one of the two local doctors—for St. Cullen boasted two medical practitioners—had been apparently squashed by the vicar. Doctor Gifford was not a communicant. Worse, he was not, according to the vicar's views, quite a gentleman. Much worse still, he was the father of two daughters of about Anthony's own age, flashy young persons, who gave a fleeting impression of too much silk stocking for the country and of too little reverence for public opinion. As neither Gladys nor Joan Gifford had quite filled Anthony's ideals, he had, after some opposition, almost ceased to visit the doctor's cheery household. Indeed, girls in the aggregate had only recently been released from his pitying contempt.

And then, somewhat as summer lightning will flash across a dimly twilight sky, Alma, the doctor's eldest daughter, rose on Anthony's horizon. Forthwith followed for Anthony that rose-tinted ecstasy of living that is an attribute of youth. No longer was St. Cullen a sleepy village situated near the north coast of Cornwall and celebrated chiefly for its ancient church, but instantly it became the one spot on God's green earth made sacred as Alma's home.

The very stones in the quaintly cobbled pavements took on the glory that those little feet had lent them as lightly they passed up the village street. As for the doctor's door-step (which was fortunately scrubbed every morning by a buxom serving-wench), Anthony one dark night had actually knelt and kissed the place her darling feet had trod.

Nor was this, Anthony's first love, unjustified by external appearances, for Alma was petite, and fresh as the dew cupped by the wood violets in the spring of the year, while her brown hair held coppery tints in the short, almost boyish curls that clustered on her low, broad forehead. The deep, almost Sèvres blue of her eyes played havoc with a man's heart, but as for Alma's hands—words failed Anthony, even in self-communing, when he tried to describe them for his own gratification. So white they were, with delicious little blue veins, and of a softness inconceivable to those who had not been permitted to imprison them, if only for an instant. Fluttering little hands they were that seemed to plead for love and yet more love, and Anthony, from the richness of his youth, gave unsparingly.

It was a pity, indeed, that Alma was six years older than her lover; but what has age to do with love? Age and time are for veterinary surgeons, insurance companies, and the like, but, oh, not for lovers!

Full nine hours a night did Anthony sleep, for the physical demands of healthy youth will conquer even love—as witness the enormous meals his seventeen years necessitated—and out of the remaining fifteen Anthony suffered as only a boy can suffer all those hours that he passed away from her side.

But thoughtlessly you and I have kept the mouse-gray Meg waiting at the vicarage gate. Holding it open, Anthony clicked with his tongue, and Meg, with the patient intelligence of animals, slowly drew the smart little cart inside to await further orders. Impatiently Anthony drove around to the stables and handed her over to the vicar's man, whose duties included those of gardener and coachman, to say nothing of valet, while Sundays knew him as a pew-opener. The Reverend Gordon Tremellis believed in the saving influence of work for others.

"You surely 'ave sweat 'er up, Mr. Anthony," John grumbled as he undid the traces. "I tell 'ee flesh and blood won't stand it, and Miss Mary would be sore fashed, she would, if she saw it. To New-quay, b'aint ye?"

"Well, if I have? It's not your funeral, John, and . . . and, John, don't say anything to the governor about where I have been. To-morrow I'll give you those snap shots I took of your granddaughter."

"They do say as 'ow boys will be boys," chuckled the old man, "an' I'll lay there be a maid bottom of it. Be she to Newquay, Mr. Anthony?"

"Be she to Newquay," and "a maid"! As if *Alma* could be likened to these vul-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gar country girls! Recoiling, Anthony made his way to the house without answering the shrewdly smiling John. Once safely in his room up-stairs, he produced a jeweller's package from his pocket and undid it reverently. Inside, reposing each in its own little leather case, were three gold-and-amber cigarette-holders.

Confession has to be made, so it may as well be admitted here that Alma smoked. So did her younger sisters, while Anthony had reached that pleasing stage of development when a mild cigarette was no longer actively disagreeable in its aftermath. Of course, had Alma smoked a nargileh, or an Indian cheroot, in Anthony's eyes she would have remained equally as fresh and charming; but when at night, after Anthony had stolen softly from the vicarage to sit on a footstool at her feet, Alma blew entrancing little puffs of cigarette smoke from the rosy wonder of her laughing little mouth, then for Anthony smoking became an accomplishment for the angels of heaven.

Now on the previous night, Alma had remarked that she must really get herself a cigarette-holder. At the time, Anthony's entire financial resources amounted to eighteen shillings and nine pence. Undaunted, he had braved with Meg the fancied ridicule of the road, and had made a pilgrimage to Coburg, the best jeweller in Newquay. Some instinct had told Anthony, who had never contracted any more serious debt than a small amount at his school tuck shop, that his name would be sufficient for Mr. Coburg to offer him the contents of his glittering show-cases on credit. And so it proved. The only son of the Reverend, the Honorable Gordon Tremellis, whose brother occasionally revived the ancient glories of Duncarey Court, could take what he wanted. Mr. Coburg's hands expressively waved away the suggestion of payment. Whenever it was most convenient . . . now or at any time.

Then it was that a strange shyness descended upon Anthony. As yet his love was undeclared, and of course Alma, in the experience of only twenty-three years, could not possibly guess its pulsing existence. How could he single her out from her sisters with his gift? No, he dared not—at least not yet. He must buy *three* cigarette-holders at three guineas apiece. Later, when courage should be born to him, he would be able to render homage to the sister of his choice.

Somewhat impatiently at dinner Anthony parried the questions his father asked about how he had passed the afternoon. Thankfully he accepted the fact that his sister was away on a visit. Mary's keener eyes had a way of seeing into a fellow's secrets. Well, perhaps soon he would show them all. In his mind he went over the scene. They would, of course, be married secretly. Then, with his bride on his arm, he would march proudly into the vicar's study. "This lady has done me the inestimable honor of becoming my wife, sir." On such occasions a man's speech might be a little stilted. How the vicar would start and frown! Then, catching sight suddenly, as it were, of the appealing beauty of those dark eyes, of those little white hands that would flutter on Anthony's arm, a softer expression would grow on his father's face, and with a husky, "Well, well! young people will be young people, I suppose," and a "Come here and kiss me, my dear; the boy does not deserve you, but we must try to make amends," the curtain would descend on a family rejoicing.

The sordid question of ways and means hardly entered into it. Of course the vicar would make them an adequate allowance until Anthony was earning money as a lawyer. True, he hated the idea of the law, but with Alma in a London flat (overlooking the park for choice) it would be bearable, and he could take her to theatres sometimes, though for his part he would sooner stay at home and, kneeling, cover those white little hands with his kisses. Still, he must not be selfish. Alma would want amusement, and of course she could never care for him one-millionth part as much as he worshipped her. Besides, youth does not expect a return; enough to give—to pour out in ecstasy of praise the love for the adored one.

The maid was placing the port on the table. With a sigh of relief Anthony realized that dinner was over. He was unconscious that he had eaten enormously and well. Appreciatively he told himself

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that his appetite had gone. Food, after all, was a coarse affair. The soup, fish, cutlets and green peas, roast duck with more green peas, and quantities of potatoes, followed by two heaping helpings of strawberries and cream, vanished from his memory. How could he eat when he thought of Alma?

"As I was remarking to Mr. Carter to-day," the vicar was saying, "if they dare go to the country on Welsh disestablishment . . ." He droned on. Now and then Anthony's mind received a word here and there—"The bishop," "Nonconformists," "Children of wrath."

Anthony drank the half glass of port his father allowed him and escaped from the dining-room.

"Do not forget to prepare your lessons for Mr. Carter in the morning," the vicar called after him; "and mind, I insist on bed after prayers."

Later, like sheep, the servants—there were only three maids and a boy of all work—trooped into the dining-room at half past nine. Anthony, in divine contemplation of the sacred hour ahead of him, sat through his father's reading of the third chapter of St. Paul's first epistle to the Thessalonians, through the short exhortation, and knelt through the evening prayers.

"And now to rest," the vicar murmured, while his son, as in custom bound, kissed the top of his ear.

Anthony bounded up the stairs and closed his bedroom door with ostentation. Fifteen minutes later, in rubber-soled tennis shoes, he tiptoed down the creaking stairs. From under the study door came the warm glow of the vicar's reading-lamp. Anthony, listening at the door, heard what he expected to hear—the stentorian breathing of his sleeping parent.

It was a fiction respected in the household that the vicar slept badly and, as a scholar, burned the midnight oil, the while he perused some such work as "Talmadge's Fifty Sermons" or "Stone on the Apocrypha." Cold fact had it that the vicar slept in his arm-chair from after prayers until three o'clock, when he changed his chair for his bed and slept deeply until eight the next morning.

Although the church clock had only struck ten a moment before, the heavy bolts of the front door had already been shot. Not that Anthony relied on front doors, for was not his love-affair made doubly delicious from its very secrecy, and who has ever heard of a lover using a door when there was a window through which he might enter or exit? Quite easily and without risk of discovery Anthony might have let himself in and out at night by a prosaic kitchen door. Rightfully scorning such an exit, he crawled through the lower half of the dining-room window, and a moment later was sprinting toward the doctor's house, which stood conspicuously on the village street.

The doctor and his daughters kept scandalously late hours for the country. Often the lights might be seen burning as late as midnight, but then, and it's no good denying it, the doctor was a bit of a dog. For instance, he had his clothes made in London, and by some miraculous process he always managed to maintain a decided and well-defined crease in his trousers. A tall, rather military-looking man was the doctor, and not a day over forty-two by the look of him, and yet Alma was twenty-three. A wicked blue eye had Doctor Gifford—an eye for the girls, in fact—and his big mustache was as fiercely waxed as though he would eat a fellow as soon as look at him. Then think of the horse-flesh he drove! While his rival, the gently mannered and bespectacled Doctor Thornton, kept two respectably quiet ponies, which in turn jogged comfortably along in the shafts of the four-wheel basket chaise, frequently with a flourish of his whip and in a dusty cloud of glory Doctor Gifford would flash past in his high, two-wheel dog-cart drawn by a wicked-looking, flea-bitten strawberry roan, or by one of his two spanking grays. At times—particularly in the spring—Doctor Gifford was known to have rattled through the village driving tandem, and, as everybody knows, a tandem marks one as a dashing man of the world, more even than a fiercely waxed mustache or clothes made in London.

Anthony, his hand in the pocket that held the jeweller's package, ran up the deserted village street. As he came around a curve and saw the doctor's house in the moonlight, he stopped for a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moment. Surely the exertion of running alone did not cause that thump, thump, thr-r-rump in his heart? He could *hear* the thunderous beating of it. For an instant there sprang to his eyes tears, which he blinked back angrily. How good to be alive, to be out-of-doors in all the wonder of that June night, to be permitted, out of all the millions and millions of men in the world, to sit for an hour or so in Her presence!

All at once he wanted to suffer for her. If only the doctor's house could catch fire—if only in rescuing Alma he might be terribly burned! With a smile at the ecstasy of his torture, he would wave the doctor aside as he lay a wounded thing under the mulberry-tree in Alma's garden. How sweet to die with his head on her lap! "I give you my life," he would whisper with dry, cracked lips, "as willingly as, long ago, I gave you my heart." Then, as her tears fell on his upturned face, he would die. What rapture of death! He hoped the physical pain would be almost unbearable, but not even a hair of Alma's head should be singed.

Cautiously Anthony let himself in at the side gate that led to the surgery door. There, while he waited for admittance, he was screened from the view of any village gossip who chanced to pass by.

The doctor opened. "So you managed to slip out, did you? Well, I don't know what the vicar would say if he knew. Something quite unclerical, I'll bet. But come in—the girls are expecting you."

If only—Anthony reflected as he shook hands—if only the doctor would have put "girls" in the singular number. Anthony walked into the drawing-room, and for a moment a mist enveloped him.

Through this mist came Alma's voice. "I'm glad to see you, Tony." (She pronounced it in her adorable way, "Tonee," and used his name in almost every sentence that she addressed to him.) "Are you glad to see me, Tonee?"

Her eyes were laughing at him as the mist cleared away. Anthony found himself staring down at her, for he was tall. Alma, looking up, liked the size and strength of the boy, liked, too, his crisp, fair hair with the kink in it, liked his well-bred air and the browned hands which were trembling a little because of her; liked best of all the blue eyes which shouted aloud—if eyes *can* shout—of his love for her. It was nice to be loved like that, even if he were only a boy. Of course, all boys were silly, but it was pleasant to see how this big creature trembled should she frown—to watch his intoxicated happiness when she smiled on him.

Then, too, Alma hated the vicar—a nasty, stuck-up old pig who had never called on them! What was he *paid* for but to look after his parishioners? And so proud of his title, and only an honorable at that! Yes, it was pleasant to own his son as her slave.

"But, Tonee, how rude of you! You have not spoken to Joan or Gladys."

Anthony shook hands and then sat down on a footstool at Alma's feet, but facing her so that for not one moment should his eyes be wasting the precious time. The girls chattered on—picking to pieces the village dwellers. St. Cullen, it seemed, was the last place on earth. They wished their father would sell his practice and buy one in a London suburb. Here they were stifled, buried alive.

"Don't you hate St. Cullen, Tonee?" asked Alma.

"Not now you are here. . . . I used to," he answered. Heavens! Had he said too much? Would she be angry with him? After all, it was frightful cheek—but Alma was not angry.

Both eyes of Sèvres blue and lips of rosy red were smiling at him. "What a courtier you are, Tonee! You are trying to flatter a poor little girl like me."

"Alma, you make me sick when you talk like that," put in Joan with sisterly frankness.

Why did not the ceiling fall and crush her? The vicar could not have been more shocked had an atheist or a socialist (the same thing in the vicar's mind) blasphemed aloud in church than was Anthony at Joan's remark. He tried to speak, to protest aloud, but that was the worst of it—a fellow could not say what he wanted when Alma was there: he could only worship in silence. But he wished he did not flush up so! He was certain his ears were red as a lobster.

"Do I, Joan dear?" Alma smiled sweetly. (What an angel—with an angel's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forgiveness for ordinary mortals!) "I don't make Tonee sick, anyway—do I, Tonee?"

The question was an impossible one. Did Venus give Paris such an unspeakable sensation? To change the subject, Anthony produced his parcel. "I've brought you this," he said a little gruffly, because in talking to Alma he could never pitch his voice just where he wanted.

Those little white hands with the blue veins fluttered about Mr. Coburg's parcel. "Oh, Tonee!" Alma cried with delight, "how perfectly adorable of you; and it was only last night that I said I wanted a cigarette-holder!"

"I—er—I—er got three of them, you see—one each," Anthony explained.

"And you went all the way to Newquay for them? *How* did you do it, you wonderful man?" (Oh, the sweetness of the word "man" from those lips!) "I thought you told me that your bicycle would not be mended before to-morrow?"

Anthony flushed. Would she laugh if he told her? Then desperately: "I borrowed my sister's donkey-cart and drove over this afternoon. I don't think Meg will ever forget it."

"Oh, you cruel Tonee, to take that darling donkey all that way!" You see, her divine pity for all living things included even a little mouse-gray donkey.

"I think we all of us owe him a kiss for these," Gladys suggested wickedly. Stooping quickly, she kissed Tony's forehead as he sat on the footstool.

"My daughter kissing a man in public! Let me kill him," mocked the doctor from the door.

"Wait, Daddy, till I've kissed him, too," insisted Joan. Kneeling down by Anthony, she gave him a friendly hug and frankly kissed his cheek. "Thank you, Tony—I just love mine."

"Your turn, Alma," her father laughed, with a wink that, fortunately for his peace of mind, Anthony missed. "Alma, forward, please!"

For an instant wild fear sprang up within Anthony. Was all this ghastly embarrassment to end with tragedy? Ah, the sacrilege of a kiss like that, with all these grinning idiots watching! As well might a devout kiss his crucifix at a circus!

As though sensing his mood, Alma shook her pretty head. "I do not give my kisses so lightly," she said, "but," she smiled, "you may kiss our royal hand."

Surreptitiously Anthony slid one knee under him, so that during that instant while his lips touched the white fragrance of her hand he was, as was fitting, kneeling before her. Dear heart alive, but the ecstasy of that kiss! How white, how wondrous white that hand, and charged by some magical current which caused him, indeed, to fight so as to keep that unexplainable moisture from his eyes. Did every fellow make such a fool of himself? Mature consideration showed him that every fellow did not, for the simple reason that no one before had ever loved as he did, nor could any one again so love in the dim distances of the future. To Anthony alone in all the world had been given the power to love so deeply.

So passed the minutes that of cruel necessity brought his visit to a close. At half past eleven Alma yawned—not with the gaping ugliness of ordinary mortals, of course, but with a dainty darling of a little yawn.

"You are sleepy," Anthony cried, getting up, contrite that he had tired her.

"Yes, I am, Tonee," she admitted frankly.

"It's a perfect night," remarked the doctor, who was leaning out of the window. "What do you girls say? Shall we walk up the village and round by Lucky Pig Lane and see this young man safely home . . . or is there some girl you want to serenade, Tony, when we should be de trôp?"

Awkwardly Anthony laughed away the suggestion that there could be such a thing as a girl.

So they set off, and, without arranging it, Anthony found that the doctor marched on ahead with Joan hanging on one arm and Gladys on the other. Anthony followed more slowly with Alma. The three in front seemed to be sharing some joke, for their laughter came back to them on the warm night air. Alma chattered away, and Anthony was content to listen to the music of her voice.

Their pace slackened, and as they entered the lane, darker than the village street as the overhanging branches of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trees shut out the moonlight, Alma laid her hand on Anthony's arm. Ah, Lucky Pig Lane, Lucky Pig Lane! Was ever pig so lucky as youth?

"What absurd names they have in the country for their roads," remarked Alma. Then suddenly: "Did you like those two kissing you to-night, Tonee?"

Perhaps it was that the darkness lent him courage, but courage came to him. "No," Anthony asserted stoutly. "There is only one girl in the world I want to kiss!"

They were near the vicarage gate, where the others awaited them. Alma held up her face. For a fleeting second her lips touched Anthony's with the merest butterfly of a kiss, then, breaking from him, she ran lightly ahead and joined the rest. Anthony, his eyes ablaze with love, his heart thumping against his side as surely never heart has thumped before, came up with them.

Somehow, but for Anthony as though from a long way off, good nights were said, and later he found himself sitting on his bed. Suddenly he became conscious that he held Alma's scarf in his hands—a light, silky thing on which she had impressed something of her personality. Burying his face in its soft folds, and dressed as he was in his gray flannels, Anthony flung himself on his bed, and so, later, slept.

A month went by, and the affair continued to run on. Consumed by his love, Anthony longed for an opportunity to propose. After all, did not a kiss, however butterfly its nature, cause a man to hope that his furnace-like sighs have not all been spent in vain? But Alma held him at a distance: Anthony never quite knew how he stood with her. One night he would part from her with his heart well-nigh broken by sorrow because she had hardly looked at him all the evening. Search his soul as he might to find out wherein he had offended, no solution would offer itself. Then, perhaps, on the very next night, when somewhat tremblingly Anthony stood before her with a huge bunch of the vicar's pet roses—surreptitiously plucked by the light of a bicycle lamp—as an outward sign of penitence, Alma would suddenly bewilder him with the sunlight of her smiles. Promoting him from his lowly footstool, she would sit beside him on a sofa, and if in examining his latest snap-shots her hand touched his, or her head rested for an instant so close to his that the softness of her hair caressed his cheek, surely that was not Alma's fault; and was not one or other sister always present as chaperone?

It was late in July that the vicar left home to attend a clerical convention at Exeter.

"I shall be back on Saturday, and I shall look for a good account of you from Mr. Carter on my return," the vicar admonished with one foot on the step of the brougham. "I shall rely on you to retire at your usual hour, and, as Mary is away, see that my birds are fed and that no one touches those fuchsias in the bed under my study window. Take plenty of exercise, but see that you do not neglect the work. 'Hinc lucem et pocula sacra,' you know!"

With a sigh of relief Anthony watched the carriage out of sight. It was barely nine, and he made his way slowly up the street toward Mr. Carter's cottage. How repulsive was the very idea of Virgil while the sun bathed everything in gold. A delightful breeze, fresh from the near-by sea, brought memories of bathing. Why should he be shut up all the morning in the curate's study? He would scrape through his exams somehow; and, anyway, who wanted to be a lawyer? Nothing but Alma mattered, and there, coming jauntily from the chemist's at the corner, appeared her father.

It was, the doctor insisted, too delightful a day to work. For his part he was going to take a day or two off, as no one seemed to be ill. Joan and Gladys had just set off for Newquay to stay with friends. Well, if his children could desert their old father, then, by Jove! he would go on the gadabout himself. The doctor and Alma were to bicycle slowly to Plymouth, forty miles away, go to a theatre, put up at a hotel for the night, and return by rail the next day. Of course Anthony would not care to accompany them?

There was no hesitation about Anthony's acceptance. Pictures leaped to his mind of riding through the pleasant country lanes beside Alma. Think of it! To be with Her for two whole days—to be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

allowed to push her bicycle up the hills, perhaps even to clean it for her on arrival at Plymouth! No hireling should touch the handles on which her little hands had rested. Of course there would be a frightful row with the governor, who was bound to hear of it—St. Cullen would see to that—but what matter a row? Nothing could take from him those hours with Alma. True, also, that he had no money, but he could get some. Burton, the butcher, would lend him as much as he wanted.

The doctor stood smiling to himself as he watched Anthony stride off to make his preparations for the trip, and his smile was not altogether a pleasant one. Only the day before, when walking with Gladys, Doctor Gifford had passed the vicar, and, in response to his bow, Mr. Tremellis had merely raised one finger toward his soft clerical hat, thus placing the doctor and his daughter on a social level with any of the village tradespeople. How furious Alma had been at lunch when her father and Gladys had detailed the snub for her benefit! Still, she maintained, it was not Anthony's fault. He was a dear boy and he had a proper appreciation of her undoubted attractions.

"Oh, Mr. Burton," Anthony remarked carelessly as he stood in the butcher shop, "my father has just gone off to Exeter and I find I have no money. Could you let me have five pounds for a few days?"

The fat canvas bag, weighted down with gold, was instantly pulled from Mr. Burton's capacious pocket. Was Mr. Anthony sure that five was enough?

Anthony was certain. To be sure, it would only add to his father's rage if he heard of it before he could repay the genial butcher, but that did not matter: nothing mattered. Enough that these two glorious days were his.

An hour later, having sent a cool note to his tutor that he would be away for a couple of days, proudly Anthony rode beside Alma through the village street and out onto the road beyond. The doctor, who knew his county, rode ahead, and, branching off the main roads to avoid the dust of the passing motors, skilfully made his way through the smiling lanes and byways undisturbed by the modern mania for speed. Anthony rode on as one in the clouds, and demonstrated the fact that it is perfectly possible to ride a bicycle without wasting more than a very occasional glance at the road ahead.

But why labor the point? How describe how Anthony pushed Alma's bicycle up the hills and on every occasion that she dismounted persuaded her to pose for just one more snap-shot? Enough that Alma, bewildering in her white serge and big, floppy hat that shaded her flower face, reduced Anthony both by her smiles and by the glances from those Sèvres blue eyes to a glorious state of helpless adoration. How graceful she was, how cool in spite of the exercise, how entirely different to all other girls! Merry and gay she was, too, and her laughter was almost, but of course not quite, infectious enough to make Anthony forget the sublime misery that his love enforced upon him. Not for him as yet to laugh: too solemn and sacred was the adoration which dominated him. As well might one laugh when, from the vast spaces of some mighty cathedral, a voice would rise higher and higher in ecstasy of praise, the while the organ sobbed and crashed out the volume of its melody.

Enough that Anthony lived with every sense divinely attuned to the worship of his wonder girl. Again, how set down the rapture of that evening when Anthony, bathed, and clad in the fresh cricketing flannels he had brought with him in a knapsack, sat in the darkened theatre intensely aware of the nearness of her presence?

Of the play he was of course oblivious. Who wanted to see a rotten play when in the faint light he could just make out the curve of Alma's head or, bending toward her, could catch her whispered criticisms? With what delight he heaped his gifts upon her from the riches of Mr. Burton's five-pound note! With what rapture he watched her eat his chocolates, bury her face in his flowers (ah, lucky flowers!), drive back to the hotel in the motor which he had ordered for her!

Having made his good nights, Anthony strolled toward his own hotel, as Doctor Gifford had insisted that Mrs. Grundy would be the better pleased if Anthony stopped elsewhere. Passing a street-lamp, a woman, ghastly in the paint of her profession, laid a detaining hand on his arm. "Why! What a hurry you're in, dearie,"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by Reginald Birch.

And on every occasion that she dismounted persuaded her to pose for just one more snap-shot.—Page 746.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she began, but Anthony, shuddering, had already snatched his arm away and was running like a hare up the street.

How horrible! Oh, how utterly horrible! He felt defiled, unclean, in the intensity of his youth. That such a one had touched the arm on which She had deigned to lean!

Going into his bathroom, Anthony vigorously sponged the offending sleeve of his coat, and hung it up to dry. Then, plunging into a cold tub, he scrubbed his arm with a nail-brush. Suddenly he hated Plymouth. When they were married they could not live in London, law or no law. Only was the country pure enough for her. That such a creature as the woman who had spoken to him should breathe the same air as Alma was a desecration.

Seeing a writing-table in his room, an idea occurred to Anthony that taxed his courage to the utmost. Still, tucked in the roses that greeted Alma at breakfast was a note. In his infamous schoolboy scrawl, Anthony had written:

> "Oh, Love, when out the deep blue sky
> They lent the blue to make your eye,
> Then Eros shot his deadly dart
> And pierced through my very heart.

"I know you will laugh, but please don't.

Now, on the return journey, when they were only half-way home, the clouds rolled ominously black before them.

"There will be a downpour in a minute," the doctor remarked as he circled back to them from where he was riding ahead. "Let's go back and branch off to the left. . . . If we hurry we can get to a station in a few minutes and take the train home. You don't want to get wet, Alma."

In the first-class carriage of the local train which ran slowly through the now drenched country, a great sadness descended upon Anthony. He sat looking at Alma in the corner seat and sometimes through the wet window-panes at the black sky beyond. It seemed to typify his life. So it was all over! Why could he not go on riding by Alma's side through the sun-kissed lanes forever? Was that what life meant? Did everything beautiful suddenly come to an end? Soon they would be at St. Cullen station, when they would put their machines on top of the Red Lion 'bus which met the trains and would jolt noisily the mile and a half to the village. There awaited him the row with his father, and, naturally, the butcher must be paid. Of course it had been well worth it, and he would do it again, but what a fool he had been not to have seized the opportunity to propose. Now it was too late. He must wait for another chance—but supposing Alma refused him! He hardly dared hope, and without her how could he contemplate life? Yet even at that moment she was smiling at his serious face.

"Are you sorry it's over, Tonee?"

"Frightfully," he told her. "It's been . . . it's been so absolutely ripping. I wish we . . ."

"Oh, look! My shoe is all muddy," Alma interrupted him, holding up one foot.

Forgetting the doctor, who looked on with a cynical smile, in an instant Anthony was on his knees on the dusty floor trying to wipe off the mud with his handkerchief.

"You really are a dear boy, Tonee," she rewarded him as he resumed his seat.

Then from out of space fell the blow, and for Anthony the world stood still.

"Yes," put in the doctor, "but the dearest boy in all the world is coming down on Saturday. Alma's fiancé, Jack Havelock, is coming to stay for a week or so . . ."

A whole month later, after the Kaiser's armies had swept out to battle, Anthony, fully conscious both of his dignity as an officer in his Majesty's service and of the resplendence of his fresh khaki, sat beside his major's sister, who was glancing through the pages of his snap-shot album.

"And who is this girl on a bicycle?" she asked. "You seem to have millions of her."

Now gone from Anthony was his former shyness, for shyness attends but the first love. "Oh, *her?*" he replied as with much care he screwed a newly acquired monocle into his right eye. "That's a little girl I used to be rather keen on long, long ago. A boy-and-girl affair, you know; and that," he added gravely, "was *long* before I had met *you!*"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE VERY ANXIOUS MOTHER

By Katharine Holland Brown

THE very anxious mother stood in her low doorway, a flickering clay lamp in her hand, and peered out toward the gray twilight line of the Judean hills.

"It is too dark for you to see a rod before the door," grumbled her husband. It was the first day of the Passover. For him, a hard-working, skilful potter in the wide sunny field beyond the hill, a day of forced and dreary leisure. He had chafed around the little house all day, as wearing to his good wife as only the caged man can be. Now he lay sprawled on a sheepskin flung over a rough bench. "When he does come home, I'll thrash him well, the stubborn glum lout! Forever ungrateful, forever teasing to go to sea! As if the potter's wheel and the good safe task were not good enough for him!"

The mother did not reply. Only her dark searching eyes peered the more intently.

"Always has he been stubborn, from the hour of his birth. I mind well how, when he was but a hand's span long, he would sulk and fret if you did not lift him from his cradle with the first whimper. And he would scream and strike out with his tiny fists at whoever came near. And you—with him, you had no reason. Sometimes you would laugh. Sometimes he would grieve you to the heart."

The mother did not speak. But her beautiful strong shoulders gave the tiniest shrug. An eloquent little shrug, that. One might translate: "Yes, I have seen more than one sulky baby, in my time. And some wore swaddling clothes; while others——"

"All his fourteen years, he has cost you more work and thought and care than all our younger children put together. He is a sturdy, upstanding boy, I grant you, a keen brain—when he chooses to use it. But he is all whims and changes, all tempers and fine fancies, too fine for an humble potter's son. And always you have humored him, you have given way. Once you took half the silver I had given you to buy a fine new cloak of the lambs' wool, broidered, and bought for him, instead, a tiny boat, that he might sail upon the brook, and dream himself a seafarer—the seafarer that he has always longed to be!"

"And I dreamed with him," smiled the mother to herself. But she spoke no word.

"Then, one day, sailing his precious ship, he slipped on a wet rock and fell in. And the swift deep current seized on him. And you, seeing him fall, rushed down the hill and threw yourself into that black water, though you could not swim, and you fought your way to him, and saved him. But as you struggled ashore, a log struck you, and cut your forehead, broad and deep. Weeks you lay, at the gate of death. You will bear that scar for life."

The mother pushed back the great wave of black hair, folded low on her brow. She touched the grooved scar.

"Under my hair, it does not show," she reflected. "And, anyway, some scars do not hurt at all."

"And you vowed that never should he sail his boat again, never go near the brook, even. But before you could walk, your son was away again to his brook, his boat, his stubborn desire. Always the restless waters for him. Always must he keep you fretted and distressed. Today, it is the same old tale. 'I want to be a sailor! I want to go to Tyre, and join a crew.' Always the sea, the sea. And he the son of a potter! I cannot understand."

"Nor can I." All the dark perils of the sea were deep in her eyes now. The lamp in her firm hand wavered: her mouth was pinched with dread. "No. I cannot bear it. To let my boy, my little, little son, go away to sea! Yet—how can I bear to hold him back!"

"There you go again." The father

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grunted, irate. "Always this rebel grieves you, yet always you love him, exult in him. Always you are more proud of him than of all our docile younger children."

"H'm. Is he not my first-born?" The mother's head gave a haughty little fling. Reason enough for all her yielding. But what dull man-creature could be expected to see that?

She turned back into the room, so dimly lit by its guttering candles, although it was a night of solemn festival. Absently she moved about, did a trivial duty or so. Then again she crept outside, and stood, lamp lifted high, looking anxiously away. Now the hills rose black against a sky all orange sunset, and the air was very still.

"If only he would come home!" her loving face quivered. Her eyes strained past the farthest hills. "He has never been so late. Never before!"

But as she spoke, he came, a slim eager young figure, racing up the last rough slope. Not one moment's heed would he give her rebukes. Great overgrown cub that he was, he jerked himself ruthlessly from her arms, and burst into frantic boyish pleading.

"Oh, mother! I've been tramping away up the brook, miles on miles! And I met a man there, a seaman from the coast. He told me that three great ships, merchant ships for Egypt and for Rome, will sail from Joppa within the month. If they can find men enough to man them. And I want to go, I've got to go. Oh, mother, mother——"

"Go to Joppa! Sail on a great ship, for Egypt—for Rome!"

"Oh, mother, listen!" Those passionate jealous arms had caught him close again. Again he tore himself free. "You don't understand—you *won't!* You and father want me to stay here and turn a potter's wheel. I'd rather be a dog, and turn a spit before the fire——"

"But a potter is a skilful man, an honored man. You are your father's eldest son. You shall have his wheel, he will teach you all his craft. You shall not go down to the far terrible sea. You shall not throw your life away——"

"But there is no danger! Only great chances, glorious adventures. Ask any man who walks these hills, which would he rather be, a potter chained to his wheel, or a proud sea-rover. Ask any man. Even a stranger—that man yonder, even! See what he will say!"

"That man yonder," a tall shape, dim in the twilight, was climbing slowly up the path that led past their door. A working man, by his rough clothes and sandals. A very tired man: that told itself in the stoop of his big shoulders, his slow listless gait. To the eye, no oracle, this. Yet, as if swept by the same will, mother and son turned to him.

"Stranger, speak to my mother. Tell her it is right for me to go to sea!"

"Right, indeed! For you to leave your home? Stranger, speak to my son. Tell him how foolish he is, how wrong!"

"Foolish? Wrong? Why so?" The stranger halted. Through the thick dusk, he stood and looked on them, with grave kind eyes. His deep voice was kind, too, a voice that was heavy for weariness, yet rang with deep resounding music. Like children, the two fairly flung themselves upon him.

He heard their frantic arguments without a word. Only upon his dark worn face came a light; a light as of a compassion past all words: and mingled with that compassion, the tenderest gleam of mirth.

"But I *will* go to sea! I am fourteen years old, a man grown. I have the right——"

"He shall not go! He is but a baby, only fourteen. He is mine, my own. I shall keep him close, always close with me——"

The stranger waited. At last the angry voices faltered, ceased. Then, gently, tenderly, he spoke.

"Long ago, mother, when your son was very little, and lay wrapped in his swaddling clothes, then you could hold him, close. But soon he fretted at his swaddling clothes, and fought to use his own strong little legs. So you undid his bonds, and taught him to stand alone, then to take a wavering step or two. One day, you carried him to the gleaning, and laid him to sleep on a pile of straw, while you worked. But soon you heard him cry; and when you looked back you

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

saw him, standing bravely upright, but screaming for anger and fear. And your breast throbbed, and your feet urged, to run to him. But you thrust that down, and made yourself stand still. And you laughed aloud in your pride at his anger and his strength, the little cross scared puppy that he was. Soon he saw you, and ran to you, stumbling and falling, but now eager and delighted to be walking alone. And your heart swelled to bursting for pride, that he had made his way to you, across the great strange world of the harvest field!"

The mother smiled. Her hand slid downward, as if she laid proud fingers on a little head at her knee.

"You would let him go, then, where he willed. You would trust that he would come back to you. Yet to-day—you will not have him act the man. You cannot send him away, and trust him to find his way back to you, across the white harvest fields of the sea——"

"Oh, mother, you can trust me! You *can!*" The boy fell upon his mother, urging, imploring. The man stood silent, gravely smiling, while for a moment the two contended. Then he spoke out, straight and clear.

"Mother, your son is, as he says, man grown. He is eager for his man's work. You ask my judgment. Let him go."

The boy, after one exultant whoop, was silent. The mother, too, stood silent, dumb, poor heart, with defeat. Strangely, she did not even question this passer-by and his authority. Very humbly she began to set their case.

"But, sir, we are not seafarers. How can he go away, among strangers? Where will my child find friends?"

"He is a stout lad, and a brave heart. Give him store of bread and meat, and a little silver. Send him by foot down to Joppa. There let him seek out a friend of mine, Simon the tanner, who lives near the sea. Many seamen lodge at his house. Tell Simon what you have told to me. He will put you in charge of one of his sailor friends."

"Then I shall fare out and see the whole world!" Ecstasy bubbled in the youngster's voice.

"Ay, as I have longed to see the beautiful far world. Always I have desired. But—not now." A shadow, darker than mortal shadow, crossed his face. Then, wearily, resolutely, he drew himself erect, and started away.

"But — who — what — what name, sir, shall he take to Simon the tanner?"

Over the strong face came again that glinting smile.

"Tell him—I was—the carpenter from Nazareth."

"The carpenter from Nazareth?" The mother stared. "What should a carpenter have to do with folk that follow the sea?"

The man did not answer for a moment.

"Little enough," he said at last, half to himself. "Yet on the shores I found them, simple fishermen, but loyal hearts, all. Ay, loyal! And yet, to-night——"

A shudder seized on him. His strong face wrenched, as if with intolerable pain.

The woman put out her hand to him. For that instant, to her mother-eyes, he seemed only another child, stricken with strange heart-breaking woe.

"Sir, you have done us a great kindness. But you are tired and sad. Come into our poor house. My man and I—we will be honored to give you food and a bed."

But, in a breath, that marring grief had vanished from the stranger's face. Grave, gentle, he lifted one sun-browned hand in farewell. Then, steadily, doggedly, he turned away, and started up the last long hill.

Wide-eyed, aflame with triumph, the boy endured his mother's arms, her reproachful kisses. Then he wriggled away and clambered up the rude ladder to his own loft and his own hard little bed.

A moment the mother stood and looked away, up the path that the stranger had gone. Then, pale but serene, she entered her house. From his sheepskin her husband awoke, and growled.

"I thought you were never coming in."

"Hark. I have great news for you." Her mouth trembled, but her eyes were shining with hope. "It is all settled. The boy is going to sea!"

"Going to sea?" Her husband sat up and gaped at her.

"Yes. A strange man came by. He heard us both out. Then he spoke judg-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment. He even told me where to send him. It is all planned, and done."

"A man came by? What kind of a man?"

"Why, just a man like you. Taller, perhaps. A working man, for I saw the callouses on his palms. A carpenter. From Nazareth."

"A carpenter! From Nazareth!" The husband laughed out in noisy scorn. But the mother stood her ground. Soon, to his own amazement, the husband found himself yielding, convinced utterly, albeit against his wish.

"Well, we'll see. If he must see the world, why then—" For sometimes a woman is in the right. Although it is never wise to admit that openly. "But how this man could so bend you to his mind— What manner of man was he? What did he say?"

"I can't just remember that. But I tell you, he was like all other men. Yet not like, either, for he was very strong, I could see that. And yet so gentle! And never have I heard man speak as he spoke, so grave, so wise, so very tender. No. He was not like other men. And still——"

She turned back to the door. Wistfully she peered out into the night. But the carpenter from Nazareth had gone far past her gaze. Now, head bowed, heart sick, he was making his way up the longest, steepest hill. And he crept on to his dark Garden in an anguish unspeakable, believing himself deserted, forsaken by his disciples, who slept, forsaken even by his God. For being a man in all ways like unto ourselves, his loneliness was rending his very flesh, was tearing the living soul. Yet he was mistaken. He did not walk alone to his Gethsemane. For all the love and passion and gratitude of all the world, of all the worlds to come, followed close, and walked with him.

THE LOVE OF LITTLE TREES

By Joseph Edgar Chamberlin

THE use of the earth, for some of us, is chiefly for the planting of little trees, which we love, and which in our imagination we see grown great some time, but which in our hearts are really never anything but little trees in whose early sprightly growth we take a pleasure that is akin to our joy in the prattlings and the play of children.

It is a bravely tender employment, a holy joy—this planting and nurture of little trees. I once visited a town on a Western plain where no trees grew spontaneously, and where the settlers had the greatest difficulty in making their planted trees and shrubs withstand the conditions of a parched soil, a withering atmosphere, and the fierce summer heat and bitter winter cold. But I have never seen more undismayed and heroic planting than I saw there, nor a more tender parental pride than those people had in such scanty growths as they were able to maintain.

It was like the especial love of a mother for a sickly child who costs her the laborious care of all her hours, and chides her for her pains. And, though I thought it prudent to question the wisdom of these people in planting, in so unkind a climate, the apple-trees and firs and elms, the maples and roses of their ancestral land in the East, advising them to plant instead the box-elders and cottonwoods and nettle-trees of their own general region, I was, nevertheless, touched and delighted to see them engaged in the desperate attempt.

For, after all, in planting with such good hope so many hopeless things in this world, we follow the example of nature herself. We plant not so much in the soil of the plain as in the soil of our own faith. Is not that what nature does? What a lot of the surface of her own garden na-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ture covers with seeds and shoots that will never come to anything! She will not, of course, in the long run, let any plant grow or any creature live out of the habitat that is suited to its needs. If the growth is unadapted, it cannot be; that is her word. Nevertheless, nature is always starting the willow on the rock and the oak on the marsh. You have seen the pine-tree sprout in a thimbleful of earth in a crevice or between the shingles on an old roof. Next year it will wither; but from its withering nature has taken no lesson nor regarded it at all. She sprouts the seed where she can sprout it; that is all.

It is not so much the blindness of chance as the supreme optimism—a perfect and infinitely fearless design which never denies the miracle. The pine seed has ended by cleaving the rock and the oak has in the end dried up the marsh.

When I see sprouting in a hopeless place the seed which the winds or the birds have cast abroad, I seem to hear a dialogue going on between the two great powers of nature, the Creator and the Destroyer.

"I plant an oak," says the Creative Principle.

"I shall destroy it," says the Destroyer.

"Attend thou to thy destruction; I shall create, nevertheless."

"To what end, then?"

"To the end of life and joy, and to the end that there shall always be more of life than of death; for the sum of my endeavors is always a little greater than thine. Thou followest me forward, not I thee backward. Destroy, then; I have but to create, and I create in abundance, in excess. The shoot that most invites thy hand has escaped thy hot glance; thou shalt not destroy it until it has served my purpose and added to the sum of life."

Thus the eternal dialogue. The creative principle dispenses with all economies, with all selections, with all calculation of results. It never ceases to challenge destruction. We associate ourselves with it in many ways; one beautiful way, of these, lies in the planting of seeds and trees which it may be perfectly vain to plant.

The undaunted gardener, with his seed catalogue and his nursery list, is even greater than he himself imagines. In his small way, he does a divine thing.

We have all around us examples of quite wonderful triumphs in this field of new life. Probably there will be still greater. There is nothing so easy as miracles, when you once get them started. My old friend Coburn, who turned Kansas into a garden, making a billion blades of grass grow where not any grew before, has told me that for almost the space of a generation he worked vainly to make the elm-tree grow in the open spaces where now stands the shady city of Topeka. No elm-tree would grow there! But Coburn kept on where others despaired. Have you been in Topeka? The streets are embowered in the noblest elms; and on the prairies round about little elms spring up of their own accord like weeds, so that the farmers must turn themselves into the god Kali and mow them down.

Then there is the fig-tree at Nantucket. Nantucket is a bleak and brumal Massachusetts isle of stunted vegetation, but there, on the village street, is the fig-tree, a monument to some one's fantastic optimism.

Marvels of adaptation will be achieved, but they will not be achieved without confidence and that kind of patience that outlasts a life. I had a friend, a Spaniard, who, though he lived in New England and knew the bitterness of its winter winds as well as any one, asked me why we did not raise oranges in Massachusetts. And let me explain that this Spaniard was not a fool, but as wise a man as I ever knew. He told me that far up on a certain high mountain in Spain, at whose summit the snow sometimes lies all summer, there is a monastery which is occupied by a most patient order of monks. For centuries these monks, each generation taking up the task when the one before it had laid it down, carried the growth of the orange higher and higher up the mountain, until at last, acclimated, the trees grew and throve and produced their sweet fruit in the monastery garden; and no bitter winter wind can longer wither them. "Why do you not, then, do the same?" asked my Spanish friend.

If we were like the monks of Montserrat, or like Coburn of Kansas, perhaps we

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

might eventually have oranges growing in Berkshire and Westchester orchards. If there is now some enthusiast who is seeking to cover the barren slopes of the Catskills with orange groves, I shall at least associate myself with him in spirit.

That is the faith; but I think the greatest tree planting is done in love rather than in faith. I have never known a nobler planter than my brother, who was stone-blind. No ray of light reached his retina in the days when, on his country place in Minnesota, he planted many trees. Not fruit-trees, whose fruit he might some day hope to eat; not merely shade-trees before his door, under whose branches he might expect to find shade from the summer sun; but many avenues, thickets, and groves of little trees and shrubs. Not merely did he plant those which already had some growth—he sowed the seeds and nuts whose sprouting he could observe only with his groping fingers.

From year to year he tenderly felt the young shoots with his fingers and noted their progress. He tended them with a joy surpassing the joy of men who see. When the trees had grown so large that he could no longer feel their tops with his hands, he followed the growth with his stick. When they were grown larger still, so that his stick would not extend to their tops, he felt their stems with his hands, and passed his stick fondly along their lowermost branches to their uttermost twig.

Did ever a man before so build himself into a tree or a tree into himself? And in the love of these little trees, and also the sense that the trees were loving him, nature compensated my brother for the loss of his eyes.

More intimately than I who see, my brother associated himself with the process of creation. He convinced me anew of the truth that I had learned before from other blind ones, and especially from those wonderful beings who can neither see nor hear, that our physical senses sometimes close, rather than open, the windows of our souls.

I have a fancy that the common love of shrubs or bushes has in it, besides the delight in the flowers that the shrubs may bear, a great deal of the tenderness that all humanity bears toward children. For though a shrub, like a sturdy box-tree, may be old, it is always like an infant when compared with a tree—even when compared with a young tree that has attained a great height. We can put our hands on the heads of these shrubs, and are sometimes tempted to take them up and hold them in our laps. We want our pretty bushes, like our children, to be prodigies, and quite wonderful, each in its special way; and that explains why we plant more exotic shrubs than exotic trees. Look about in your garden; scarce a shrub there is a native. You have lilacs from Persia, roses from southern Europe, a Japanese quince or two, a hawthorn from England, a magnolia from Carolina, a honeysuckle from Tartary, a Forsythia from China, a privet from California. Yet you shade your avenue with native elms, or maples, or pines, and are better pleased with them because they are native. Why, then, all these exotics? Perhaps because you like the spirit of strangeness and precocity, as of something saucy and quaintly distinguished, in these children of your horticultural fancy.

But sometimes it happens that a shrub is so common, yet also so shy and woodsy, that no one knows it except people as common and campestrian as itself; and then it becomes distinguished. Of late years the wild shrubs of the woods have been planted in many of our city parks—all at once, as if they were discoveries; and so they are, for when people see the wayfaring tree, the June-berry, the rhodora, or the arbutus, they say, "Why, what strange thing is that?" and begin at once to guess whether it is a native of Japan or of the Himalayas, though they might have dug it up in the woods if they had taken a spade and a half-holiday.

Thus, it is plain, some of our sturdy native virtues need to be dug up by woodsy persons and given a little every-day garden cultivation. They are becoming too shy and remote. As an example of these native and neglected virtues needing transplantation into every front yard, need I mention any other than the virtue of nonconformity, on which our republic was founded and which nowadays seems quite an exotic? Let me hope that the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cult of exotics will decree its generous planting!

There is another reason why most men love the shrub better than the tree. It is because the bush epitomizes creation better than a tree, being all within the range of our vision; we can look down on the top of it, and sometimes see both sides of it at once, which is a great virtue in an epitome.

You have heard of meeting God in the bush. An extravagant phrase; but I think I know of at least one case in which that has been done. There was a little invalid girl who had always been confined to a poor city house, for the most of the time bedridden; who had never been in the country, nor even in a city park, but who had been taught to read and write. This little girl was visited often by a woman whom she called her teacher, and for this teacher she wrote a little composition called "Spring." In this paper the little girl said that spring first came with a gentle flush that was a kind of pink and a kind of yellow; that presently it became yellower, and then all at once a beautiful light green, which soon turned into a darker green. She said also that sometimes spring came earlier than at other times, and that when it came late it was hard to wait for it; only it was just as happy in the end, because when it came so late it was all the more beautiful, and burst out first with flowers and then with many leaves all at once.

The woman who was called teacher wondered greatly at this composition, because the child had never read of these gradations of the spring color in any book—we do not read about all that in books—and she also wrote as if she had seen and felt the passion of the efflorescence and studied its small, thrilling details. The teacher asked the little girl what she meant by writing in this way about the spring when she had never seen it. The child, her face falling, answered: "But I have seen it—in the Donellys' bush!" And then the visitor saw that, by looking into a small mirror that hung on the wall, the bedridden child had a view of a neighbor's back yard, and in that yard a small willow-tree grew, leaning away from the brick wall—a tree much stunted as to its height, but yet stocky and thrifty, bearing now a luxurious mass of pendent leaves.

Here was all nature, and God with it, in a bush. The spring had been there, and none of it left out; for all of the abounding spring that did not come to the little willow-tree was as naught to the keen and reverent eyes of the child. I doubt if a great tree could so have epitomized nature to her. She could not have seen it all, nor could she have felt, from the spreading elms, the tender and warming thrill that came to her from the little willow.

There is a little tree that I remember well. It stood alone on the prairie, just inside the fence by the roadside; a white poplar-tree, a trembling aspen. The great, level field that stretches away southward from the road is covered with young corn—endless rows of corn. A boy is hoeing corn here—a boy not of robust strength like the others; not ill either, but of poor physical powers. All the rest, except his mother and sisters, are inclined to laugh at him because of this. Hoeing the endless rows of corn, the boy trembled in the heat and longed for the spot of shade cast by the little poplar-tree and the wild, cool grass beneath it. He toiled on, striving to keep up with the other hoers, yet always tenderly beckoned to by the little tree.

Sometimes, indeed, all rested there; and then the boy lay on his back and watched the delicately poised leaves at their playful dance on the vast floor of the blue sky. The air breathless—seemingly as still as death—but the aspen leaves danced lightly, sentiently, against the sky. Was it a dream that they danced in measures and at some soft-voiced signal? The boy looked at a motionless leaf and willed it to move, and it danced as if it were mad. Another leaf paused when he bade it be still. They were all in league with him, and begged him to come and play all day, as they played! How they tapped and bumped one another—but so lightly—as if they loved! How beautiful the soft, silvery under sides of the leaves! And the white, smooth bark of the little tree was like the touch of one's mother's cheek.

Up around the farmhouse there were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

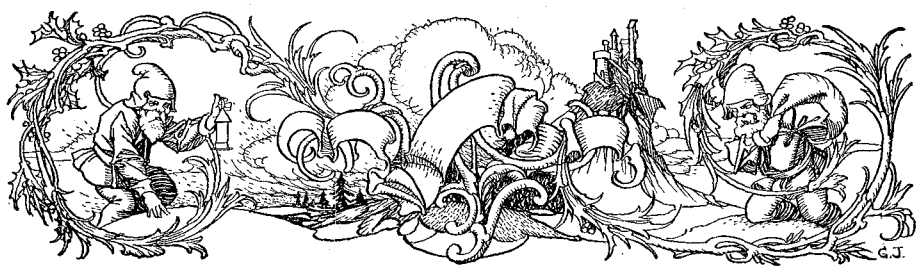
great white oaks, burr oaks, red oaks, hickories, noble and wonderful; but the little poplar-tree down on the prairie was dearer. When the boy had errands across the prairie, his sister would come as far as the poplar-tree and await him there. A parting-place, a meeting-place; the tree blended with the perfect love of a sister, against which one cannot sin, which endures all things, which transforms one's thoughtlessness into some subtle kindness and gilds one's follies with the gold of genius; the sister and the poplar-tree, and the new leaves of love always springing.

Later in a life spent far away from the poplar-tree, the boy, now with gray hairs that rebuked the world for its endless toils, came back to the prairie one day —came back alone; and as he walked the long, straight road his heart was almost bursting with fear that the poplar-tree would not be there. Out over the prairie—the same long road—and then, a long way off, he noticed the dark spot by the roadside where the tree should be. It was there. He rushed on toward it—the poplar-tree, but so old! Its largest branch, which leaned southward over the prairie and overhung the grassy corner where the boy had rested from his hoeing, was but a branchless prong; but the cold winter winds of the prairie had kept the poplar still a little tree—an old little tree. The man ran and bent down one of the branches which still had a little life; it seemed to him that the tree was only waiting until he came back, to die; but it could not die till then. He bent the branch down until it rested on his bared head. He put his arms around the blackened trunk that had once been so downy and white, and tears fell from his eyes on the rough bark.

The branches! They were outlined grimly against the gray sky, for the month was November. The man lamented the leaflessness of the tree, for he wished to carry away one leaf for remembrance. As he thought this he saw just one yellow leaf, not trembling, but hanging perfectly still on the end of a twig above his head. It was glossy, as the leaves on the tree used to be, but it was like gold. He put out his hand to take it, and the leaf fluttered quickly and irregularly, all at once, in the old, trembling, dancing fashion. The tremor of the leaf seemed so plainly to answer his own movement that he was startled; it was the old sentient answer!

The leaf kept on fluttering, and the man, when he went away, left it there; he liked the idea that had come to him that the leaf was a type of himself, as it shone in the light of an autumnal day, looking out on the highroad where many curious men and beasts had passed; soon, quite soon, in the middle of some night when a cold wind should sweep over the world, it would let go its hold and begin a little, lone flight downward through the darkness.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MY FATHER

By Katharine Denison

THERE isn't a distinct first occasion when I remember my father. There is for my mother—the beautiful long lines of her garnet princess wrapper trailing slowly across the new carpet in the new house which my father had rented and moved us all to while she was sick. I remember how excited I was picturing her coming in and smiling at us after the long time we were kept away from her, and I wondered with all my own eagerness and the eagerness of my father how she would like the new carpet. I can see her yet through the little child's eyes, lifted out of the carriage by my father's impetuous arms, carried up the steps and set down triumphantly. There! said his wide-spread hand—he was generously big in every movement of body or mind. There! my more timid spirit repeated, wondering, wondering if she would really like it. It was such a jolly carpet, just like my jolly father, but perhaps my beautiful mother—! I see her torn from her lingering greeting to us by my father's impatient ecstasy in his purchase—that it wasn't the handsomest carpet in the world never bothered his brain. How I see my mother, her beautiful tall figure, her beautiful long face with the shining spiritual eyes, trailing slowly, dubiously over the flagrant pattern on the floor, her new living-room transformed by my father's rollicking fancy into fantastic stretches of big and little squares—it was glorious for hop-scotch when I grew a bit older. Mother was so wonderful about it. I can see my father now laugh out like a crowing boy —*he* was little Jack Horner!—*he* had done it with his little hatchet!—alas, alas, he had!—wasn't she pleased? wasn't she delighted? hadn't he given her a happy surprise? Mother was wonderful all her life.

Father was always in the midst of us, he was in the midst of everything throughout his days. Of course, he went to town, but we were invariably racing to have breakfast with him before he left, the first down could sit beside him and explore his plate for treasures if, as frequently happened, he finished his own quickly. It was exciting to get him into his overcoat, to put on his hat and gloves, to smoothe him down properly and rush out into the hall to call up-stairs shrilly for somebody to throw down a whisk-broom—not a crumb or a thread must mar his clothes, he must look quite grandly perfect as he closed the door for the day. How proud we were of his health and his strength, his ruddy cheeks and his shining blue eyes that never missed a trick or a fight, a joke or a trouble—how they laughed, wept, sparkled, watched, prayed!

I don't know what we did those early years, but five o'clock found us quarrelling for the best place at the windows, the frustrated one crouched up the stair where he could survey the sidewalk through the transom. And then the fun began. First, we had to go out—fresh air was a rigorous tenet of his creed—he was always jerking the windows up as far as they would go in the winteriest weather to air the rooms, scoffing and growling when we ran to cover. How mother must have shivered!—she was never very strong.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sometimes "all hands," as my father bunched us, must go for a ride. No one could escape, he wouldn't be happy with one left at home. Once one of us was crowded out and fell in the park road. Father couldn't hear—he was going so fast—so a policeman picked up my tumbled, unhurt, screaming little brother and gave him into the shaking arms of my horrified mother riding behind us unknown to my father, in the leisurely elegance of a friend's victoria—we never owned anything but racing-buggies, racing-horses, racing-yachts—it wasn't any fun for my father unless he were leading the line.

I remember my timid small head was always buried in my father's broad back, and my timid heart fluttered with fright, and the air sang in my ears, and the lake roared; and I wished the propitiatory "Just once more, children; then I'll take you home to your mother," wouldn't go on over and over as we'd turn back the side roads to come down the park speedway like the wind. I recall how proud my shaking heart was that my father always won, the shivery thrill at the cheers of the crowd. But I did wish—oh, how I wished—I didn't have to go when "all hands" went too! Now I can laugh at the funny black, narrow buggy on the red wheels, bulgy with children—often a neighbor's added too—popping up between my father's legs or from under his arms as he sat erect, his straw hat jammed on tight, casting calculating glances at the rival horses as we moved temperately up the side roads pretending our pacer was just a nice simple family nag; and then—whiz! bang! let her out! let her go!—till, across the line first, we'd turn for another try. Then I was very fastidious, craving quiet, order, decorum, out-of-doors where people could stare and comment. But my brothers would never conform to the rules, and I'm sure my prim soul was always pulling them straight and looking out of my shamed eyes rigidly ahead, pretending I wasn't there.

Mother sympathized with me—she was never eager out-of-doors to be an "all hands" herself—but father never could understand. The more the merrier was so absolute a law of his vitality. He couldn't imagine quiet without sound nor seclusion without crowds. He was ever greeting people, his happy "I'm glad to see you" ringing out with the joy of a boy—even if he didn't always know them they all knew him. He would appear at the house uncountable times with groups of persons he had asked to dinner or to spend the night—mother was invariably expected to "stow away the children"—with the air of bringing us a glorious treat. I can't see now how mother manipulated the double stowing but she always managed in some magic way of her own. Mother was wonderful, but how could she ever have disappointed the supreme confidence of father's face?—though it must have wearied her never to be alone. I used to shrink, I know, from the bustle and congestion, for memory pictures me backing into corners or behind protecting furniture to view the crowd, but mainly my father taking off coats, urging renewals of food, insisting they must stay all night—it was nonsense their talking of leaving—there was plenty of room, wasn't there, Margaret?—he'd be heart-broken if they went. And he meant it and the guests knew it, and the boys would hang over the banisters excitedly praying they were going to accept, for it meant a bed on the floor in father's and mother's room, and they could get up early and play circus with father.

Mother used to tell us some of the adventures my father lived through before she knew him—he was almost middle-aged when she married him, though age and father were incompatible terms—he was an incorrigible, mischievous, happy-hearted boy with the beautiful enthusiasm and simplicity of youth to the end. As a child he played with the Indians in the young Chicago. They taught him to manage a canoe and be as agile in the water as they, an accomplishment rewarded by his proudly borne sobriquet of "Hell Cat." He learned Pottawatomie words which he would recall, to our unbounded delight, to make the Indians at circuses laugh and shake his hand. They taught him to dance the war-dance, and once, when some one sent him an Indian club—people were always giving him presents, he was as pleased as a child with the tiniest gift—he began to hum and growl the menacing rhythms, brandishing the club aloft with alarming gestures

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—we were all there playing—always where he was were we. Suddenly, with the most blood-curdling whoop, he bounded to his feet, bumped the chairs of the living-room out of his way, and began the circle of the mad ritual, lifting his legs with the lithe sureness of the redman—he was immensely proud of his tapering legs—you ought to see him try a jig or a pigeon-wing!—and every three seconds shouting his whoop. We dropped our toys in a flash and started circling wildly after him, trying vainly to catch his coat or the club and screaming: "Let me do it, father—let me do it too, father." Mother came flying down the stairs—she never in her beautiful grace seemed to touch the treads—crying: "What is it, oh, what is it?—oh, John, John, I thought one of the children was hurt. What will you think of next! You'll be utterly exhausted. You'll surely hit your head with that stick. You'll be tired to death. What shall I do with you!" But John wasn't John, he was the inflexible enemy on the war-path, and nothing could stop that gyrating ceremony till he had seriously finished the Indian supplication—father was always in deadly earnest whatever he played—that's why he won so often. Once, in a race, he sprang open the seams in his old yacht carrying sail to beat a fleet racer imported to whip him. The sloop sank that night in the harbor but she stood under him till he captured the cup.

He sailed the lakes for many years before mother knew him, commanding other's ships first, then his own. He was proud of what the sailors called him—Storm King—because he took every chance he could see or invent and crowded sail till the masts groaned warning. Only once his crew told him they'd desert. "All right," he said, they could go the next port. He stood at the bottom of the gang-plank as the first man came down with his bundle and casually managed to trip him into the river. There was a roar of laughter from the men on the deck; they threw aside their packs, and gave a cheer for their captain as he offered a hand to raise the sheepish swimmer to the wharf. Through life afterward, when there was dissatisfaction among the vessel trimmers, the men would call for my father to lay their cause in his hands, ever sure of his generous, indefatigable protection. One time, mother told us, he landed at Beaver Island in Lake Michigan just as an angry gang rushed to the dock to drown Strang, the Mormon leader. In an instant my father tore him from his persecutors, rushed him ahead of him onto the deck and hid him in an empty barrel behind the cabin before his tormentors could swarm aboard. When they did he couldn't be found and father got him away to the following port of call—he wasn't very eager to continue with a Mormon. Mother said he was always saving lives—going out in fearful gales and storms, when others wouldn't venture from the harbor, to rescue men from sinking ships. He was out five days and nights gathering dying and dead from the ill-fated *Lady Elgin* wreck. Once, in a biting winter wind, he forced one of a fleet of tugs he owned through the crackling ice of river and lake to reach a group adrift on an ice-cake near the four-mile crib only to discover, as he labored nearer, an impassive flock of sand-hill cranes. He saved hundreds during the great Chicago fire, mother told us proudly, by forcing the draw-tender at Kinzie Street to keep the bridge closed till the people crossed instead of opening it, as he had started to do, to a signalling ship commencing to flame—there is never resistance to authority of power. People were always giving him watches and testimonials, but he didn't care about them; he said there was no reward equal to the joy of saving a poor fellow's life or the misery of being too late. Once he broke his leg, mother said, five days out from Chicago. His men begged him to put into port but he refused to chance the ignorance of a village doctor—he was too proud of his legs to risk one shorter than the other. He bore the agony till he reached his home where "Glory to God!" exclaimed a friend who saw him "boxed," "I didn't think the devil himself could keep you in bed."

Mother wasn't married then. We always accused father of picking her up and running off with her as he did one day on the yacht. We were having a picnic at Jackson Park. Father thought he would give us a jolly surprise, so he sailed after us and stood out from shore there with the *Wasp*. The sloop drew too much

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

water to land at the pier, so father and the sailors lowered a rowboat which rose and fell with horrifying irregularity to the worried watcher on land, father of course looking like a Viking and enjoying his surprise like a boy. Mother told him she wouldn't go back that way, she couldn't —she had ever a fear of the lake. She wished he wouldn't take the children, but if he insisted she would say nothing, though she'd think a great deal. But she simply would not, could not, go herself. "Oh, mother!" we all cried. "Now, Margaret—" father began. "No, I won't, I can't; I'm going to take the car now." She started to turn, when father caught her deftly up in his inflexible arms, ran with her laughing to the rowboat, put her down in the stern, and shoved the skiff out from the sand, where she couldn't jump ashore, wading back and forth in water to his knees till he had lifted the rest of us aboard. He was a dripping sight, but what did he mind?—not half as much as mother, whom anxiety forced out of her dignified aloofness. That was why it was really easy for father to win—mother was always taking care of him and us mentally and physically; she was never long engrossed in grievances of her own. Father used mother in other funny fashions. He was never out of his own house to dinner without her but once in his life, and then to a yacht banquet celebrating one of his own victories he insisted on taking his half-grown son to furnish excuse to go home early. He was always being asked, being urged, pleaded with—he was so buoyantly, successfully a man's man when away from his wife and his family. But "Margaret is not very well, you know," "Margaret is not very strong, you know," invariably ended the discussion. Father would come in clapping his hands in glee. Mother said she had been sick and dying as father's scapegoat since the first months of their marriage.

Once mother was away. She and the smallest sister had gone to a Wisconsin lake for a week. Father had promised to come up Saturday. But about Thursday he decided he would surprise her that night. He would go down as far as Racine in the yacht, take his son and his town comrades for the ride, leave the latter in Racine while he crossed on the junction train for his wife, and then all would sail blithely home again on Friday—father could never cure himself of the invincible optimism that mother, in her heart, really liked to yacht—he never cured himself of any invincible optimism, thank God, through life. Mother fortunately didn't know, so she was saved that worry, but the wind shifted suddenly and blew a hurricane from the north when the small sloop with reefed mainsails had crept only as far as Waukegan. They couldn't go on. To turn her into harborless Waukegan was to lose his boat and most of his guests—few could swim. Father had the wheel, his son close to him in the cockpit. I can see his white, tense, inflexible face as plainly as if I saw it then—I saw it often so before and later, when he'd win or drown, when he'd get the solution that escaped him or sit up all night—when he decided he wasn't going to die yet the morning after the physician had given him up, and he rose from a swift stroke of paralysis to pace the floor of his room, working his legs and arms and twisting his head and finger-joints, so that when he was strong enough to go down-town there would be no testimony of a crippled vitality.

That night off Waukegan father decided to head his sloop back to Chicago. He couldn't go north in the fury of the gale without sinking his ship. He couldn't run her in to shore where he was without pounding her to pieces on the dangerous sand shoals. When he called the order for shift of the helm his friends besought him like children not to attempt that hazardous trip home, to put into port, they knew he'd make it, to save them, save them, not drown them in that long, perilous voyage. Some even fell on their knees before him, clutching his hand, begging him to spare them, to save them in the name of God. My father put the wheel into the hands of his son, shouted to them to get up out of there and go down where they belonged—he was in command of that ship and if they didn't obey his orders he would throw them overboard. With a commanding gesture of his determined arm he drove them down the cabin steps and locked the door. He listened with grim humor to their pounding, groaning, beseeching, all the way to Chicago. For he made the dangerous turn and plunged through the sea

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with as much sail as he dared carry, his hands on the wheel all night long, his dexterous knowledge of the lake allowing him to meet the engulfing wave as lightly as the yacht would ride it. Safe in the harbor at Van Buren Street, he threw open the door of the cabin with a cry of "You'd all better thank God on your knees before you come out." How they loved him, those sheepish men! They told the story of being huddled like schoolboys down the companionway on the Board of Trade before my father arrived that morning. He had come up to us first, to show us he and my brother were "all right—why, nothing was the matter," but he felt my sister and I had walked the drive on the edge of the lake, from midnight on. Even before that he had telegraphed mother he was back in Chicago and all were safe, a message needless to say which mother interpreted as the direst, if actual, escape from calamity—it brought her home at once. When father went on the Board of Trade that noon a cheer from the members echoed on the street while the unashamed and grateful mariners proudly presented to him a mammoth silk flag.

My father loved that flag. I used to dread Decoration Day and the Fourth of of July. The afternoon and night before he spent getting ready for floating his flag out the window. It was too large for a pole; so we "must run and get all the clothes-line in the house, children"—it was always running and getting for father. He would tie one end to a hatchet in the most complicated of sailor splices—we all knew the knots on a ship. He would stand down on the sidewalk and swing the long rope, the other end attached to the window up-stairs, round and round his shiny straw hat, to swirl through the fork of our tall elm to be proudly tied after the accomplished feat—it wasn't as simple as I've made it appear—to the trunk of the tree. In the first place the flag was run on a double rope, so it could be pulled in if it rained—and it was always raining, it seemed to my weary feet and amused spirit, bounding up the stairs to "ease her when she pitches," "haul her in before she spotted," my father always below on the steps gazing proudly aloft at the sweep of the banner—he was emotionally patriotic all his life. In the second place, he would swing that hammer twenty, thirty, fifty times before it would perversely give in to his dexterous determination, fly through the limbs of the fork, and slip down the other side of the trunk. Father would have kept at it all night. Men passing home from work would circle around him to watch his efforts and take a hand at a try themselves, but I never remember an instance when it wasn't my father who put it over. Then mother was always coming to the door and begging him to give it up. "John, you'll exhaust yourself—John, you'll strike your head—John, you'll break your arm—John, you'll hurt one of the children"—what a glad sigh went up from all hands when the acrobatics were over and John would decide to sit down!

Father loved to sit on the front steps after dinner. And of course we were around him, he entertaining us—he was like a magnet drawing us to him. "Where's father? When's father coming home? Why is he so late to-night, mother? I'm going to telephone and see if father's started." "Very well," mother would say; "tell him to be sure to put his overcoat on"; or "Tell him to be sure to keep to the shady side of the street"; or later, "Ask Tom to walk to the car with father—it's so crowded at this hour; but don't let him know he's doing it just for that." My beautiful mother threw around him invisibly the mantle of her loving solicitude; but woe to all hands, even much nearer the end, if he guessed he were being convoyed! "Venus is looking wonderful to-night," he would exclaim, gazing with joy at the heavens. Or "It's a mackerel sky—look out for squalls." Everything through life, even the weather, was an adventure, a drama to be seized and drained and lived to the full—at the last he was interested in the drain of his pulse.

He was interested in his home, quite fussy often—poor mother—about the furniture and colors. He loved green and detested yellow—he couldn't understand why I desired a yellow room one time. "Green was much prettier—or pink or blue." He was so deliciously an amusing, pleading little boy if you didn't agree with him that you were either wishing always you could or delighting in teasing him with your exaggerated differences—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

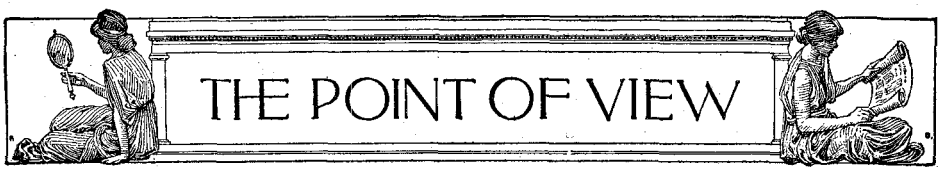
you couldn't let him alone anyway, he was too much fun, the heart of our life. Christmas always developed at the final minute into laughing surprises we could get for father. Mother was the instigator. When you asked her she never wanted anything herself, but she was full of suggestions for him. It was such fun watching his expectant look as he untied the package, and you had such a quivery glow in your heart when he'd drop it after an irresistible murmur of enthusiasm to seize your face and, with "My darling child," kiss you with emotional gratitude. "Don't stay long, my darling child," he would beseech us wistfully as we boarded the train for a visit; "it breaks my heart to have you go away from me." He would greet our return at four in the morning if the boat or train arrived at that hour—we never came back unheralded from even a three-day stay.

What fun he was! We used to wake him at night if we were having ice-cream down-stairs to give him a large plate—he loved it and we loved watching him love it, though he always waited till assured there was enough for all of us before he would begin his portion. He was delighted to be awakened for a feast and would give up his plate and settle back contentedly in bed with a "Good night, darling; God bless you and make you well and happy"—a prayer he prayed for us all as he died. He was fond of sweet things—every day he had a bag of candy in his pocket, a piece carefully counted and saved for each of us at night. He entertained every one who came to see us just as he entertained us. He used to sing rollicking water songs like "The Bay of Biscay O-O-O," or sentimental tales of "William and Mary Down by the Church-Gate," or thrilling stories of "The Sword of Bunker Hill"—we knew them all and made him go through a long list to show him off—we were so proud of him; just as we called him before guests to recite "One Dark Night on Lac St. Clair"—a habitant he was to the life.

I can see him sitting beside us when we were sick, refusing to go to meals, fighting mother's instructions from the doctor—he guessed he knew more about his own children than any doctor in God's creation. I can see him tearing dogs apart from a fight. I can see him throwing a balky horse to the street and holding him there, without a touch of the whip, till he decided the horse had had punishment enough. That horse was as docile as an angel when allowed to get up, and when father rubbed his nose in forgiveness the animal seemed to us actually to cry he was sorry—he adored father fulsomely from that hour. I can see him splicing a false tail to his white racer Jack because he was bobtailed and his friends' horses had beautiful flowing hair—that was before we knew him, but mother said it was true. I can see him on Good Friday praying in the back of the Cathedral with childlike trust and fervor; he never missed a Sunday "on dry land." I can see him laughing over the jokes of his friends—he would roar like a boy and clap his hands ecstatically; his friends were as vital to us as to him. I can see him mourning, one long Sunday afternoon, the death of the manly son of a companion down-town. I can see the look of his face the day he announced to mother: "John is dead. My old friend is gone. God have mercy on his soul"—his voice choked with sobs, the tears running down his cheeks. I can see him walking the shore of the lake telling us of friends who were lost in the waters; he remembered them all, remembered with love.

He was in bed only three hours before he died. When they told him—"That's what I've been fighting," he said. "Well, God knows best"—there was instant acceptance. He had fought till command was gently taken from his hands—there was immediate submission to the will of his Superior. We were all around him just as always in life. Death had no sting—it was triumph, victory. "I hear music," he said; "I see waving flowers." "I'm so *glad* to see you," he welcomed his only brother in a voice they told us they heard down-stairs. "My pulse is almost gone," he turned it over to show us. He wound his watch, started it, my brother finished. He turned quietly, as his custom, on his left side. "Good night," he murmured drowsily; "God bless us all and make us well and happy." He closed his eyes, was gone. It was January, heavy snow on the ground. One flash of lightning, one roll of thunder startled every one. That was all—one. It seemed God's salute to his soldier.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



An Appreciation of the Poetry of Edwin Arlington Robinson

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON has reached the half-century mark, and those of us who are fortunate enough to know him and his work can fully appreciate how great has been his contribution to the literature of his country. He is essentially and above all else American, and at the same time cosmopolitan and of every country and age, as all great poets must be. The influence of Greece, of Elizabethan England, of France, and of modern England may all be felt in his verse, but the lines that are riveted in the memory are owed to no individual source but are as up-to-date as the "Medea" of Euripides or Rostand's "Cyrano." No one could set a date to "Amaryllis"—if we were told that it was written in the "spacious times of Great Elizabeth" few would comment upon the statement.

"Once, when I wandered in the woods alone,
An old man tottered up to me and said,
'Come, friend, and see the grave that I have made
For Amaryllis.' There was in the tone
Of his complaint such quavor and such moan
That I took pity on him and obeyed,
And long stood looking where his hands had laid
An ancient woman, shrunk to skin and bone.

"Far out beyond the forest I could hear
The calling of loud progress, and the bold
Incessant scream of commerce ringing clear,
But though the trumpets of the world were glad,
It made me lonely and it made me sad
To think that Amaryllis had grown old."

Who of us when reading the Bible or any ancient writing has not been struck by a line, or phrase, or incident and exclaimed to himself: "How very modern—it might be to-day!" Elemental facts depending on the working and expression of man's mind are neither ancient nor modern. The story of David and Goliath may be told in terms of sling-shots and "smooth round stones from the brook," or perhaps it is Abe Golstein of the First New York Infantry and an adversary in the Prussian Guards, in which case the weapons will be a Springfield rifle and a German machine-gun. The elemental agencies behind it all remain the same, and the man who correctly analyzes the basic feelings and clothes the result in the few words that most fit in all his mother-tongue, is the master. His similes will hold just as true, whether it is an automobile race at Sheepshead Bay or a chariot race in the Forum.

My father greatly admired Robinson. In "A Book Lover's Holidays in the Open" (by Theodore Roosevelt, 1916), he quoted from "The Wilderness," always among his favorite poems, and one of his articles on preparedness was headed by some lines from "Cassandra":

"Because a few complacent years
Have made your peril of your pride,
Think you that you are to go on
Forever pampered and untried.

"What lost eclipse of history,
What bivouac of the marching stars,
Has given the sign for you to see
Millenniums and last great wars?

"What unrecorded overthrow
Of all the world has ever known,
Or ever been, has made itself
So plain to you and you alone?

"Your dollar, dove and eagle make
A trinity that even you
Rate higher than you rate yourselves,
It pays, it flatters, and it's new."

As shown in his poetry, Mr. Robinson's "philosophy of life"—to use a cant phrase—is basically vigorous and sound; there are the inevitable tragedy and sorrow, the periods of depression which come in greater or less degree to all when we feel with Luke Havergal's admonisher that "the dark will end the dark if anything," but the ever underlying conviction is expressed in "Lingard and the Stars":

"When earth is cold and there is no more sea,
There will be what was Lingard, otherwise
Why lure the race to ruin through the skies?"

There is ultimate justification of existence; there is to be no snuffing out; the torch is to be handed on, responsibility does not end there; we must not only justify existence to others, but first and last to ourselves.

Mr. Robinson's keen sense of humor is always sympathetic, it never degenerates into a mere exposition of the ridiculous or grotesque, it is never bitter or warped, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with it he relieves the inevitable sadness of life. Sometimes the whole poem is quizzically humorous, like the verses about Uncle Ananias, beginning:

"His words were magic and his heart was true,
And everywhere he wandered he was blessed.
Out of all ancient men my childhood knew
I choose him and I mark him for the best.
Of all authoritative liars, too,
I crown him loveliest."

Frequently it is a dry, whimsical humor, as when he tells us that

"There be two men of all mankind
That I'm forever thinking on—
They chase me everywhere I go—
Melchizedek, Ucalegon.

"Ucalegon he lost his house
When Agamemnon came to Troy,
But who can tell me who he was—
I'll pray the gods to give him joy."

Then we have the sad case of "Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn," who

"loved the Medici,
Albeit he had never seen one,
He would have sinned incessantly,
Could he have been one.

"Miniver cursed the commonplace
And eyed a khaki suit with loathing
He missed the mediæval grace
Of iron clothing."

Mr. Robinson's humor is not the sort that makes you laugh aloud; you smile to yourself, and read the lines to someone with whom you can share your enjoyment. The words stick in your mind, and each time you think of them they appeal to you more strongly.

There was never a master poet who depended for his name less on any individual poem. In writing of Mr. Robinson verse after verse comes into one's head that would well emphasize some point that one has been making. The temptation is strong to continue quoting poem after poem. The technique is so perfect; there is everywhere such evidence of painstaking toil and refining of words. There are some who believe that geniuses do not need to work—there seems to exist a hazy belief that they produce their masterpieces with as little volition as a spider uses in spinning a web. As far as I have been able to ascertain, master minds are no more exempt from toil than the rest of us; the only difference is that with their work they can accomplish results that are beyond the possibilities and scope of ordinary mortals. Mr. Robinson writes and rewrites, chooses and eliminates; every word that is eventually printed has been weighed and considered over and over again, not once but many times. When we read one of his poems it is like looking on a masterpiece of painting; in the back of our mind we realize what infinite pains have been taken to perfect each detail, and the unthought-out realization only heightens our appreciation of the whole. Anyone who has read the poem on Lincoln called "The Master," or that about Napoleon entitled "An Island," will, I am sure, understand the completeness of the result of the painstaking fitting in of mosaics. Each word has been carefully tested and its value and fitness in the context considered at length, but as is the case with every great work of art, the labor that has gone to its fulfilment does not show upon the surface, for the whole has been so thoroughly blended. Rich has been Mr. Robinson's gift to his country, and much may be hoped for in the years of fruitful labor that lie ahead of him.

Lloyd's on Lost Words

THE other day a young and hopeful writer asked me to help him find an adverb to emphasize "futile" in the phrase "He felt ——futile." The situation was that of a lover whose fiancee is raving in delirium. She begs pitifully for him to be brought to her bedside and all the time he is sitting beside her, holding tight to her hand. The situation called for a good strong word; a weak word would have been worse than none at all. But when we came to turn over our store of strong words suitable for such an exigency, we found that more than half of them were lost, utterly lost to any real utility by the flavor of melodrama which misuse or overuse had given them, or so diluted that they had no flavor at all.

"Agonizingly" occurred to both of us. Once it would have expressed exactly what we wanted to convey, a sense of the man's suffering at his inability to reach his fiancee's conscious mind. But so many heroes and heroines have agonized over melodramatic distresses that the note which it strikes is hopelessly flatted.

"Horribly futile" was passed over without even the formality of a consideration. Yet "horrible" was once a word of almost offensive power. "Horror," "horrid," "horrible," what fine old Latin-born words

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they were! They were lost words long before our day. We glimpse their power only in the older poets, or in those stilted Latin translations which the pupil painfully mouths in a language quite alien to his daily speech. And now the "horrible" of Vergil's Aenead, or of Macbeth's "Hence horrible shadow," and the shuddering "horrid" of Milton's "Mid horrid sight and shrieks and shapes unholy" have become the horrible of "I'm horribly tired, my dear," and the horrid of "It's horrid of you to go so early."

In like fashion we were obliged to discard, after a trip to the thesaurus, such lost or partially lost words as "terribly." So completely lost is this twin brother of "horribly" that Roget's first synonym is "greatly." "Bitterly" and "distressingly" were also put aside. I suppose "distress" was once a powerful word, now one connects it chiefly with gastric disturbances.

We finally chose "suffocatingly," a word whose connection with a definite action has saved it from the fate that words of a less concrete nature are exposed to. (One forgets that "horror" came from a verb that meant "shiver"; perhaps "suffocate" may in its turn become disconnected from its original meaning and pass into a general term.)

Besides the words that have been diluted until their original flavor is lost, there are also those that have been cheapened out of their birthright. Take such a word as "lady." There was a time when if you wished to designate a woman of breeding and social distinction you could refer to her as a lady. "It is not now as it hath been of yore." You would not to-day so demean her, and yourself.

Fortunately, we have a substitute that helps compensate for this loss because it is itself such a gracious word that it is good for us to have been driven to recognize and use it. I refer to the word "gentlewoman." That and its twin sister "breeding" are to my mind two of the richest words in the English language at the present. What the reckless, spendthrift generations will do with their wealth, no one can say. I can only hope they will outlast my time.

It is natural in this era of swiftly changing styles, and of fortunes made overnight and lost the next day, that words should be as quickly found and lost. Never, I am sure, was there a time when a word could rise more quickly to a position of popularity and authority, dominate a whole country, and then pass as swiftly into disrepute and oblivion. Take the words "efficient" and "efficiency." Five years ago, how many persons had ever met these words in their present connotation? Only a small group of thinkers and theorists. And to-day these are practically lost words. The thinkers, as is their immemorial custom, hastily dropped them the moment the rest of us found them. And even with common folk, the attrition of constant usage has worn these words so smooth that they slip into one ear and as easily out of the other. "Conservation" is by way of being another of this class of words. And the case of "camouflage" is almost pathetic. For surely no word ever entered our language under more brilliant auspices and with a greater wealth of suggestion, and surely no word ever had a briefer day before the life was crushed out of it by relentless overwork, in books, in magazines, in the news of the day, in advertisements, in conversation.

Some years ago when I first happened upon the statistics of the number of tons of coal the world consumes each year, I remember being appalled by the fear that we must use up the supply before very long and the whole machinery of the world stop short for lack of coal. Inquiries brought me the kindly promise that Mother Earth would not go to the coal cupboard and find it bare for ten thousand years. This was reassuring. Without being a Louis XIV I could not quite feel it my duty to worry about my five-hundred-times great-grandchildren.

But is not our language in a more imminent danger? The rate of loss, always serious enough, must have been greatly increased by the strain upon each individual word, incident to the use of language in the innumerable books, magazines, and newspapers of the present day. I have no doubt that Lloyd's, if asked to insure a word to-day, would charge a much higher rate than they would have required even fifty years ago.

Indeed, if words continue to be lost at the rate at which we are now losing them, or, as is more probable in the light of human events, at a rate increasing with arithmetical progression, one wonders if the young writer of two or three generations hence will be able to find any word at all to emphasize

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"futile." If, indeed, he be able to use "futile" itself.

A Friend of Mine

THE first time I met him I was impressed by the far-away look in his eyes. They were such sad eyes, eyes that made you think of old sorrows, old dreams, old mysteries of life. They were certainly the windows of *his* soul. We were soon on familiar terms and I noticed a quick response to a kindly spoken word, a manner that expressed keen interest in any small attention. You know the type, I'm sure, the sort that unless you are entirely absorbed in yourself you can't help liking, can't help wanting to be kind to.

Our mere acquaintance developed early into a warm friendship and we had numerous walks together. His was ever a silent friendship and only by his manner were you sure he was enjoying the beauty and freedom of the country roads, the lush meadows, the cooling waters of the brooks we met. I used to enjoy watching his enjoyment, his feeling of companionship, his sense of being in friendly company, and I found myself responding to his moods and cheerful abandonment to the joy of the present moment.

There was no guile in his heart, evidently, and with him I often forgot the pressing cares of the years, the youth that I'd left along those same roads, along those same brooks. I, too, could walk with lighter step, feel the impulse to run and jump and let old care go hang. When sad eyes sparkle and every step betrays enjoyment it's hard to be a clam and not hear singing voices, feel new thrills in old veins. At least this is the way it always seemed to me when I walked with my friend.

I've seen him sit quietly, pensively, as if trying to look beyond the distant blue hills, and wished I could read his thoughts, and fathom the soul in those sad brown eyes. They were always appealing, the eyes of a trusting helpless one, one dependent upon human kindness, and I couldn't think of any one wanting to be rude to him, or being unwilling to share a friendly meal if he happened to be around when the dinner bell rang. He was so appreciative of attention, though he never overdid it, or made you feel that he was only nice for what there was in it. So many can be nice when they are looking for some profit. This fellow was more thankful for a kind word than for any other gift. He simply couldn't be happy without believing the human world was a friendly one. You have met this kind. I don't mean the whiners, the fellows that beg, but the genuine kindly soul that gives himself and his friendship and love and only asks a return in kind.

My friend was ever a wanderer and I thought his wanderings were chiefly in his search for sympathetic and friendly companionship. He was quick to see when his advances were understood and then his whole manner changed from one of sadness to one of joy and animation. I confess I liked his friendship. It flattered me. I was glad I was one of his sort, that we could meet and exchange greetings, walk the roads together, and without a word on his part be conscious we were enjoying each other's society.

I was from the first in doubt as to his exact nationality. He appeared to be of mixed races, but with predominating characteristics that pointed back somewhere to British ancestors. There was a reminder of John Bull in the squareness of his jaw and in his sturdy body, and on one or two occasions I discovered that he was entirely capable of defending himself from uncalled-for rudeness. He evidently lived on the Shakespearian principle of

> "Beware
> Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in
> Bear't that the opposed may be ware of thee."

He never walked by my old home without stopping to exchange greetings, never passed me on the road that he was not ready to wigwag kindly sentiments. He was known to many passers-by and few but had a kind word for him. I have left the old town and the old boyhood home I loved, but I shall hope as the years go by and my friend reaches the middle years and beyond, that he may always have some place to call home, some place to end his days in comfort.

The older years are so full of sad memories for all of us. True friends are few and the honest simple souls are easily forgotten in the stress of life these modern days.

Of course Mike is only a dog, but somehow I can't help believing that dogs have souls and that our own are made better by our response to their honest love and faith.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FIELD OF ART

EMIL CARLSEN

By Eliot Clark

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS BY MR CARLSEN

THE social unrest of the past century is clearly manifested in the realm of pictorial expression. The struggle for freedom, the revolt against convention, the neglect of tradition is apparent in egoistic acclamation and individualism. Each succeeding generation has broken lances with the preceding one.

In the midst of insurgent glamour and publicity a quiet soul worked alone and was unknown. When general recognition followed, the art of Emil Carlsen was fully formed. Not content to follow the belligerent banner in parade of self-assertion, he had slowly mastered the art of painting as a craft. His expression is revealed to us within the well-defined limitations of this craft, clearly, adequately, and beautifully.

Dinas Carlsen at 14.
From a painting by his father, Emil Carlsen.

In contrast to the restless activity of his time, of materialistic competition and ceaseless turmoil, the art of Emil Carlsen is serene and tranquil. Studying somewhat apart from the general current of contemporary art, he has expressed in his work his own temperament. His art is static, not dynamic. In his expression we see a poise and balance, and a sense of contentment which is the direct emanation of his own being. Idealist and realist, he embodies in his expression the eternal mystery of life; personal and impersonal, he sees through the veil of the visual world the eternal verity.

All life impresses one with the paradox of the seen and the unseen, the objective and subjective, the sensuous and the spiritual; one an effect, the other a cause; one changeable, the other constant; one concrete, the other abstract. In the painting of Carlsen we see this combination happily balanced, a nice relation of objective realization and subjective expression.

Carlsen was born at Copenhagen, Denmark. He was trained as an architect, but there being several marine painters in his family, his recreation was passed in painting. His early associations are of the sea. After fulfilling his military service, Carlsen came to America and worked as an architectural draftsman. But this routine and sedentary work was not to his liking, and he determined to follow painting as his profession. It is the realization of this desire that marks the determination of the man and the artist. For despite a long and constant struggle Carlsen maintained his artistic integrity and purity of purpose. Perhaps it is something of the memory of this early struggle that has made Carlsen always a sympathetic friend to younger painters, to many of whom he has

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Open Sea.

lent a guiding and helping hand, and it has brought to his teaching a personal and intimate understanding. But although teaching for many years in the important schools of our country he has ever been himself a student. Not only a student of nature but of art. On returning to the Continent Carlsen worked assiduously from nature, but also copied several pictures of the great masters whom he most admired. As a connoisseur his appreciation is sensitive, sound, and catholic, and his interest in the work of others is enthusiastic, sincere, and sympathetic.

Carlsen has always had a deep appreciation of the work of Chardin. We can see in their natures something analogous; a freedom from social aspiration and professional ambition, a genial spirit, indefatigable application, and an intense love of the craft. If the technic of Carlsen is not as virile and vigorous as Chardin, he has added a spiritual charm which finds expression in a gentler touch and a more tender caress of the canvas. His work has not the same illustrative and graphic form as Chardin; he is not a realist in the naturalistic significance of that term, though his pictures are thoroughly realized. Dealing with form in an absolute sense, he yet makes of it a means of transcendental expression. This is due largely to the spirit he imparts to the manipulation of paint. The sense of touch enters into Carlsen's appreciation of form; the surface quality as well as the material solidity. If his observation of objects is sensitive and keen, in their representation they become imbued with their æsthetical significance. This is happily expressed by the play of light, which not only enhances the form, but in its interpretation reveals the spiritual idea of the artist. What is inanimate becomes animate. He takes the objects somewhat out of their purely objective environment and reconstructs their aspect in accord with his æsthetic idea. For his pictures of still life he chooses his models with fastidious care, not for their rarity, but for beauty of form, and in particular for the way in which they reflect the light. In his arrangement he combines a significant contrast of shape, with an effective relation of light and dark. His color is restrained and is but a means of heightening the effect of the values which reveal the form. It exists by subtle relations rather than contrasts.

Never picturing light by means of complementary contrast and broken color, as seen in the works of the impressionists and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their followers, Carlsen has nevertheless been sensitively appreciative of their expression and sympathetically receptive to their interpretation of light. Thus we note a change from the low tone and stronger contrasts of his early pictures, to the higher key and more limited range of values of his later work. This may also have been suggested by his study out-of-doors. In his treatment of landscape the contrast of color has been increased, while the contrast of values has been decreased.

As a landscape painter his range of subject is limited; his themes are more or less confined to a few color motives. He is not responsive to the dramatic manifestations of nature, and does not express the emotional quickening produced in nature's theatre. He adapts nature to his own use, and his use is largely decorative. A tree becomes the subject of a separate theme, sometimes seen in colors of autumn, but more often in delicate hues of varying gray-greens and silver; but in whatever scheme of color, the hues are closely related. Always we feel a certain dignity, obtained by a carefully calculated pictorial balance, the result of the poise of the artist's soul. The tree becomes separated from other trees, just as each soul is a separate entity; yet we inevitably feel its relation to the universal, the soul seeking its assimilation in the One. The spirit of aspiration is in everything that Carlsen does, the endeavor to attain a perfection which is the result of love as manifested in form. The single tree or a simple group of homely utensils, therefore, assumes a significance quite apart from the subject matter represented. A feeling of radiant gentleness and kindliness pervades his work, the true emanation of his own character. Nature is never harsh, austere, or powerful. In his marines, it is the sea in quiet, undulating motion under a blue sky that he describes, or silvery moonlight sifts through upward-moving clouds that float languidly in summer airs. When great waves dash upon rounded rocks it is the decorative, vaporous mass of white flying water that fascinates the eye; or a simple rhythm of wave is seen under high cumulous clouds, symbolical of aspiration. We have nothing of the power of Homer as seen in his rugged, resisting rocks, turbulent water, and onrushing waves. With Carlsen it is the serenity of nature that is interpreted rather

The Old Sycamore.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than its more dramatic and destructive manifestation. Homer has presented in a very personal way something of the impersonality of his subject, while Carlsen is more temperamental, and sees reflected in his subject the echo of his own nature. Thus lines of rest appeal to him more than lines of action, lines symbolical of heavenward reaching, of quiet and repose. In the woods it is the repeated upright that becomes the motive of the composition—silver, slender trees seen against a background of cool gray-greens, while the sunlight plays upon the warmer ground of nature's carpet. In the pictures of moonlight it is the mysterious, all-pervading, diffused light of night that interests the painter. The forms are dreamily defined, and the colors are closely related to the dominant hue.

Still Life.

The technic of Carlsen is intimately related to his expression. He makes of it an element of style. It does not vary with the variation of theme; his theme is made to conform to his method. But his method is personal and unique. The sensitive temperament of the painter is imparted to the painting, the picture becomes imbued with his magical message; seemingly a most faithful rendering of a given subject, it is unmistakably the purified emanation of a particular temperament. The method is significant not merely as a manner of painting but because by its means is manifested the perfect embodiment of an æsthetic idea. It is herein that Emil Carlsen fulfils his mission as an artist. His message has been made clear by his means. It is thus that spirit finds its personal expression. His method is not evident or obvious, though it is at once apparent. As he sees nature through a temperamental veil, so his method of expression, though clear, is subtle and elusive. It has nothing of that suggestion which is due to quick improvisation or the exhilaration of a moment. It is considered and calculated, indirect rather than direct, built up and refined. The painter does not rely on distance to complete the form which the brush has suggested; on the contrary the æsthetic form is absolutely defined, and although he relies upon distance to complete the tonal relations and the significance of volume and mass, the handling is not calculated to impress one by its economy of means or the carrying power of the brush-work. Herein his work is emphatically different from the work of Chase. The latter relied upon directness of touch, impulsive and immediate effect, unctuous pigment, and effective impasto. His pictures are, in consequence, brilliant and striking. The spectator is imbued with the exhilaration of the painter; the still life becomes quickened by the impulse of the moment. The work of Chase is likewise an exposition of his temperament: clever, brilliant, and fascinating. By contrast Carlsen is retired, reflective, remote. His brush-work is suppressed, it does not intrude upon the form; his painting is comparatively thin and dry; the necessary oil in the pigment is reduced to a minimum. The unctuous, flowing quality of paint which seems the soul of full, sensuous coloring as exemplified by a Rubens, is manifestly inconsistent with the cool, reserved, and restricted palette of Carlsen.

It is thus that spirit seeks its own medium and manner of expression, and it is the embodiment of spirit that makes the work of Emil Carlsen distinctive.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 8.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

A YEAR AFTER THE ARMISTICE

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

WHEN the first full year since the termination of hostilities was completed, on the 11th of November, the anniversary made it natural to ask what progress the nations had made toward resuming normal life; how far the war-time expectations, as to the incidents which would mark return of peace, had or had not been fulfilled; whether and in what way the prediction that a new and altered world would emerge from the great war had turned out to be correct, and, if it was correct, what would have been the nature of the change. Certainly much of the confused political, social, and economic history of the period has been of a sort which very few people prophesied or expected, when the church bells were ringing to celebrate the armistice in November, 1918.

Expectations and Results

Political unsettlement and social unrest had always followed the termination of a long and exhausting war, and every one who knew his history knew that both would occur in the aftermath of this war. Yet such an episode as the performances at Washington, in the debate of the Senate on the treaty, had nothing to foreshadow it. No intelligent person imagined, in November of 1918, that Labor would emerge from the war the helpless victim of economic circumstances; but the idea that organized labor would be demanding more than it had before the war, would stop the industrial life of half a dozen countries until its demands were granted, and would be attempting to dictate public policies to the governments, could hardly have been a part of the picture drawn a year ago.

Predictions which had been widely current in war time, that return of peace would find the people poor and the markets falling, were met even then by the reminder that "war millionaires" and after-war speculation had been familiar in all similar epochs of the past. But it was only four or five months after the armistice that even Wall Street began to understand the real nature of the financial and commercial situation. The orgie of speculation, which has reached this autumn such a stage of mania as to compel the interference of the central banking authorities at New York and London, was certainly not on the books of the Stock Exchange twelve months ago. These, as we shall see, are only a part of the rather long list of unfulfilled expectations.

THERE is one reason for taking care about drawing very sweeping deductions. Most people's ideas as to what would be the terms of peace were vague enough, but in a general way it was imagined that, when Germany had capitulated and hostilities had ceased, the world would take up automatically and earnestly the work which peace would introduce. That the terms of surrender, the territorial rearrangement, the indemnity stipulations, would not have been ratified a year after the armistice, and that therefore in November of 1919 the world, though no longer actually at war, would still not be actually at peace, can have entered into very few calculations. Since that is exactly what has come to pass, a good part of the occurrences of the period have necessarily taken their color from the fact. This was not the less inevitable, when the one nation whose political and economic attitude in the era of reconstruction was most important is the nation whose legislature, a year after the armistice, was wrangling over the question whether the treaty should be ratified at all.

One Special Influence

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Every student of the existing situation, therefore, must be on his guard against assuming, as natural results of returning peace, incidents of the past twelve months which may turn out to have been a consequence merely of the delay in re-establishing peace. With this reservation, it is possible to draw some extremely interesting conclusions from the events of the period. Prediction as to what would be the precise effect of the war itself, or of given incidents in the war, has been so uniformly wrong that non-fulfilment of the predictions regarding consequences of returning peace need of itself have caused no surprise. Even before the armistice, the rather prevalent idea of 1915 and 1916—that the American market would be instantly flooded with goods produced at abnormally low cost by European labor "pauperized" by the war—had been abandoned. It did seem probable, however, that prices of goods and cost of living would decline as soon as the prodigious purchases by governments for war purposes had ceased. This had happened after many other wars, when the disbanded armies resumed productive work and the channels of commerce were thrown open. It appeared reasonable, also, since Europe's imports and America's exports had been prodigiously inflated by the transoceanic shipments of war material, to expect that both would decrease rapidly.

Practical bankers looked very generally for recovery in foreign exchange rates on belligerent European markets; the depreciation of those rates since 1914 having measured not only the war-time movement of trade, but the possibilities of another year of war, or of a peace disadvantageous to the Entente Allies. Since the inflation of the paper currencies of Europe had occurred very generally in connection with the governments' war-time finance programme, there seemed good reason to expect that further expansion of them would be checked. This appeared the more certain, in that sudden termination of hostilities ought to cut down immediately the war expenditure of $100,000,000 to $200,000,000 a day. Of these various expectations only one has been fulfilled: that of decreasing public expenditure. In all the other fields of prediction—prices of commodities, balance of foreign trade, depreciated exchange rates and currency inflation—the war-time movement has not only not been checked, but has reached in the past twelve months a stage of abnormal development never attained in the actual period of hostilities.

Why Prices Are Not Lower

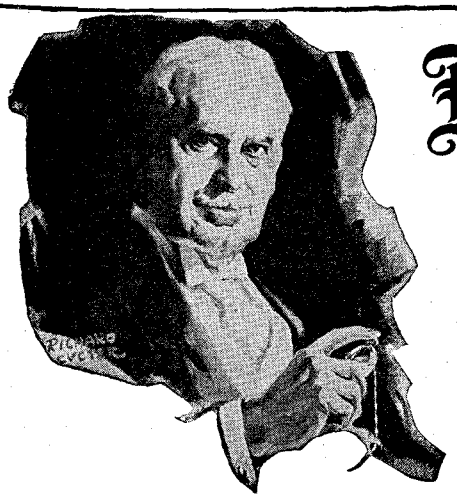
WE are now far enough away from the signing of the armistice and from the immediate results of termination of the war, to say why the things which have happened differently from what most people expected, have happened as they did. The belief that prices must come down when the war purchases ceased was the most persistent of all. During several months of 1919 the majority of products were actually offered at prices lower than in 1918. But this hesitation was a very temporary matter. As every one now knows, prices both in this country and in Europe had by midsummer risen again to an average above the highest of war time.

The rise affected the cost of every kind of article. By autumn not only was food again very dear, but clothing had advanced far beyond the war prices, and the rise was coupled with warnings from the trade that an even greater advance would probably occur before the next season. Some articles of common use—sugar, for instance—became actually difficult to get at all. Along with this increased cost of necessities, rents advanced. The rise was exceedingly rapid; it affected households of the poor as well as of the rich; and it was accompanied, in many cases, by refusal of landlords to grant, even at the higher scale of rent, the conveniences and facilities which had been a matter of course before.

After twelve months it is possible to understand these unexpected results. The key to the situation since the war is actual scarcity, and that scarcity was a perfectly logical result of war. Purchases for the army and navy had indeed come to an end; but what was bought for those purposes between 1914 and 1919 had been wasted as thoroughly as if a great conflagration had destroyed the contents of the world's storehouses.

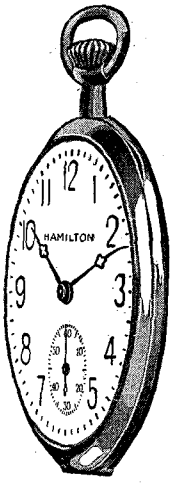
(Continued on page 74, *following*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Hamilton Watch

"The Watch of Railroad Accuracy"



With President and Engineer Hamiltons Are Equally Popular

The railroad president, with his many appointments and hurried trips 'cross country, finds an accurate watch one of his greatest aids.

And in busy terminals, in yards and roundhouses, in every engine cab, are men who must perform their duties always with an eye on the time. On the accuracy of the watches they carry depends your safety when you travel—depends the speedy, undelayed progress of the trains you take.

Because of their remarkable accuracy, Hamilton Watches are in demand in every branch of railroading—from the executive office to the lonely signal tower. Hamilton popularity as a railroad timekeeper has never been excelled.

But any executive, any man or woman who wants to be efficient in planning and carrying out the day's work, should have a Hamilton.

Are you planning to make a gift? Then consider the Hamilton Watch. There's scarcely any occasion, any season, that the Hamilton would not make an appropriate, an ideal gift.

There are Hamilton Watches for every taste—thin models and wrist watches for men, watches especially built for rough service, and ladies' bracelet models. The prices range from $36.00 to $185.00. Movements, $19.00 (in Canada $20.50) and up. And there's accuracy, beauty, and enduring service in every Hamilton. See them at your jeweler's.

Send for "The Timekeeper." There are some interesting facts about fine watch-making in this little booklet, and the various Hamilton models are illustrated with prices.

HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY, Lancaster, Pa.

The "Lackawanna Limited," crack train into New York City on the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, is piloted by a veteran engineer and run on Hamilton time. Engineer Charles Stevenson has been at the throttle for nearly three decades, and for 10 years has relied upon his Hamilton Watch for the right time.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

(Continued from page 772)

Production for war had displaced during four years production for ordinary consumers. The world's stock of merchandise for ordinary purposes was practically used up. When very nearly all the steel and iron produced was being reserved for military uses, construction of buildings had fallen almost to a negligible minimum. The average value of new buildings erected to meet demands for housing, during the five years prior to 1915, had been reckoned by the trade at $215,000,000 per annum in New York and $779,000,000 in the rest of the United States; that annual construction fell in 1918 to $56,500,000 for New

(Financial Situation, continued on page 76)

Why Has No Investor Ever Lost a Dollar

Of principal or interest on any security purchased of S. W. Straus & Co.?

This is a question many have asked. Perhaps it is a question that has formed itself in your mind. Do you wish to know the answer?

The answer is given in full in our booklet "Safety and 6%", which describes in detail the *Straus Plan*—that definite, time-tested scientific system of safeguards which protects every bond we sell, and which is directly responsible for this record.

It will be to your advantage to understand the *Straus Plan*, which now is being widely imitated. Valuable investment literature will be sent you on receipt of your letter or postcard. Write today for

Circular No. L-910

S.W.STRAUS & CO.

Established 1882 — Incorporated

NEW YORK, 150 Broadway
CHICAGO, Straus Building
DETROIT, Penobscot Bldg.
MINNEAPOLIS, Metropolitan Bank Bldg.
SAN FRANCISCO, Crocker Bldg.
PHILADELPHIA, Stock Exchange Bldg.
ST. LOUIS, Boatman's Bank Bldg.
MILWAUKEE, First National Bank Bldg.
BOSTON, Shawmut Bank Bldg.
INDIANAPOLIS, Merchants Bank Bldg.
WASHINGTON, National Metropolitan Bank Bldg.
BUFFALO, Ellicott Square
LOS ANGELES, Merchants National Bank Bldg.
PITTSBURGH, Keystone Bldg.

Thirty-seven Years Without Loss to Any Investor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Christmas Magic of High Grade Securities

THE Wise Men of today give Christmas presents that do not fade from memory. A good security is the most substantial of Christmas tokens. Its value is perennial. It is like the magic purse of the fairy tale, in which a new coin appeared to take the place of every coin withdrawn.

The maturing interest of a prime security serves as a yearly reminder of the sensible, handsome generosity of the giver. Some bonds are due in a few years; others have many years to run. For example, there are $1000 bonds which pay $50 interest each year for as long as 50 years—a total of $2500 in addition to payment of the principal. What a gift for a member of the family, for a friend, for a business associate.

The National City Company can provide you with securities of highest character, ideal for Christmas gifts, gathered carefully by experts from among the world's best government, municipal, public utility, railroad, industrial, and realty issues.

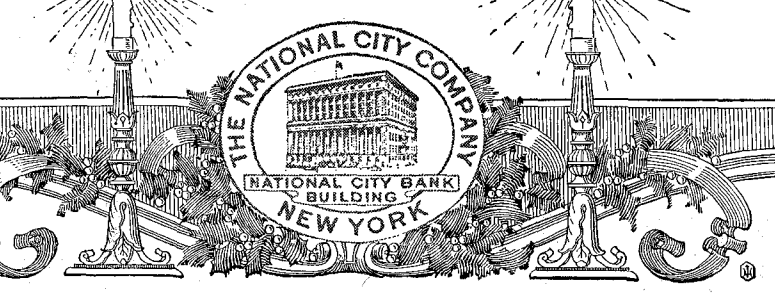
At any of our more than 50 correspondent offices you can learn just what securities would best meet the investment needs of the people you wish to remember in this considerate and far-sighted manner.

List of Offerings Sent on Request for—SB-113

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

A National
INVESTMENT SERVICE
Correspondent Offices in more than 50 Cities connected by more than 10,000 miles of private wires



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

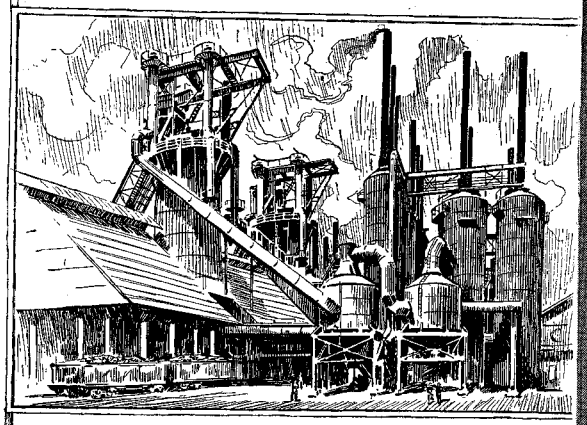
(Financial Situation, continued from page 74)

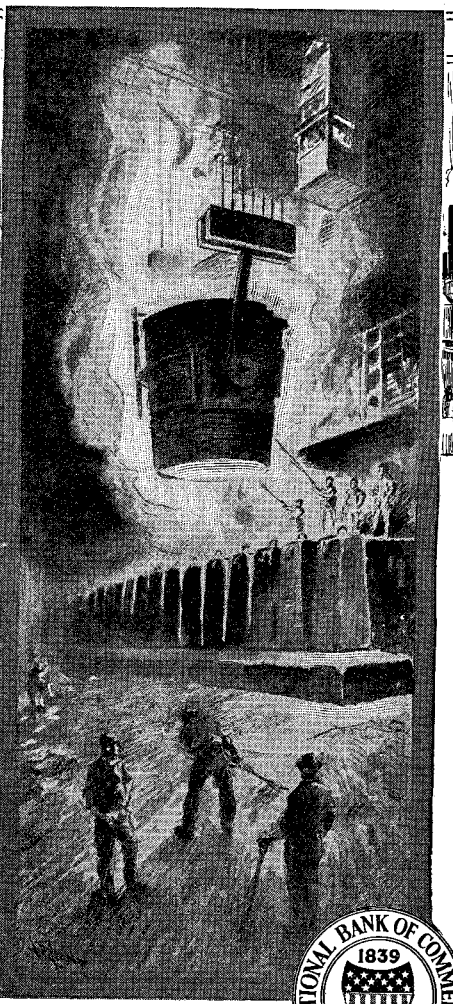
New York and $433,800,000 outside that city. Statistics submitted in the United States Senate indicate that the war had kept the country's total new construction at least a million houses behind what would have been the normal provision of the period.

Scarcity of house room and a resultant rise in rents, until the lost ground could be regained, were therefore an inevitable outcome of the war. But even this deferred production and scarcity of supplies did not tell the whole story. In many countries sources of production (as in the case of grain and coal) had been destroyed. In the stress of food famine and of demand for army footwear, the herds of cattle in some of the largest grazing countries had been slaughtered promiscuously. After a year or two of this process, not only meat but hides and leather were no longer obtainable on the former peace-time scale.

THIS scarcity, it must be admitted, was an altogether logical result of a war which in waste and destruction has unquestionably surpassed that of any other conflict in history. But its influence was greatly accentuated by two other circumstances. If supply of commodities

(Financial Situation, continued on page 80)





The Measure of Credit

BUSINESS development is measured by the confidence which men have in each other as expressed by credit.

Credit is the measure of business character and achievement.

The National Bank of Commerce is a product of development of credit in America.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE 1839 IN NEW YORK

National Bank of Commerce in New York

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits Over Fifty Million Dollars

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seek the Advice of Specialists
as a
Safeguard to Your Investments.

We live to-day in an age of specialists. In all professions there are those who have risen to their present dominance because of years of experience and study along certain lines. So is the investment profession divided into specialists.

The wise investing of money requires patient study which few have time to give; knowledge of special conditions which few can secure; facilities for research which few have available.

Many men, successful in one line of business, have incurred heavy losses in their investments because they have trusted entirely to their own judgment, rather than seek the advice of specialists.

For nearly thirty years the William R. Compton Company have been Municipal Bond Specialists. Every bond which we offer has been purchased by us, only after careful investigation of its merits. In this way our interests are identical with those of our customers.

Our Service Department is available for those seeking consultation on investment matters. Our years of experience and our force of specialists are at your disposal.

Our free booklet, "Bonds As Safe As Our Cities," which explains the security of Municipal Bonds, will be sent upon request. You will assume no obligtaion. Kindly address Department B 12.

William R. Compton Company

GOVERNMENT AND MUNICIPAL BONDS

"Over a Quarter Century in this Business"

New York Chicago St. Louis Cincinnati New Orleans

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Financial Situation, continued from page 76)

was unable to meet the world's demand after the war, so was supply of labor. Europe's actual loss of man-power in battle, and America's deprivation, during four or five years, of the annual peace-time immigration of half a million or so of alien laborers, gave organized labor its opportunity for demanding and receiving such increase of wages as of itself required an advance of selling prices for the articles which the higher-paid labor served in manufacturing or transporting. I am not here discussing the justice of any or all of these additions to the pay of labor. Even though the manner in which the opportunity was utilized—through concerted refusal to allow work to continue at all in a given trade except on far more exacting terms—had a certain grim resemblance to the "profiteering" of merchants who controlled a short supply of goods, the right of collective bargaining cannot be questioned. But of the part which the process, conducted as it was, must have played in the general rise of prices, there is no dispute.

Three Important Influences

The other collateral influence was the attitude of the consumer. If there had been signs that the people as a whole were poor; that war losses

(Financial Situation, continued on page 82)

A STATE BANK
GREENEBAUM SONS
BANK AND TRUST COMPANY
CHICAGO
FOUNDED 1855

ADDED ASSURANCE

For Those Who Invest in Real Estate Mortgage Bonds

Real investment safeguards. There is such a thing for the prudent investor—the man who invests in real estate bonds—sound securities approved and recommended by a safe, time-tested bank. For him there is an increased margin of safety, an ADDED ASSURANCE of SECURITY.

This state bank — Chicago's oldest banking house — with its large resources and the wealth of experience that comes with sixty-five years of operation, is able to secure the very choicest first mortgage 6% real estate bond issues.

"Greenebaum Investments" are purchased by thousands of conservative investors throughout America—thousands of satisfied patrons. Similar advantages are open to you through this system of safeguarding your money, a system growing out of an actual test period of nearly three-quarters of a century.

"ADDED ASSURANCE," our latest booklet, carries a NEW MESSAGE to investors in first mortgage real estate bonds and to those who contemplate such sound investment. It demonstrates the advantages of buying these bonds from a reliable bank.

Write for copy of Booklet A-1.

6% First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds in denominations of $100, $500 and $1000, with maturities from 2 to 10 years. Write for current offerings.

Greenebaum Sons Bank and Trust Company

OLDEST BANKING HOUSE IN CHICAGO

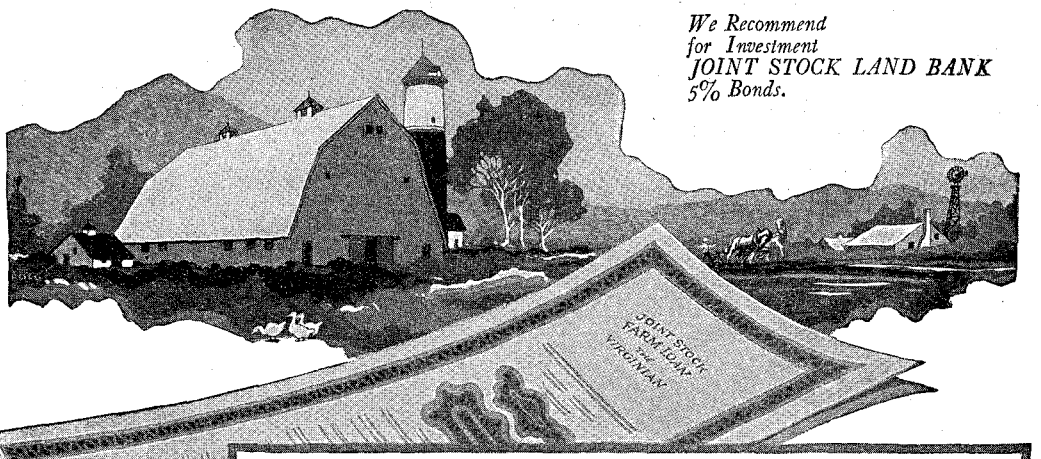
La Salle and Madison Streets

Correspondents in Many Cities

CAPITAL and SURPLUS $2,000,000

"The Bank of Proved Safety"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



We Recommend for Investment JOINT STOCK LAND BANK 5% Bonds.

Back of Your Bond

JOINT STOCK LAND BANK BONDS offer in a new guise the oldest form of investment—the land itself—with the added advantage of ready salability and tax exemption, heretofore lacking in farm mortgage investments.

Bonds of this character are secured by Government approved first mortgages on farm lands, or by government bonds. They are declared to be instrumentalities of the Government, and are prepared and engraved by the Treasury Department. The principal and interest of these bonds are exempt from all Federal, State and local taxation, excepting only Estate and Inheritance Taxes.

Halsey, Stuart & Co.'s offerings of Joint Stock Land Bank Bonds are confined to those issued by Banks operating in sections of known productiveness and established land values, and under the direction of conservative and experienced executives.

We recommend these bonds to investors generally and particularly to large investors to whom the tax exemption feature is one of importance. Our circular, S M 10 descriptive of these and a wide variety of Government, Municipal and Corporation Bonds, will be sent upon request.

HALSEY, STUART & CO.

INCORPORATED—SUCCESSORS TO

N. W. HALSEY & CO., CHICAGO

CHICAGO	NEW YORK	PHILADELPHIA	BOSTON
209 S. LA SALLE ST	49 WALL ST.	LAND TITLE BUILDING	30 STATE STREET

MILWAUKEE	DETROIT	ST. LOUIS
FIRST NATIONAL BANK BLDG.	FORD BUILDING	SECURITY BLDG.

Our booklet "JOINT STOCK LAND BANK BONDS", sets forth the purposes and organization of the JOINT STOCK LAND BANKS—the terms under which these bonds are issued, and their investment merits. You will incur no cost or obligation in requesting a copy. Ask for booklet S M 11.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Financial Situation, continued from page 80)

and war taxes had compelled and were still compelling close economy in the purchases of the community as a whole; then the effect of these various forms of scarcity would have been less striking. But, as the twelvemonth proceeded, it soon became evident that the community was capable of lavish expenditure and altogether disposed to indulge in it. The experience of shops which dealt in costly luxuries, the ease with which department stores found buyers for goods of the higher prices, testified to this fact; so did the overcrowding of the summer resorts, the new city hotels and the theatres, despite their largely increased charges.

The probability is that the entire community's actual buying power was not increased at all. The world as a whole was certainly much poorer as a consequence of the war. But there had occurred a vast shifting of the wealth which continued to exist; an unusual readjustment of incomes, upward as well as downward, and the multitude of people whose personal wealth or earnings had been suddenly enhanced, as a consequence of the war, were free-handed spenders. Profuse expenditure by men and families enriched through war contracts or war markets is a familiar incident of such periods. It has been in evidence this year at London and Berlin as well as at New York. The novel phenomenon of the present occasion has been the increase, both in quantity and quality, of purchases made by the laboring classes.

Our Foreign Trade, and Europe's

THE logic of the situation had certainly seemed to point to a change in the distribution of international trade; in our own huge exports, for instance, increased by 1918 to three times their pre-war magnitude, and in Europe's exports to the United States, cut down from $865,000,000 in 1913 to $318,000,000 in the last year of the war. Not only would belligerent Europe have cancelled its orders for import of war munitions, but when the lately belligerent states should have resumed production for the home and foreign trade, their imports ought to decrease and their exports increase—both of which processes would apparently serve to reduce the shipments of merchandise from this country, whether to Europe or to competitive outside markets. Therefore the increase in exports from the United States, during the nine first months of 1919, to a total $1,300,000,000 above the corresponding months last year, was the second great surprise of the period. Great Britain's foreign-trade statement for the same nine months reported, not a decrease in its imports, but an increase of no less than $987,000,000, and our own

(Financial Situation, continued on page 84)

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.

Established 1818

Philadelphia NEW YORK Boston

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

Liberty and Victory Bonds
Certificates of Indebtedness
Federal Land Bank Bonds
Municipal and State Issues
Foreign Government Loans

BROWN, SHIPLEY & COMPANY

Established 1810

Founders Court, Lothbury
LONDON, E. C.

Office for Travelers
123 Pall Mall, LONDON, S. W.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Investment Securities

WE offer for investment various Government, Municipal, Railroad and Industrial bonds and notes, yielding from 4¼% to 6¾%. These securities have been purchased for our own account after careful investigation and analysis. Many of these issues have attractive tax exemption features.

We have prepared a circular describing these securities which we shall be glad to forward upon request.

You are invited to consult with us regarding the securities best suited to your requirements.

Commission Orders Executed

HORNBLOWER & WEEKS

BOSTON
PORTLAND
PROVIDENCE

Investment Securities
Founded in 1888

NEW YORK
CHICAGO
DETROIT

Members of the New York, Boston and Chicago Stock Exchanges

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Financial Situation, continued from page 82)

shipments to France and Italy were only a trifle less than the maximum of war time. How was this possible?

First, as a paramount consideration, stood the fact that, since the armistice, shipping facilities for transoceanic trade in merchandise were immensely increased as compared with war time. During 1918, a very great part of the world's mercantile marine was engaged in carrying American troops to France; another large part of it was reserved for ammunition and army supplies. Ocean steamers belonging to various neutral countries were not allowed by their owners to leave the home ports, in the face of Germany's threat against neutral commerce.

This state of things had produced some curious results. Not only was strict supervision exercised during 1917 and 1918 over the granting of ship-room for any except absolutely necessary exports, but shipment to neutral European states, of American goods which the importers might have passed along to Germany, was licensed only with the greatest circumspection. Supplies in those neutral markets therefore ran far below the needs of their own consumers; while on the other hand, in exporting countries merchandise which would usually have gone to the neutral customers accumulated in storage. With the urgent need for quick transportation to Europe of food and munitions and American soldiers, ships could not be spared for the long ocean passage between England and Australia, for instance, or between France and Argentina. Foodstuffs and other merchandise produced in those distant countries therefore remained piled up at their ports, in the very face of European scarcity. At harvest time in 1916, after two very large Australian harvests, only 11,000,000 bushels of wheat were on storage in Australia; the surplus had been shipped instantly to Europe. But at harvest time in 1918, with an Australian crop less than half as large as in the two preceding years, and with England's need for food extremely urgent, no less than 160,000,000 bushels were lying in Melbourne and Sydney, awaiting ship-room.

The Neutral Markets of Europe

WHEN this virtual blockade ended in November, 1918, a great export movement from those remote countries to Europe began. The partial embargo which had been placed on shipments from the United States to neutral Europe disappeared simultaneously. In 1916, before the United States joined the war, our merchants had sent $332,000,000 worth of goods to Holland, the Scandinavian states, and Switzerland; whence, very probably, a large part of the consignments was sent along to Germany. In 1918 the same countries got only $90,000,000; a sum total which, despite the intervening rise of prices, was barely half the value of what we had sent to them in 1913 or 1912.

But in the nine first months of 1919 the United States actually exported, to the Dutch and Scan-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 86)

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

We specialize in Government bonds and other investment securities. This firm was founded in 1865 and we have always endeavored to recommend to our clients conservative investments. As members of the New York and Boston Stock Exchanges we are prepared to execute orders for the purchase or sale of securities on a cash basis in large or small amounts.

A circular describing several issues of desirable investment securities will be sent on request.

Kidder, Peabody & Co.

115 Devonshire St.
Boston

17 Wall Street
New York

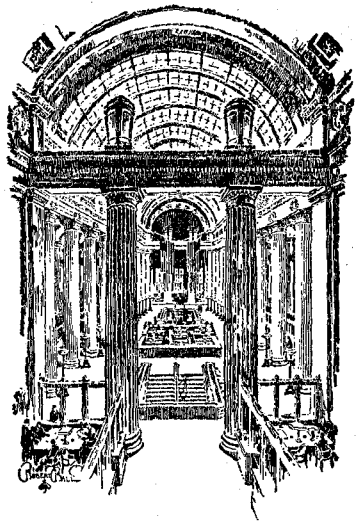
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THOUSANDS *of* SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MEN *and* CONCERNS

in all parts of the United States are doing commercial banking business with

The CONTINENTAL *and* COMMERCIAL BANKS

CHICAGO



BECAUSE:

Practical business men of vision control and manage these banks—men who know the banking requirements of modern business and who daily are applying that knowledge constructively in rendering the best banking service.

Co-operation with their customers is regarded as a paramount duty by the officers and staff.

RESOURCES MORE THAN $450,000,000

Continental and Commercial National Bank *of Chicago*
Continental and Commercial Trust and Savings Bank
208 SOUTH LA SALLE STREET
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Financial Situation, continued from page 84)

dinavian states alone, fourteen times as much merchandise as in the same months of the preceding year. The total was $36,000,000 in 1918, $513,000,000 in 1919. Undoubtedly, much of these exports of 1919 was sent along through Holland and Scandinavia into Central Europe, where exhaustion of all sorts of supplies was more acute than anywhere in the world; in fact, during these same nine months, and notwithstanding the technical continuance of a state of war, the United States sent $31,700,000 worth of goods directly to Germany also, $26,000,000 directly to Austria, $11,500,000 to Turkey, and $18,000,000 to the Balkan states and Finland—the combined importations of all these states from us, in the whole of 1918, having been no more than $17,497. Here was one great source of the expansion in our export trade over even 1918; but it was not the only source. In the same nine months, now that adequate shipping facilities were available, our merchants increased their exports to South America $11,000,000 over 1918; to Asia, $204,000,000; even to Africa and Australia, $79,000,000.

Even our European allies, taken all together, contributed to this increase. France and Italy bought less here than in 1918; but England bought from us $140,000,000 more than the year before. Out of that total increase, something like $130,000,000 was in cotton, the raw material of England's greatest trade; of which she bought 85 per cent more from us than in 1918, and half as much again as she bought on our markets in 1913.

THE course of events in our own country's export trade clears up partly the problem involved in the third of the unexpected results of returning peace—the action of the foreign exchanges. But it does not wholly account for it.

Fall in Foreign Exchange

Nothing had appeared more reasonable on the face of things than to look for immediate recovery, when war was over, in the rates quoted by foreign countries on the markets of belligerent Europe. Foreign exchange is a speculative market. Its great depreciation after 1914 had been an international measure of war conditions, not only commercial but financial, and not only present but prospective. The war might have continued throughout 1919 and 1920. The Entente Powers might have had to make a compromise peace with Germany. They might have been defeated, and left with an indemnity of their own to pay.

Yet none of these three disturbing possibilities had materialized. The war was over; the Entente Powers victorious; Germany had agreed to pay them a prodigious indemnity. The fact that the exchange value of the German mark in New York City, which is normally 23⅞ cents, and which stood at 17⅜ when our country went to war, should have fallen to 2 cents in November, 1919, was not out of line with reasonable expectation. But as regarded the Entente Powers—to whom that indemnity would be paid, whose war expenditure, home and foreign, was now being reduced as suddenly as were their foreign

(Financial Situation, continued on page 88)

Invest in Pittsburgh Industries

PITTSBURGH'S central location, bountiful natural resources of fuel and unlimited rail and river transportation have made this district the thriving centre of the world's basic industries.

The Pittsburgh District produces 25% of the coal, 30% of the pig iron, 50% of the crucible and high grade steel, 50% of the steel cars and 60% of the glass products of the United States.

Naturally such a district affords exceptional investment opportunities of a sound nature. We are intimately in touch with the industrial activities of this district, consequently are able to purchase and offer bonds that appeal to the careful investor. Write for our latest bond circular.

Mellon National Bank
Bond Department
Pittsburgh, Pa.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICAN TRAVEL MAKES BETTER AMERICANS

TRAVEL throughout all parts of America by Americans of every part of America makes better Americans.

Travel results in a *better understanding* of Americans by Americans of all walks in life.

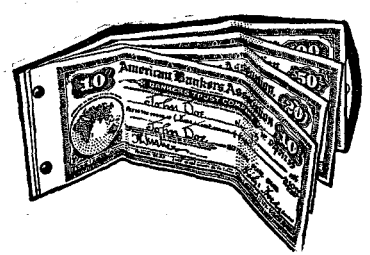
More Americans are traveling today than ever before, and that is a hopeful sign for America's future.

More Americans are traveling today on

"A·B·A" American Bankers Association Cheques

than ever before and that is a sign of intelligent appreciation of what are

the BEST funds for tourists



WHETHER you expect to travel in America or abroad, "A. B. A." Cheques will be the best funds for you—safe, convenient, comfort-promoting. You can obtain them in $10, $20, $50 and $100 denominations at most any important bank. Write for full information to Bankers Trust Company, New York.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Value
to You of Our
Good Name

6% FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

The good name of this company and its fine business record is of important value to the man or woman with funds to invest.

It serves as a sure guidepost to the experience of thousands of other investors.

For no company can acquire a good name over a period of years without having earned it.

So that right from the moment you begin to think of a place for your funds you find yourself possessed of a definitely favorable opinion toward the Federal Bond & Mortgage Company.

Again, we say to you, carry the name of this company with you in your thoughts as an institution where you will be accorded pleasant treatment, given experienced advice, and dealt with honorably.

Mail your request today for

"Questions and Answers on Bond Investment"

Federal Bond & Mortgage Co.

90 South Griswold Street Detroit

(243)

(Financial Situation, continued from page 86)

purchases for war account—a prompt and decided movement of the foreign exchanges in their favor seemed to be plainly indicated.

Nothing of the kind has happened. When the armistice was signed a year ago, New York exchange on London stood at $4.75½ to the pound sterling; its lowest rate in war time had been as low as $4.48, a depreciation of 8 per cent from normal. This autumn it went below $4.00; a depreciation of 17 per cent. At the worst war-time depreciation of French exchange in the New York market, the dollar, which is normally valued at 5.18⅛ francs, could buy a draft for 6.09½ francs on Paris. But in November of this year it exchanged for 9.65 francs. The maximum war-time depreciation in the franc's exchange rate was 16¼ per cent; this autumn's rate was 47 per cent below parity. The movement of New York exchange on Italy, during the twelve months following the armistice, has been precisely similar.

Europe's Indebtedness to America

HERE one would seem to be confronted with a real anomaly; yet, after all, there is no mystery about it. The case of England illustrates the real causes at work. When Germany surrendered, New York exchange on London stood at an admittedly artificial level. Sterling had been sustained at that arbitrary figure in New York for more than a year, solely because our government advanced to the British Exchequer the money to pay for its American purchases; thereby eliminating from the market an immense volume of New York drafts on London, which would otherwise have progressively beaten down the exchange rate. In March of 1919, however, England abandoned all such costly expedients to support New York exchange, and our other European allies followed her example. Exchange rates had, therefore, now to seek their proper level, and we have already seen that England's purchases in America were actually much larger in 1919 than in 1918. Although her exports to us increased also, our surplus of exports to England over our imports from her, in the nine first months of 1919, was $81,000,000 greater even than in the corresponding period a year before, and $1,330,000,000 greater than in the same nine months of 1913. Nor did indeed even this tell the whole story.

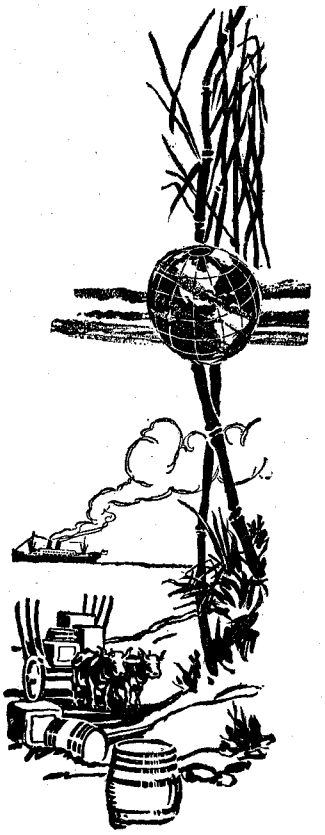
In 1914 the United States was paying interest to British investors on some $4,000,000,000 worth of American securities owned by them, and this payment cut an important figure in exchange rates; the resultant credit to London being possibly $100,000,000 in a nine-months' period. Much the greater part of these securities had been sold back to America during war time. At the end of 1918 the London market, instead of collecting coupons and dividends from America, was remitting fifty to sixty millions per annum for interest on the British Government's borrowings from American investors between September, 1915, and March,

(Financial Situation, continued on page 90)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

30 Years in Export Banking

23 Branches in South America
8 Offices in Spain, France and England
Direct Connections with India



A CONSTANT STUDY of the needs and habits of the people, acquired by years of experience and actual residence in the countries themselves, is essential when transacting business abroad.

Many of our Foreign Branches Have Been Established 30 Years

The facilities of this institution are at your disposal through the medium of your own bank, if you so desire.

ANGLO-SOUTH AMERICAN BANK, LIMITED

New York Agency, 49 Broadway

Head Office
London

F. C. Harding, Agent
W. M. Dawkin, Sub-Agent

Capital and Reserve
Over $32,000,000

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FORMAN FARM MORTGAGES

Their 35 Year Record

From 1885 to 1919 inclusive George M. Forman & Company have negotiated more than 14,000 farm loans, in 16 different states, involving over $34,000,000.

So carefully has every transaction been handled that no investor has lost a dollar of interest or of principal invested in these mortgages.

That is why Forman Farm Mortgages are held by banks and institutions, and why you should invest your funds in them.

These investments described in two booklets:

"How Forman Farm Mortgages are Made"

"Forman Farm Mortgages and the Forman Monthly Payment Plan"

Either booklet, and list of current offerings, free on request.

SAFETY · PROFIT · FORMAN · FARM · MORTGAGES · CONVENIENCE

GEORGE M. FORMAN & COMPANY

Established 1885

FARM MORTGAGE BANKERS

11 South La Salle Street Chicago, Ill.

(Financial Situation, continued from page 88)

1917; and it had overhanging, in addition, the interest payments on the sum of more than $4,000,000,000 advanced by the United States Treasury between April, 1917, and January, 1919, to the British Government.

France and Italy had cut down their 1919 imports from this country; but they had not been able to increase their exports to us at a formidable rate. Our nine-months' surplus of exports over imports, in the trade with those two countries, exceeded $900,000,000, whereas in the same nine months of 1913, exports and imports very nearly balanced. Both countries had now large interest payments to make to American investors in their war loans, and our government had advanced to France $2,500,000,000 and to Italy $1,500,000,000. Their exchange rates also had been artificially supported while we were at war. Whether foreseen or not, nobody could dispute the logic of the increasing depreciation in New York exchange rates against these European markets.

Europe and the Outside World

YET even in this matter of foreign commerce, the student of economic movements of the past twelve months must be on his guard. Europe's trade with the United States is not the whole of Europe's trade, and New York exchange rates for European currencies are not the only foreign measure of those currencies. In their relations with America, as we have seen, England in particular and Europe in general have been making an even more unfavorable showing this year than in 1918. But how about their relations with the rest of the world?

The results differ in the case of different European countries; but England's experience is in some ways typical. Her imports from all foreign ports in the nine first months of 1919 were $987,000,000 larger than in the year before; but her exports increased $1,213,000,000. In other words, the period's excess of imports over exports had been reduced by $226,000,000; a very substantial sum. For the first half of 1919 we have the detailed figures; which are highly interesting. To the rest of Europe, England's exports of the half-year had not only risen $437,000,000 over 1918, but were actually larger by $469,000,000, or 105 per cent, than in the first half of 1914—when they included $103,000,000 sent to Germany and Austria, to which only $18,000,000 was sent in 1919. If, moreover, the trade with the United States and the British colonies is eliminated, the half-year shows the rather remarkable result of $395,000,000 excess of exports by England to the rest of the world, as compared with $130,000,000 surplus of imports in 1914.

Naturally it will be asked, why did this not powerfully influence the rates of foreign exchange on London? The answer is, that it did. While sterling at New York was falling this autumn to a far lower level of depreciation than any reached in war time, the rate for sterling exchange at

(Financial Situation, continued on page 92)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Have You Lost Money During the Past 5 Years?

We are mailing checks this week to several customers who invested in our Farm Mortgages in December, 1914. They have received interest on every due date and now they are receiving our check for full amount of principal.

If it is worth something to you to know you will get interest at 6% during the next 5 years, and your full amount of principal at the end of that time, write us and we shall be glad to consult with you.

ASSOCIATED MORTGAGE INVESTORS, INC.

Farm Mortgage Bankers.

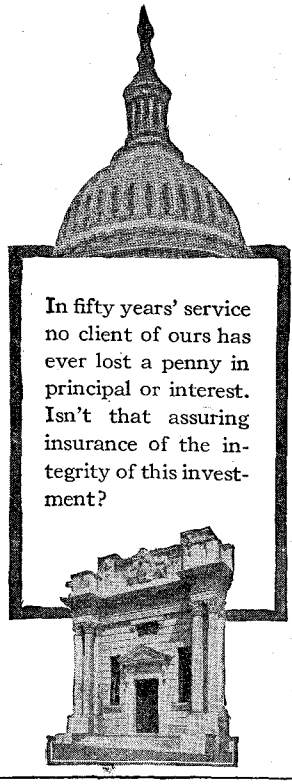
KINGMAN NOTT ROBINS, Treasurer

GRANITE BUILDING

CHICAGO
EDMONTON, CAN.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

BILLINGS, MONT.
CALGARY, CAN.



In fifty years' service no client of ours has ever lost a penny in principal or interest. Isn't that assuring insurance of the integrity of this investment?

Non-speculative Investment

The safety of a government bond, with the liberal earnings of the most active of industrial stocks, is offered in

First Mortgage 6% Notes

secured by real estate in the National Capital

Washington has been elevated to the proud position of the first city in the world—and local realty is the beneficiary of its new permanent importance.

There's positively no speculative feature in these First Mortgage 6% Notes. THEY WILL ALWAYS BE WORTH THEIR FACE VALUE and ACCRUED INTEREST—an inviting proposition for your surplus funds.

Your inquiries for detailed information will have our very prompt attention. Address

Swartzell, Rheem & Hensey Co.

725 Fifteenth Street **Washington, D. C.**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Safety of Your Investment

is our first consideration

The greatest privilege, and the greatest responsibility, of investment bankers is that of analyzing securities and forming opinion, instead of following it. With ever a mind for the safety of our clients, the following tests are put to every new security:

Will it pay its interest promptly?
Will it pay its principal at maturity?

A satisfactory answer to these two questions following our own exhaustive research determines whether we lend them our sponsorship.

For example, it was only after the most thorough examination that we purchased the present issue of

$5,000,000
Pacific Gas & Electric Co.
First Preferred 6% Cumulative Stock

It is because this amply secured stock pays 6% interest every 90 days that we now offer and recommend this security to our clients at a price to yield 6¾%.

Write to our nearest office today for an illustrated booklet DS that tells you the story of Pacific Gas & Electric Co. Also ask for a list of our latest offerings. : : : : : : :

BLYTH, WITTER & CO.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT, MUNICIPAL & CORPORATION BONDS

San Francisco
Merchants Exchange

Los Angeles
Trust & Savings Bldg.

New York
61 Broadway

Seattle
Alaska Bldg.

(Financial Situation, continued from page 90)

Amsterdam, which had been 26 per cent below normal parity during the war, stood at less than 6 per cent discount. At Stockholm, where the depreciation had reached 45 per cent a year or two ago, it was only 1 per cent below the normal this autumn.

Seeing that the continuing very large excess in imports from America and the colonies was caused primarily by purchase of raw material of manufacture, the inference is perfectly plain that, despite the handicap of her labor troubles, England is moving rapidly to regain her place in the manufactured export trade. Except for Belgium (whose industrial recovery has been remarkable) the Continental belligerents are moving more slowly. But there can be no doubt whatever that England is pointing the way to the rest of Europe. The further progress of this movement is likely to make up a good part of the world's economic history in 1920. That it will have its influence hereafter on our own foreign trade is already evident. Thus far in 1919, the monthly export trade of the United States has remained at a higher figure than last year's; but our total imports in September ran nearly a hundred millions beyond any former month. Of the $128,000,000 increase over September, 1918, $43,000,000 represented increase in goods received from England, France, and Italy—our imports from whom, $62,000,000, compared with only $45,000,000 in the same month of 1913.

The Inflated War Currencies

THERE remain two other questions which were matters of some controversy among the financial prophets of a year ago. How rapidly would the belligerent governments be able to cut down expenditure, bring income and outgo somewhere nearer to a balance, and stop the enormous public deficits? How much progress would they make toward reducing the paper currencies, which in France, Germany, and England alone amounted at the end of 1918 to $13,700,000,000, as compared with $1,900,000,000 at the outbreak of the war?

We still have very imperfect data regarding this year's revenue and expenditure of the Continental belligerents. The position of Germany in particular is confused, both by the fact that her government now has to raise by taxes what it raised by loans in war time, and by the fact that she is necessarily taking into account the immense indemnity which she has to pay. England, however, has an interesting story to tell. During the six months beginning with April, 1919, the British Exchequer had to pay out nearly $200,000,000 more than the year before for interest on the war debt; but its outlay for other purposes was cut down no less than $3,200,000,000. Taxation having been kept at the high mark of the war, the revenue was greater than in the same six months of 1918 by $577,000,000. A year ago the deficit for the period had been $5,000,000,000, this year it was $1,400,000,000.

The change was rapid and reassuring, and the

(Financial Situation, continued on page 94)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIRST MORTGAGE 6% BONDS

Available in amounts of

$1000 $500 $100

Maturities 1 to 7 years

SECURED by first mortgage on exceptionally well located Chicago real estate and building.

Total security substantially more than double the amount of mortgage, **and annual net income approximately three times requirements of interest and serial reductions.**

Write for illustrated circular 1463

C. C. Mitchell & Co.

BONDS AND MORTGAGES

Established 1894 CHICAGO

A Guide for Investors in Bonds

If you hold or contemplate investing in standard bonds, you would be greatly aided in your appraisal of their value by a new series of pamphlets issued by us.

These pamphlets enumerating the fundamental principles on which investment values rest are published under the following titles:

- **"Basic Principles of Bond Investment"**
- **"United States Government Bonds"**
- **"Foreign Government Bonds"**
- **"Investment Advantages of Municipal Bonds"**
- **"Facts About Railroad Bonds"**
- **"How to Judge Industrial Bonds"**
- **"Public Utility Bonds"**
- **"Miscellaneous Bonds"**

Please specify the pamphlets you desire. Each one is accompanied by appropriate investment recommendations.

HERRICK & BENNETT

Members New York Stock Exchange

66 Broadway, New York

Byllesby Investment Securities

THE electric, oil and gas securities sponsored by H. M. Byllesby & Company are based upon efficient properties receiving the experienced financial, engineering and commercial direction of an organization devoted to these activities.

The complete information supplied enables investors to make selections based on accurate knowledge.

Ask for Descriptive Circular S.

H.M.Byllesby & Co.

Incorporated

Investment Securities

111 Broadway, NEW YORK — 208 So La Salle St., CHICAGO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How Will Taxes Affect Your Income for 1920?

As dealers in tax-free municipal bonds we have made a special study of the effect of federal taxes on incomes derived from securities.

Without cost or unwelcome obligation you may consult us to ascertain how your income from securities for 1920 will be affected by taxes.

Many investors have found that municipal bonds, although offering a comparatively low gross yield, actually net a higher income than taxable securities.

In former times municipal bonds were in great demand because of their undisputed leadership among safe investments. Still holding their leadership from the standpoint of safety, municipal bonds now offer investors a more attractive net income because they are exempt from federal income taxes, both normal and surtaxes.

This subject is worthy of the investigation of every security holder.

Our current offerings yield 4.40% to 5¼%. Write for list and our booklet "Investing in Municipal Bonds."

STACY & BRAUN
INVESTMENT BONDS
Second National Bank Building
New York Toledo Cincinnati

An Ideal Gift for Christmas

There is someone to whom you would like to give a Christmas present that

1. **Will never wear out.**
2. **Will bring your thoughtfulness to mind twice each year.**
3. **Will start the recipient on the road to independence.**

Complete information upon request.

Stern Brothers & Company
INVESTMENT BONDS
1013-15 Baltimore Avenue Kansas City, Mo.

(Financial Situation, continued from page 92)

reduction in the rate of expenditure so progressive that, in his speech to parliament in October, the Chancellor of the Exchequer expressed belief that, before the next fiscal year was over, revenue and expenditure would have begun to balance. Only in the United States, however, was this achievement matched. Our Treasury's disbursements, during the first four months of the fiscal year, beginning with last July, have been cut down exactly one-half from the year before.

The reasoning which led to a very general belief, a year ago, that return of peace would mean immediate and effective efforts to reduce the inflated currencies of Europe, was based on three presumptions. One was, that in countries which had issued paper money for the purpose of meeting war expenditure, the mere return of peace would make possible cancellation of such paper. The second was that relaxation in the abnormal war-time activity of trade would permit the automatic retirement of part of the currency which had been used to serve that trade. Finally, it was argued that the anticipated fall in prices would make retention of so great a volume of hand-to-hand currency unnecessary.

Future of the Paper Money Issues

ALL three presumptions turned out to be erroneous. In France, cessation of the war expenditure left the government still borrowing from the bank; first to meet the continuing public deficit, then to procure new French paper currency to replace the German paper marks which had been circulating in Alsace-Lorraine and Northern France. From $6,200,000,000 at the end of 1918—nearly five times as great a total as at the beginning of the war—the French bank-note currency rose to $7,590,000,000 this November. Activity of ordinary trade was even greater than in war time, and prices rose along with it; and in England the outstanding total of Bank of England notes and "currency notes" combined, which had increased tenfold during war time, was further increased by $117,000,000 in the first ten months of 1919. As for Germany, her state bank's issues of paper notes, whose outstanding total in 1914 had been only $472,000,000, and which had reached $5,500,000,000 at the end of 1918, increased to no less than $7,570,000,000 ten months later. This urgent problem of European finance cannot be said as yet to have been even touched.

It is so far bound up, in fact, with the other problems of disordered public finance, inflated prices for goods, and suspension of gold payments, that it is doubtful if any actual readjustment of the currencies will be possible, except in connection with the great change which must sooner or later come in the whole financial situation. After all, it is our own country's experience with war-time inflation of the currency, half a century ago, which gives the clearest idea of what Europe may possibly now have before her. Eight months after the termination of the Civil War, Congress by

(Financial Situation, continued on page 96)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INVESTMENT ESSENTIALS

Facts—plus impartial and competent counsel

INVESTMENT advice is of value to you only in so far as it is disinterested and based on a knowledge of intrinsic values and fundamental conditions.

As an organization or individual, Poor's Publishing Company is not interested in the sale or purchase of stocks or bonds on which recommendations are made to subscribers of **Poor's Investment Service.** Our attitude is thoroughly disinterested and impartial.

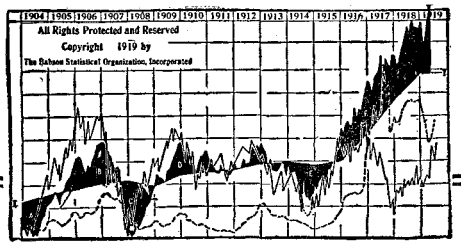
The value of our counsel, which we offer you as an investor, was demonstrated in that during the last, long, upward swing of the market many of the securities we advised gave clients profits ranging from 100 to 300 per cent. Only 2.7% of our recommendations over the same period failed to make good.

Send for full information about **Poor's Investment Service.** Ask for booklet D4.

Poor's Publishing Co.

Boston 33 Broadway Chicago
New York

Publishers of Poor's Manual of Railroads; Moodys Manual of Industrials; Moodys Manual of Public Utilities; Poor's Daily Digest Service; Poor's Classified Investment Holdings.


1904 1905 1906 1907 1908 1909 1910 1911 1912 1913 1914 1915 1916 1917 1918 19
All Rights Protected and Reserved
Copyright 1919 by
The Babson Statistical Organization, Incorporated

What's Ahead for Railroad Securities?

If you now hold—or expect to hold any railroad securities, Babson's Barometer Letter of November 11th carries a message of vital importance to you.

Babson's

Reports, based on fundamental conditions, forecast market changes for you with uncanny accuracy. They enable you to increase the return on your capital without the worry, loss of time, or risk involved in ordinary speculation.

Report on Request

A request on your letterhead will bring a copy of the above letter "What's Ahead for Railroad Securities" and booklet "Getting the Most Out of Your Money." Sent *gratis.*

Simply Ask for Bulletin No. D-31 of

Babson's Statistical Organization
Wellesley Hills, Mass.

The Largest Organization of Its Character in the World

Preferred BONDS

Each and every bond issue made by Lackner, Butz & Company may be rightfully described as "Preferred Bonds."

Preferred to any other indebtedness which may at any time be placed against the properties, and preferred by careful persons who seek a maximum dividend at a minimum risk—these securities bring a safe, sure and certain return of 6% on every dollar invested

Send for two new fascinating booklets entitled: "How Wealth is Attained" and "Income without Worry."

Lackner Butz & Company
INVESTMENT BANKERS
Conway Building, 111 W. Washington St.
CHICAGO

Improve Your Credit

by having a substantial proportion of your funds invested in the kind of securities banks are always glad to accept as collateral for loans. At current prices many securities of this character present real opportunities.

For suggestions send for our Circular No. BS-66

A. B. Leach & Co., Inc.

Investment Securities

62 Cedar Street, New York
105 S. La Salle Street, Chicago

Boston Philadelphia Baltimore
Buffalo Minneapolis Cleveland

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW CAN I INVEST SAFELY?

Thousands of Investors throughout the country have found a satisfactory answer.

HERE IT IS:

"INVEST through Wells-Dickey Company, an organization which has proved itself an able judge of safe investments. It has had over 40 years of successful experience and its offerings must meet most rigid standards—standards upon which its very reputation is built."

Our regular monthly offerings will be of interest. Write us to-day.

WELLS-DICKEY COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 1878
SURPLUS & CAPITAL $1,300,000
MINNEAPOLIS · MINNESOTA

$1000
Per Share

New England Stocks

Because of Yankee conservatism have several times touched this price. Examples: Dwight Manufacturing, Calumet & Hecla, Brown-Sharpe, Nashua Manufacturing.

We would like to tell you of other New England stocks that appear to be selling below value:

Sullivan Machinery 10%
Lowell Bleachery 10%
Aetna Mills 12%
Merrimac Chemical 10%
Union Twist Drill 24%
Plymouth Rubber 7% Pfd.

Special Circular on request

Earnest E. Smith & Co.
Specialists in New England Securities
52 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.
Members New York and Boston Stock Exchanges

(Financial Situation, continued from page 94)

an overwhelming vote approved "the necessity of a contraction of the currency," and pledged "co-operative action to this end as speedily as practicable." But the promise was never kept. A score of reasons for repudiating it were produced on the floor of Congress, and an uncertain and hesitant effort at contraction, pursued during the three or four years after the war, was followed by a renewed expansion which, in the next few years, increased our outstanding government paper, all a war-time issue, from $314,000,000 to $371,000,000.

In actual fact, our Civil War paper currency has never been retired. Contraction was formally stopped by law in 1878; and, although gold redemption of the notes was put permanently into force in 1879, fourteen years after the war was over, $346,681,000 of that currency is still in circulation in this country. Some of the European paper currencies—in Russia and Austria, at any rate—are more likely to follow the course of the French revolutionary assignats, and be virtually legislated into mere repudiation. So far as regards the solvent part of Europe, we shall see before very long to what extent they will follow or depart from our own example of the sixties.

The New and Altered World

SUCH have been the numerous unexpected results of the twelve months since the armistice. Possibly, on the other hand, we are only beginning to comprehend the accuracy of one other prediction, made in 1914 as well as in 1918. The prophecy of a new and different world after the war, of a change affecting some of the most familiar institutions and relations of society, has already reached fulfilment. On general principles, indeed, it was a safe prediction. The England and France which emerged from the twenty-year war of a century ago were very different states, politically and industrially, from the England and France which entered it in 1793. The United States of 1865 might have been another country from the United States of 1860. Even the Japan of 1906 was not the Japan of 1903. There were reasons to expect even greater changes in the present instance. The war which began in 1914 and ended in 1918 was in a most unusual degree a world war. Whatever readjustment of ideas and institutions should result from it was bound to affect the world as a whole, and some of the epoch-making changes are already part of our daily life.

The new nationalities created out of the wreck of the old Austrian Empire; the humbled Germany; South America and Asia as creditor communities in trade with Europe and sometimes in the European financial markets; the United States not only the money and investment centre of the world, but largely the dictator of Europe's terms of peace—these are astounding reversals of the old political order. They are, however, changes largely resultant from particular circumstances of this as distinguished from other wars. The rise of labor to a position much like industrial dictatorship is a central phenomenon of the re-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 100)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

First Mortgage Serial Payment Gold Bonds

Netting Buyer 7%

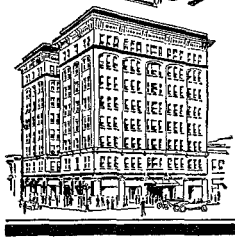
Secured by Metropolitan business structures, Apartment buildings, Hotel-Apartments and other well-located, rental-income structures, situated in the larger and more substantial cities of the rich and growing South.

Denominations: $1,000; $500; $100. Maturities: 1 to 10 years. Interest Semi-annually. Annual retirement of mortgage through monthly payments; prompt payment of interest insured through sinking fund requirements by monthly payments.

Each bond bears certificate of strong National Banks and Trust Companies, certifying the correctness of the bonds.

Interest and principal payable at the Guaranty Trust Company of New York or Third National Bank of Atlanta. Bonds may be purchased on the partial payment plan.

The following structures are located in leading Southern cities and secure First Mortgage Bonds now offered for investment.



Write for illustrated circulars giving further details.

G. L. MILLER & CO.
Incorporated
112 Hurt Building, Atlanta, Ga.

The Test of Safety

The real test of safety is the test of time and experience.

Back of the first mortgages on Black Land farms negotiated by us is 28 years' experience. Not one of the mortgages we have negotiated during this period has caused loss to an investor.

These farm mortgages are an investment of unchanging value, capable of subjection to the most exacting test. They offer the limit of safety and they

yield 5½% and 6% net

Write for current offerings and our booklet entitled "Investing," describing our mortgages and services.

"Millions loaned; not a dollar lost"

TEXAS MORTGAGE COMPANY
T. J. COLE, Prest.
Paid up Capital $200,000
DALLAS, TEXAS

Profits

Profits are made by accumulating goods when they are cheap and holding them for future rise. The Dollar to-day is about the cheapest article to be found.
Save now and profit later on when prices drop and the dollar is again worth 100 cents.
Discrimination, however, should be observed in the placing of the fund you save. You would do well to consult our booklets before investing as they may be the means of protecting you against possible loss. Either sent upon request.

"What Securities Mean"
"Incomes" (monthly publication)

Breed, Elliott & Harrison
High Grade Investment Securities
Chicago Cincinnati Indianapolis

Three Factors of Safety

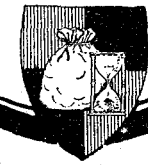
Three factors make certain the safety of

Guaranteed First Mortgage Participations

These factors are—
FIRST—The direct obligation of the Mortgage Trust Company.
SECOND—The guarantee of the Mortgage Guarantee Company.
THIRD—A special deposit of First Mortgage Loans on improved income producing city real estate.

Write for booklet showing how safe, adaptable and profitable these investments are.

Mortgage Trust Company
415 Pine St. St. Louis Mo.



Preferred Stock

Of Corporation engaged in indispensable industry. Dividends have been regularly paid for twenty years.

Earnings many times dividend requirements.

For Sale at Price to Yield
6⅓ Per Cent

Frederic H. Hatch & Co.
Established 1888
74 Broadway New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Financial Situation, continued from page 96)

turn of peace. It is a phenomenon of the highest significance, not only because it was not foreseen, and not only because no such condition ever followed any other war, but because the manner in which this new power is exercised affects the daily life of every one of us, and because its longer consequences may quite possibly have a hand in shaping the future course of history. It is still too early to obtain any clear idea of what is to be the real character, politically or economically, of the world that has emerged from war. Politically the experience of the twelve months since the armistice has on the whole been reassuring; for, notwithstanding unhappy Russia, the flood of anarchy has been beaten back in western Europe and Germany, and the November elections showed that the ideals of the French and American republics still rang true. Perhaps the real test of the new financial and economic status, whether national or international, will have come before another year is over.

Investing Scientifically in Farm Mortgages

Collecting Investment Income

After all details in negotiating a farm mortgage investment have been attended to, and the loan is in force, there remains the collection of interest as it falls due. This detail can be most satisfactorily handled by the banker who negotiated the loan.

We collect interest from borrowers for all our investors. Remittances are made with our own checks, always on time.

No detail disturbs the convenience of investors in our

Iowa and Missouri Farm Mortgages

Write for booklet and current offerings

PHOENIX TRUST COMPANY
OTTUMWA IOWA

6% PETTERS FARM MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS 6%
PERMANENT AND PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT OF FUNDS

Looking Forward to 1920

This is the time to plan your investment program for 1920. We have published three short booklets which would aid you in formulating your plans. They are entitled

"Creating an Estate"
"For Convenience of Investors"
"The Science of Safe and Profitable Investing"

We will gladly send copies of these booklets upon request.

PETTERS AND COMPANY
SERVING INVESTORS SATISFACTORILY MANY YEARS
CAPITAL OVER $400,000
M. KNIGHT BLDG. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

A GENUINE INVESTMENT

Level-headed investors follow the example of savings banks and insurance companies, who are notably skillful and conservative in making investments.

Banks and insurance companies are the principal investors in Missouri and Arkansas Farm Mortgages negotiated by the **Denton-Coleman Loan & Title Company of Butler, Mo.**

As Denton-Coleman representatives we offer individuals the same securities and service as we give institutions.

Write for current 6% investments and booklet entitled "Unique Service for Farm Mortgage Investors."

FRANK C. WILLIAMS, Inc.
NEWPORT - - - VERMONT

FARM MORTGAGES IFM ALWAYS @ PAR

SAVE or WANT

This law is immutable. Industrial unrest and low production are ruining many industries for the investor. But these forces cannot touch the security of the thrifty investor in farm loans. His income is fixed, steady, certain. No investor has ever lost a dollar invested thru us on

First Mortgage Farm Loans

Write for interesting booklet

THE IRRIGATED FARMS MORTGAGE CO.
J. V. N. DORR, President — DENVER, COLO. — JOSEPH D. HITCH, Manager

6% and 7% INVESTMENTS

Secured by First Mortgages on Improved Farms

The desirability of these mortgage investments is demonstrated by the fact that they are held in large quantities by savings banks and insurance companies.

We have had many years' experience and have placed millions of dollars without loss to any investor.

Denominations $200 to $10,000. Write for current list and particulars.

THE TITLE GUARANTY & TRUST CO.
FIRST BRIDGEPORT NATIONAL BANK BLDG.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
NORTHERN OFFICE OF THE GEORGIA LOAN & TRUST CO.
MACON, GEORGIA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED